

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4 No.6

JUNE
1932

HANNEN SWAFFER
SHAW DESMOND
F.E.BAILEY
C.PATRICK THOMPSON
"BIG BUSINESS"
By Gordon Beckles
J.F.DWYER
The EARL of CARDIGAN
"QUEER TALES
OF LONG AGO"
by F.MATANIA, R.I.



With Autographed
Presentation Portrait of
MARLENE DIETRICH



This fashionable health!

—expert dietitians say “*There’s nothing so good as the modern salads.*”

In no department of life has the modern woman shown saner judgment than in the matter of diet. To-day our meals are lighter, tastier and far better for our happiness and well-being. Never before have vegetables and fruit been so fully appreciated or so skilfully served.

And what a variety of delightful and healthful salads one meets nowadays!—served, not in the “family bowl,” but on charming individual plates. Here are three irresistible examples which you can make quickly and cheaply. As a dressing use HEINZ SALAD CREAM—the one cream with just that fascinating “tang” that fruit salads demand. You can buy it at any grocer’s at 6d., 1/6, and 1/1½d. a bottle.

Send a p.c. to H. J. HEINZ CO. LTD. (Dept. Ha), Harlesden, N.W.10, for a FREE copy of our NEW 1932 Booklet of delicious Salad Recipes.

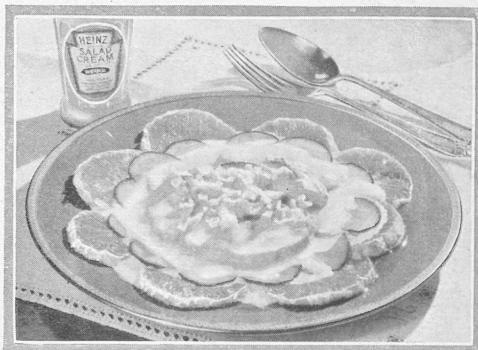


Lettuce and mixed fruit salad

INGREDIENTS: 1 Grape-fruit, 2 oranges, ½ cupful white grapes, ½ cupful chopped pecan nuts, lettuce, red pepper or tomato and Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS: Peel grape-fruit and oranges and divide into sections.

Skin and pip grapes. Shred lettuce and arrange on flat dish, placing fruit and nuts on top. Cover with Heinz Salad Cream and decorate with strips of red pepper or tomato.



Orange and cucumber salad

INGREDIENTS: Cucumber, 2 sweet oranges, chopped nuts and Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS: Peel most of cucumber, soak for 1 hr. in cold salted water and cut into slices. Peel oranges and divide into sections, removing all pith and pips. Arrange on dish and cover with Heinz Salad Cream. Garnish with chopped nuts and thin slices of unpeeled cucumber. This salad goes particularly well with roast meats.

Brazilian Salad

INGREDIENTS: White grapes, fresh pineapple, apples, celery, Brazil-nuts, lemon juice and Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS: Skin and pip grapes and cut into halves. Chop pineapple, celery and nut kernels finely. Mix thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream, and season with lemon juice.



ENJOY YOUR SALAD DAYS—THESE THREE NEW WAYS!

instalment open an account with corot to-day

just at this season, the difficulty of switching over to an entirely new outfit is every well-dressed woman's problem. It is more difficult than ever this year, owing to the extreme financial stringency from which everyone, without exception, is suffering.

let corot assist you in solving this problem.

make no mistake. corot is a very high-grade dressmaking house, supplying the finest quality of gowns, tailor-mades, ensembles and hats to the most exclusive clientele. corot carries, in its delightful bond street showrooms, a complete range of all its models, to suit every dress need. but any model will be copied to your own special measurements without extra charge, whether you shop personally or by post.

you are offered the advantage of paying by instalments purely as a means of making it easy for you in these hard times to continue to satisfy your dress needs in the world's most exclusive fashion centre without feeling the immediate financial strain that would otherwise be involved.



all our prices are moderate, fixed, and clearly marked. they are the same, whether you pay cash, or by instalments.



this little hat is shown only to suggest the very wide range to be seen in our showrooms. it is made of brown straw trimmed with ciré corded ribbon. **6/-** monthly cash 2 gns.

corot gives an absolute guarantee to satisfy you, whether you come to the showrooms or order by post. failing satisfaction your money will be refunded without argument.



"honeymoon"

equally as suitable for ascot and other special afternoon occasions as for informal evening wear is this picturesque frock in printed silk chiffon. note the puffed effect of the sleeves and bodice. **21/-** monthly cash 7 gns.

"fairway" a practical little suit in flecked green woollen, suitable for sports, country or odd occasions. the long narrow collar, pockets and cuffs show the cloth selvedge in toning shades. **15/-** monthly cash 5 gns.

"all afternoon" from luncheon to cocktail time this model ensemble in patterned flannel will become correct. it comprises a tailored frock and a jacket that boasts the new cape sleeve. the plain pipings pick up the colour note. **18/-** monthly cash 6 gns.



"modern times"

perfectly tailored woollen weave suit has scarf collar of softest summer ermine dyed lapin on coat, skirt has centre panel pleats at front and back. **21/-** monthly cash 7 gns.

post this coupon to corot to-day
corot, ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1
free please send me the corot spring fashion guide and full details of your instalment plan.

name
address

"la petite cousine" pinafore frock in art faille with a short sleeved blouse in printed crepe in the newest of spot designs. note the low placed flares in the skirt. in new shades. **12/-** monthly cash 4 gns.

corot

(dept. b.54 a)

**33 old bond street,
london, w.1**

regent

0234

HARVEY NICHOLS

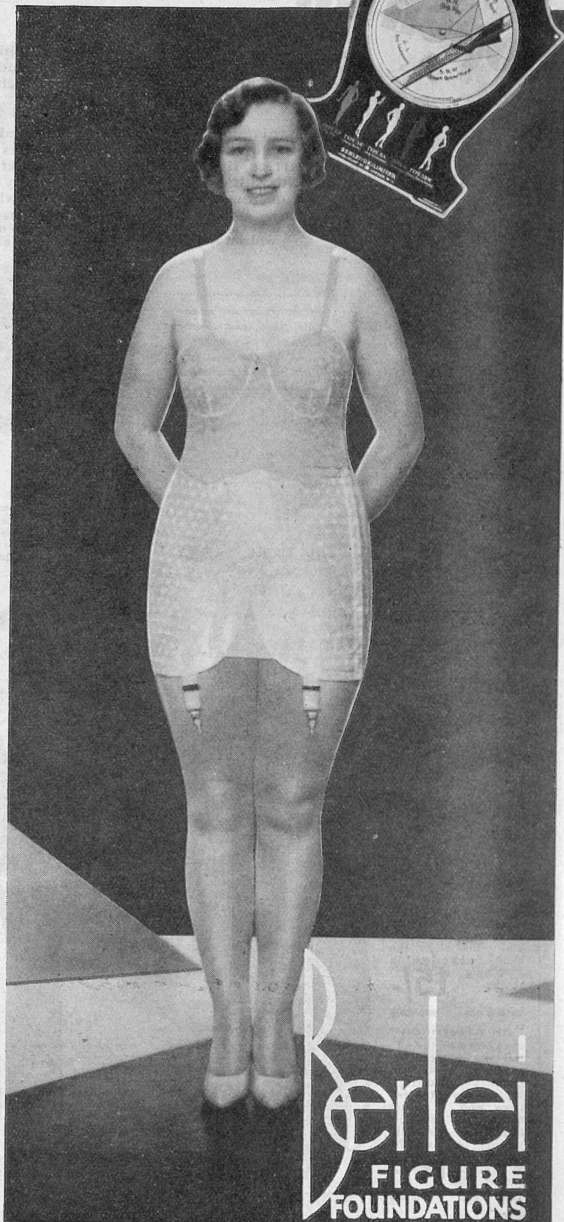
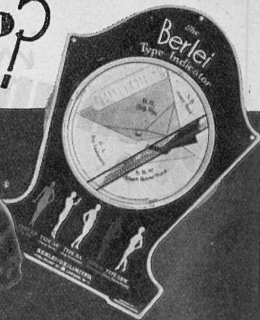


FOR Gold Cup Day . . . and for every other occasion that demands your loveliest gown . . . choose this of exquisite shadow lace over crepe-de-chine, with yoke and upper sleeve of flesh-coloured net. Copied exactly from an original model by Ardanse, it is made in black, deep negre, or wedgwood blue, and is priced most modestly at **12½ Gns.**

Model Gown Salon

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Are you a **BIG HIP?**



● No. 2811. Berlei Controlette for the Big Hip Figure, in Pink Broché with Lace Brassiere section. Bust Sizes 35-48. PRICE **59/6**

ALL BRITISH
IN DESIGN, STYLE,
MANUFACTURE AND
CAPITAL INVESTMENT

Whatever your figure problem Berlei will definitely solve it. Write for illustrated Brochure (Y) and name of nearest stockist to the manufacturers. Wholesale only.

BERLEI (U.K.) LTD, 208A REGENT ST LONDON, W.1

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

LIGHT AS LACE

WITH AN EVERYWAY STRETCH

- The Charnaux Corset Belt has a scientifically controlled "everyway" stretch.
- The Charnaux Corset Belt gives scientific control without uncomfortable bones and busks.
- The Charnaux Corset Belt, once in position, never moves—does not ride up.
- The Charnaux Corset Belt does not develop wrinkles in wear.
- The Charnaux Corset Belt is "skin fitting" and consequently is not noticeable under the sheerest gown.
- The Charnaux Corset Belt can be washed as often as desired and dried with a towel in a few minutes without injuring its effectiveness.

BRITISH MADE

British Patent No. 246532 and 257885.
British Reg. Trade Mark No. 518026.
Charnaux's British Patent No. 236510.



charnaux
CORSET BELT

Prices 2½ & 3 guineas

On sale at

Selfridges

OXFORD STREET + LONDON + W.1.

corot models by instalments

shop in bond street the practical way . . . open an account with corot of bond street, and pay for your new outfit on their world-famous instalment plan. by this means you can purchase a corot model ensemble, afternoon or evening gown, costume or coat, and pay for it by instalments, without any extra charge whatever. call at the showrooms and choose a corot model personally, or post the coupon below for the corot illustrated summer fashion guide and full particulars of this convenient system.



"ideal"
model of silk crepe de chine. in a galaxy of the latest prints, the choice of georgette as the inset vest and to make the uncommon plaittings was a novel touch. in newest colorings.
cash 8/- monthly
10/6



"marche militaire"
finely tailored summer coat in wool roman with smart shoulder cape, and narrow collar in seal leopard, all round self belt. lined throughout, black, and one or two colours.
cash 6/- monthly
19/6



"penelope anne"
printed crepe de chine frock shows period influence in bustle effect skirt and puffed sleeves. many new prints.
cash 5/- monthly
15/-



"silk time"
beguiling little art silk frock. in either dot or print pattern. the youthful looking sleeves are banded with plain material, topped by a row of small frills. more frilling becomes the neckline and follows the angle of the larger frill coming across the front of the skirt.
cash 2/- monthly
7/6



"montclair"
(at right)
modelled on the smartly severe lines of a man's suit and correct in every detail is this costume in fine suiting. witness, for instance, the notched collar, the slight cutaway, the three-button fastening—only one button, however, being used—and the button-trimmed cuffs of the fitted coat. the double inverted pleats retain the slim hip line. tailored to your measurements.
cash 6 gns.
18/-



"arlington"
(at left)
"the" coat for country or travel is this in tweed mixture. the collar stands high and the way in which it joins the revers is particularly noteworthy. it would have to be belted, or else it would lose half its swaggy charm, and the peg-top pockets lend a distinctive air, lined throughout, and tailored in several mixtures.
cash 4/- gns.
13/6



"maines"
the combination of green and white stamps this suit as new, and when one considers that it shows the very latest corset skirt and the delightful short bolero jacket, its smartness cannot be denied, the scarf collar, and tuck-in blouse in white suede crepe, must also be noted. of art maroon, this may also be copied in other shades.
cash 4/- gns.
13/6



"the wedding guest"
just the type of frock that will grace many occasions is this model in maroon with its cowl yoke collar and balloon sleeves in printed chiffon to tone, in several shades.
cash 4/- gns.
13/6



"early meeting"
the cost of this ensemble makes use of a short cape cut to a very novel shape, for it comes to a point at the back, the delightful printed crepe de chine frock has its interest centred on the skirt's pleated trimming, and the dainty short sleeves with turned back pleated cuffs.
cash 7 gns.
21/-



"for the season"
(at left)
a seasonable little ensemble comprising a printed frock and a light weight woolen coat with a printed scarf to match the frock. seaming artistically elaborates this otherwise simple coat. the frock is composed of art silk crepe, with the collar and vest of crepe suede, and features puffs on the sleeves, in various patterns and colours with the coat
cash 5/- gns.
16/6



"loveliness"
(at right)
should you seek a gown for formal summer afternoon occasions, or for summer dances, this model in filmy printed chiffon will surely find a place in your wardrobe. rows of graduated frills are the main feature, while its cash of velvet ribbon is a demure note that is well allied to the quaint puffed sleeves, in new prints.
cash 7 gns.
21/-



"odds-on"
(at left)
a model is of the very newest this season if it has a scarf collar. The scarf collar of this three-piece suit is lined with the print of which the blouse is made, the main features of the skirt are the godet pleat in front, the buckled belt and the small tabs lined with print and emphasized by bright buttons. novelty lacing comprises the coat and skirt and may be chosen in several exclusive shades.
cash 8 gns.
24/-



"engaged"
(at right)
the latest version of the evening gown shows its chic by the adoption of short puffed sleeves and is assured of lasting smartness by reason of the dull lace and net in which it is made. sweeping skirt lines that yet mould the figure and the addition of flowers at the corsage are also notable. in new shades.
cash 7 gns.
21/-

post this coupon to corot to-day

corot, Ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1.

free please send corot summer fashion guide and details.

name
address

corot

(dept. b. 54 b), 33 old bond st.
london, w.1 regent 0234

Durward's

TAILOR-MADE OVERCOATS READY-TO-WEAR



THE "AINTREE"

Character is expressed in every detail, its well-defined lines, perfect balance and distinguished appearance making it a most desirable coat for Town or Country wear.

Ready to wear or made to measure from

5 Gns.



THE D.B. "POLO"

An ideal coat for all sporting, country and travelling wear, this coat also constitutes an economy, as it will not date but will be as fashionable years hence as it is to-day.

Made in Durward's new fleecy cloth, in several colours, ready to wear or made to measure

5 Gns.

In tweeds and fleece .. £6 : 6 : 0
In camel hair and wool £8 : 16 : 6
In pure camel hair .. £8 : 8 : 0

Write for patterns, prices and self-measurement form, sent post free on mention of "B. & E."



Gorrings

Swim and Sun

Suits

and Beach Wear

SMART IN DESIGN, FASCINATING IN COLOUR, MODERATE IN PRICE



BATHING COSTUME

N.646. Perfect fitting, Canadian shape, with skirt attached. Made in spot design elastic wool. In Emerald/White, Jade/Dark Green, Royal/White, or Black/White. **16/9**

Bathing Helmet in Check Rubber in assorted colours, **1/9**

Rubber Shoes, all sizes, **1/6**

BATHING COSTUME

N.647. In woollen cashmere, finished with design in applique and embroidery in contrasting colour. In Emerald, Royal, Cardinal, or Black. **10/9**

Same style without trimming, **7/11**

Rubber Helmet, in assorted colours, **1/9**

Smartly cut Terry Cloth Beach Coat, in mixed colours, **10/9**

BEACH SUIT

N.652. Attractive and practical, in woollen stockinette, wide trousers of the latest cut in plain black, finished with patent leather belt, and jumper top in contrasting colour, finished with a band of ribbing at waist to ensure against riding up. In Jade/Black, Royal/Black, or any other shade of order. **21/9**

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1
Frederick Gorrings Ltd. Telephone: VICTORIA 8000

Britannia & Eve for June, 1932

EARLY SUMMER

*Delightful
Suggestions
from Marshall
& Snelgrove's.*

*Hat in the delightfully soft new
ribbed straw trimmed with two
vivid ribbons. In many
shades - - - 59/6*

*A fine supple straw is used for this
Hat, trimmed with a bunch of life-like
violets. The example is in white, but
can be made to order in
any colour - - - 59/6*

Lace and Georgette Ensembles

LACE and georgette ensembles
are favoured for summer
wear, and the two models
sketched herewith are ideal for
many formal and informal summer
occasions. They are splendid ex-
amples of Marshall & Snelgrove's
consistently high standard of value.

*Georgette and lace Ensemble con-
sisting of sleeveless frock and
matching coatee with graceful
sleeves. In black, beige and
many other smart colours. Lined
with crêpe de Chine. 6 gns.
Stock sizes.*

SENT ON
APPROVAL.

Debenhams, Ltd.

Telephone Mayfair 6600.

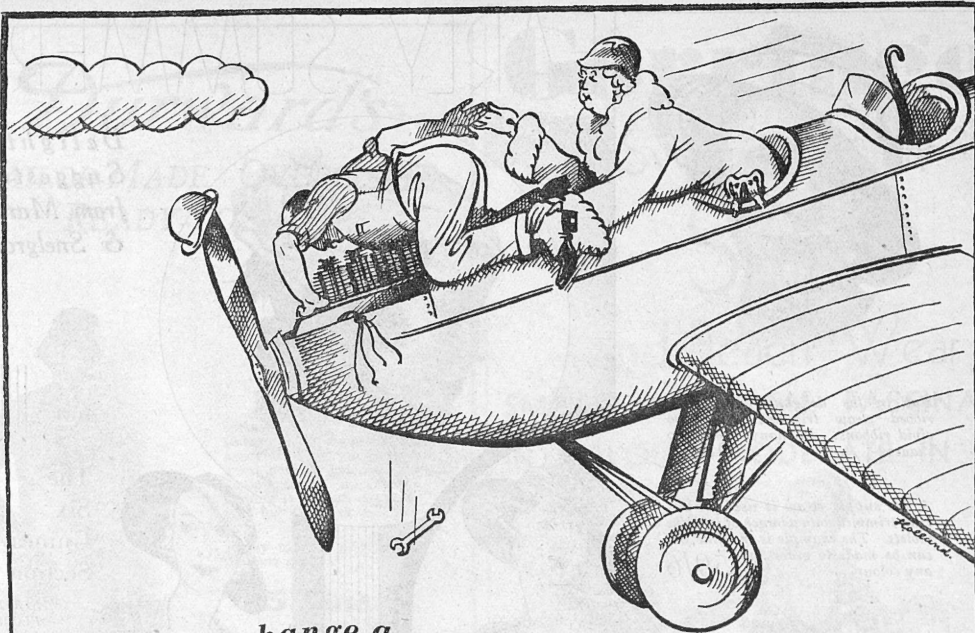
The
Six
Guinea
Section

FIRST
FLOOR.

*Handsome Georgette
and lace Ensemble
expressing the new
vogue. The coatee
has soft revers. In
black, beige and
other
colours. 6 gns.*

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, W.1.



*You cannot change a
plug in the air, so...*

It was necessary to supply an oil for aviators which, while possessing all the reserve of lubrication hitherto attributed only to castor oil, would render unnecessary the frequent engine overhauls which are essential when such oil is used.

AEROSHELL

LUBRICATING OIL

is specially designed to afford the maximum lubrication efficiency to aero engines, to high revving motor cycles and to sports cars which require the finest lubrication procurable. The same technical skill and resources are employed in the manufacture of lubricating oils specially designed for touring cars.

TRIPLE SHELL

Lubricating Oil

is the Heavy Grade; Double Shell is the Medium.

SUMMER RECOMMENDATION CHART

ArmstrongSiddeley	Triple	Daimler(from 1931)	Triple	Morris 4 cyl.	Double
Austin 7 H.P. Sports	AeroShell	Ford (Model T.)	Single	" 6 cyl.	Triple
" others	Triple	" others	Double	Rolls Royce	Triple
Bentley	AeroShell	Hillman	Triple	Standard	Triple
Chrysler	Triple	Humber	Triple	Talbot 90 & 105	AeroShell
Daimler(upto 1931)	Double	M.G.	AeroShell	" others	Triple



FEATHER-LIGHT, AIRY AND WEATHERPROOF

Here is a delightfully light coat, that, while smart enough for almost any occasion, provides complete protection from the worst weather. Cool, self-ventilating, and although completely rainproof is entirely free from rubber.

It weighs but twenty-four ounces.

FEATHER-WEIGHT
FIELD COAT **3** Gns.

THE COAT THAT BEATS THE BAROMETER
AQUASCUTUM
LIMITED

100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

VASCO'S "PLASTIC" NEW HAIR FASHION

is now the most favoured by London's supreme arbiters in elegance.



A Plastic Head-dress executed by the famous Raymond, proclaimed in Paris last September the World Champion Coiffeur. Coiffure and Sailor designed by Mr. Vasco.

The "Plastic Head-dress," which is specially designed for each client by Mr. Vasco, is of the sculpture type, neat, charming, provokingly attractive, and remains unruffled for days, no matter how much the hair is combed.

Consultations by Mr. Vasco free of charge.

T. VASCO, L^{TD}.

World-renowned innovators of Hair and Hat fashions. Permanent Wavers, Tinters and Postiche Makers.
16, DOVER STREET, W.1. Telephone: Regent 3324 (4 lines)



By Appointment

Here is the perfect Water Biscuit, and here, too, something else, equally perfect and quite new, Carr's CELERY Biscuit. Only Carr's can make such a Water Biscuit, and CELERY stands unrivalled in a class of its own.

But Carr's have been making Biscuits for more than a hundred years!

On Sale in all the Leading Stores in the U.S.A.

Agents: Julius Wile, Sons & Co.,
10 Hubert Street, New York.

**MADE ONLY BY
CARR'S
OF CARLISLE
ENGLAND** ©

RICHARD SANDS

of Sloane Street, S.W.1

'Phone: SLOANE 5134.

TENNIS WEAR

Exclusive in design.
Correct in detail.

Tennis Frock (T/110)
in cotton piqué with
red - white spotted
patent belt.

2½ Gns.

The New Linen Cap
in pastel shades is this
Season's innovation.



NERVES SAFELY SOOTHED

It is nerves that make you so restless and irritable, and always inclined to headaches and neuralgia. But you will soon find relief when you take two tablets of Genasprin. Your nerves are quickly soothed, and all pain is banished. Genasprin cannot harm the heart or disturb the digestion. It is safe because it is pure.



GENASPRIN

Brings Quick and Certain Relief in
Sleeplessness, Headache, Rheumatism, Colds
and Chills, Feverishness, Neuralgia, Influenza,
Toothache, Nerviness, Women's Pains.

Bottles of 35 PURE Tablets 2/- From all Chemists

**The SAFE
Brand of
Aspirin**

Golden moments with **PLAYER'S**

Withdrawn from the
world of affairs...
within the quiet of
one's own thoughts
—PLAYER'S make very
pleasant company.



PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100'S BOXES 4'8^d • FLAT TINS OF 50 2'6^d

N.C.C.111

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

**CLOSE-FITTING
YET COMFORTABLE**
THE PATENT
FEATURE MAKES
IT SO!

Constructed to fit like "a glove,
without the usual ruckle on top
of head. A feature is the shell
ear-pieces which are smart and
comfortable. Colour fast to sea
or sun. In a variety of colours,
plain or jazz. Write for colour
chart.

**The
Leyland
BATHING
CAP**

From all stores & sports outfitters
THE LEYLAND & BIRMINGHAM RUBBER
COMPANY, LIMITED,
GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.2

*For
Water
Beauty*

Causon

Men do notice
these details
and make
comparisons too!



Icilma Face Powder will emphasise
YOUR feminine charm, for it con-
tains the subtle, lingering perfume
which definitely appeals to men.

78% of the men we asked chose
the Perfume of Icilma Face Powder
from TEN others.

This smooth, clinging Face Powder
will give you a happy conscious-
ness of being always at your best.

6^D
PER BOX



**Icilma
FACE POWDER**

Large Round Box, 1/3. Four Shades
Clings—but does not clog the pores



REGATTA
(Spot Print)
Leaflet No. 25

Knit with this Prize Winning Wool

"LISLAMA" is made to meet present day requirements.

In every knitting competition it takes the prizes because of its soft "handle," and its easy knitting qualities.

Obtainable from all good class shops where Wool is sold.

Leaflets of the two models illustrated and sample ranges of wool, sent post free on receipt of 3d. in stamps to

LISTER & CO. LTD.
Manningham Mills, Bradford



LISLAMA
(Plain)
Leaflet No. 30

Lislama

& Regatta

Plain and Printed 2-ply Crochet Wool



The PRINCESS ELIZABETH



Ideal in every way is the Princess Elizabeth model illustrated, which may be quickly and easily converted from a full-length carriage to a handsome sit-up car. Full description of this and all latest models will be sent post-free upon request.

The illustration shows the Princess Elizabeth model converted to sit-up position

HITCHINGS LTD

495, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 5796

Near Marble Arch

Thierry

the recognised leader
of shoe fashions

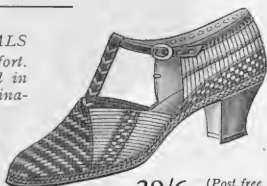
OUR WORLD-FAMOUS SANDALS

Unequalled for wear and comfort. Hand-made throughout and stocked in all the fashionable shades and combinations of these shades.

With Low or Cuban Heel - 29/6

Also in another quality - 25/6

(Made in Paris)



29/6 (Post free in the U.K.)



25/6 (Post free in the U.K.)

SPORTS SHOES

In calf wit's insets of velvet pig-skin to tone. Non-slipping sports soles. Stocked in brown, blue, green, black. 25/6

Also in brown elk skin. 25/6

(Made in England)

Thierry

Established 1839

70, Regent Street, London, W.1 (A few doors from Piccadilly Circus)

And

47, SUSSEX PLACE, S.W.7 (One minute from South Kensington Station)

Also at 5, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

Britannia & Eve for June, 1932

STUDINGTON

LIGHT WEIGHT LUXURY



The all-Seasons for all Weathers

CAMEL COATS

THE IDEAL COAT FOR FLYING, MOTORING, TRAVEL AND GENERAL SPORTS WEAR.

IT BRINGS A NEW JOY INTO LIFE, AND NO OTHER COAT CAN GIVE QUITE THE SAME SENSE OF LUXURY AND COMFORT.

The Studington Camel Hair Coat

5 GNS. to 9 GNS.

Patterns and New Booklet on request.

STUDD & MILLINGTON LIMITED

67-69, Chancery Lane, Holborn, W.C. 51, Conduit Street, Bond Street, W.

For Summer Wear...



Cut on slim tailored lines, this entirely new Tengol model has a slightly military air which is very chic and becoming. With its smart box pleats, its cleverly contrived waistcoat effect deftly emphasised by the single large rever of contrasting colour, and natural belted waistline, it is a dress with a "character of its own" which can be worn successfully for many summer occasions.

Macclesfield crêpe of fine check design is the material used, and it can be had in many attractive colour combinations.

Obtainable from best class Stores.

"Tengol"

F. & Co., Chell Street, Longsight, Manchester, and at Morley House, Regent Street, London.

Wholesale and Shipping only.

SUMMER passes so quickly that it is a pity to spoil the enjoyment of even one of its golden hours by over-fatigue and lassitude.

The reason for summer fatigue is usually the fact that there is little appetite for more than the lightest summer meals. Such meals, however, do not contain sufficient of the nourishment which creates energy and vitality.

The lightest meal is reinforced and made complete in nutritive value when "Ovaltine"—served cold—is your daily beverage. This deliciously refreshing and easily digested food drink contains the rich goodness of fresh liquid milk, malt extract and new-laid eggs. Every food element needed for health and vitality is present in a correctly balanced and concentrated form. "Ovaltine" is low in price and economical in use. It contains no added sugar. Combinations of food substances containing a high percentage of added sugar to give them bulk and to cheapen the cost are not comparable to "Ovaltine."

Cold "Ovaltine" is prepared by adding "Ovaltine" to cold milk or milk and water and mixing with an egg whisk or in a shaker.

'OVALTINE' COLD

The delightful Summer Drink

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

*Don't let
Over fatigue
spoil your
Summer joys*



Editorial

The Zenith

THE London season is not obsolete. It is obstinate and refuses resolutely either to die or to show any signs of dying. It is one of those institutions of which one rarely hears it said "Alas, things are not what they were!" Ascot is no less golden, and Goodwood no less glorious. The debutante of 1932 is as pretty as the debutante of 1922 or, for that matter, of 1872. The right sort of cricket match at Lord's is watched by as well-dressed a crowd as that in which our grandfathers and grandmothers mingled; and if the squares of Mayfair and Belgravia are peopled on warm nights by strolling couples from this or that dance—heedless of chaperones, who are as extinct as the dodo—that is the only significant change in the social magic of the summer months.

That the Royal Academy is larger and the opera season shorter than usual is a minor point beside the fact that they both appear with the regularity of seed-time and harvest. In its essential features London's annual spell of fashionable activity is as constant and unchanging as Cæsar avowed himself to be, even if not all of the most prominent participants are as Cæsar's wife.

It is June, and vanity fair is at its zenith. Yet all is not vanity. Commercial prosperity is neither the begetter of the season nor the result of it; but what are referred to in certain political circles with unjust contumely as "the luxury trades" have their legitimate niche in any community which is not based



on theories of flap-doodle, unnatural and merciless.

And an important niche, too. The season has its business aspect in more senses than one. The purveyors of those luxuries, which in the circumstances are necessities, work as hard as the social climbers, and much more profitably. England would not fall if Bond Street were ruined.

But Bond Street is among the pillars, and none the worse for being a decorative one.

"Heedless of their doom . . ." is a wail confined to odd and crankish corners. There are no little victims and there will be no doom. There is far too much common sense about.

Last month every copy of "Britannia & Eve" contained an Autographed Presentation Portrait of Clark Gable. With this issue we give our readers a signed portrait of Marlene Dietrich. Subsequent issues will contain similar autographed portraits of equally famous Film Stars

Café Girls

Never make friends with them! —and the Story of a Young Man who did

By
James Francis
Dwyer

ONE morning, on a train out of Cascassonne, a young man from South Canterbury showed me a list of rules drawn up by his mother before he started on his European trip. There were ten of these maternal commandments. I read them carefully and marvelled at the wisdom of the English mother.

"Which one," said the young man, "in your opinion should I most carefully observe?"

"They are all fine," I answered. "Every one of them."

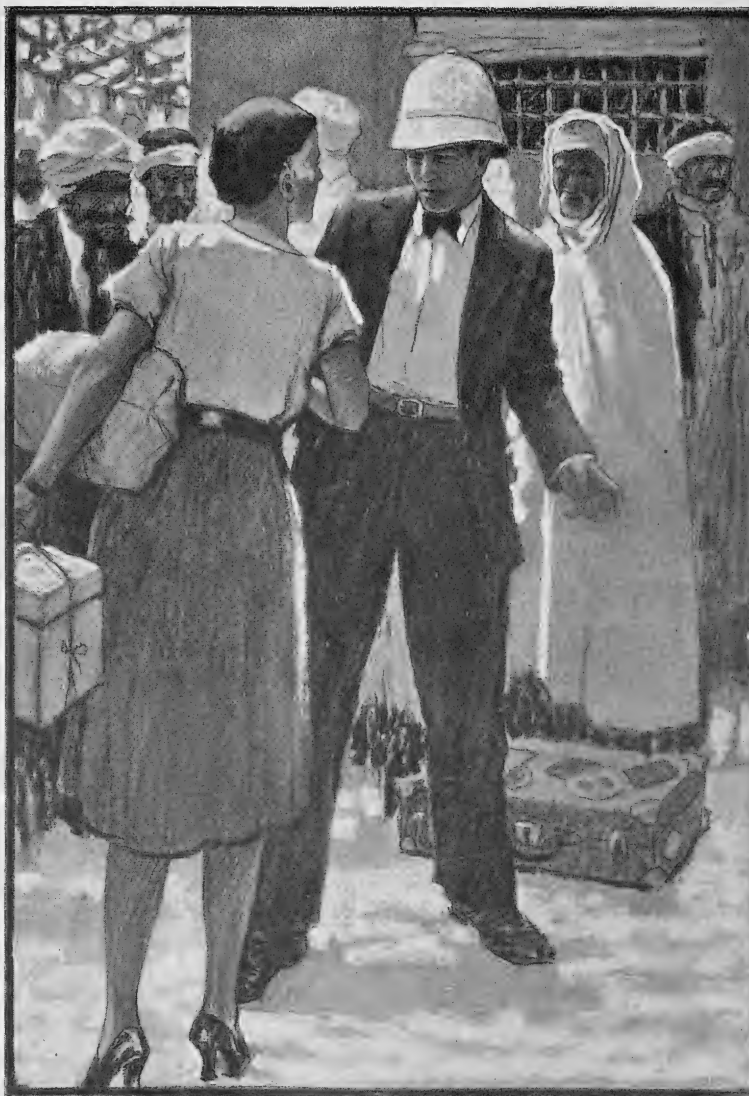
He was a handsome youngster of twenty. Blue-eyed, smiling, tall. An attractive chap to ladies.

"But if I broke any of them," he stammered, "which—which one should I—should I sort of hang on to up to the very last?"

I read the commandments again. Advice about food, care of stomach, guides, hotel rooms, etcetera. Finally I pointed to number seven.

The boy, blushing, read it aloud. "Never make friends with girls that you meet at cafés."

I am not attractive, and I am more than double the age of the youth I met on the P.L.M. train, but I recalled the advice of the Canterbury mother on a bright morning months after I had read her commandments. I sat before a little café on the *Place du Commerce* at Fez, and I was in a bad humour. I hated Fez. I thought it had the odour of a long-dead whale. I was filled with an all-consuming



hatred of its narrow streets thatched with palm-fronds to keep off the devilish sun; its hundred thousand tinted inhabitants; its dandified French officers so smart and neat in the flood of Mohammedans, Arabs, Moroccan Israelites, and Sudanese. But Fez had slipped into the spotlight as a city of mystery that had wonders to show the tourist, and, as I was collecting information for prospective tourists I was compelled to visit it and report on its attractions.

Two white girls came from the direction of the *Porte-Neuve*. I watched them as they approached the café. They were tall, good-looking, and they walked with a springy, cat-like motion that drew attention to their supple figures. They were not more than twenty.

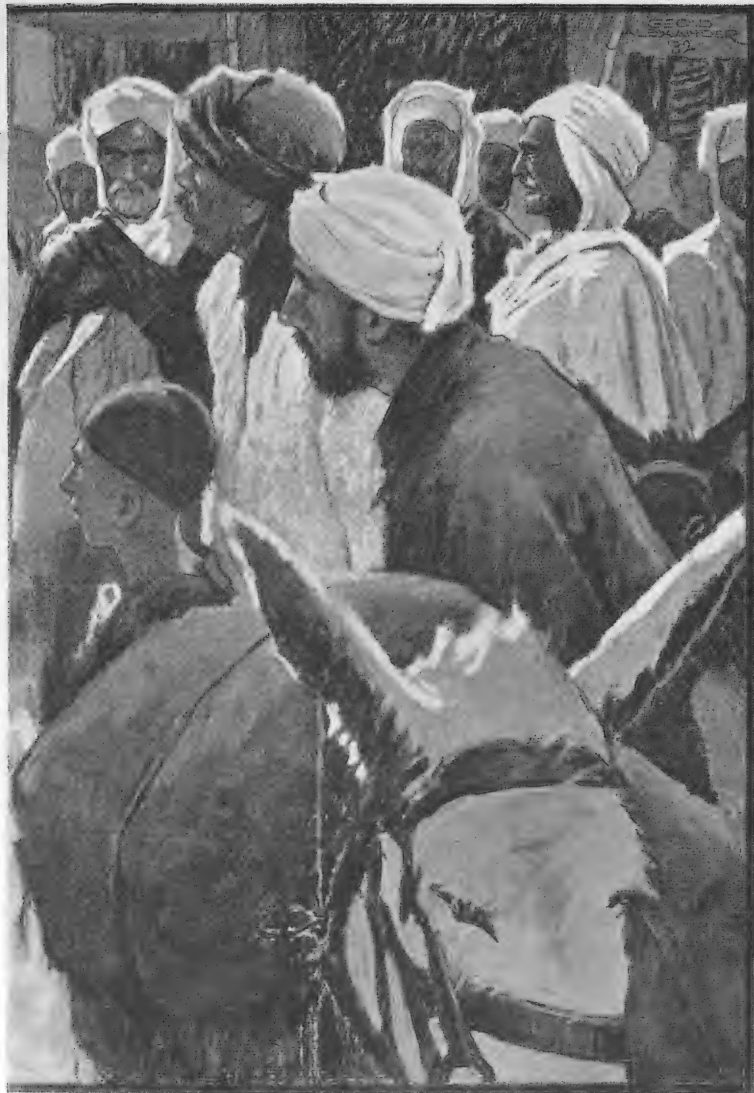
They seated themselves on the iron chairs close to my table. When the thin Arab waiter approached them they giggled, then one, whose hair had a golden tint, addressed him. She spoke in limping French. She wished the waiter to

serve two cups of *café au lait* on credit. The Arab drew back like a snake dodging a blow. His discoloured teeth showed in a sneer. He waved the first finger of his right hand, the Moorish intimation of nothing doing. He backed up the signal with a snarled *rien* and a grunted *nada*. He wished to make his refusal as definite as possible. Having delivered himself he backed into the inky shadows and watched the two girls.

THE girls looked at me. I stared at the *Place*. I pretended a great interest in the slipshod promenaders, in the loaded porters who shouted "*Balek! Balek!*" as they fought for a passageway.

I felt the eyes of the two girls upon me. Eyes that peered into my heart, my soul, my pocketbook. They were certain that I heard their appeal to the waiter, certain that I understood. They were obviously penniless and they wished a cup of coffee.

The golden-haired one spoke in English with a pronounced cockney accent.



FOR a moment he stood, head turned to Miss Emily Delmonte, ears sucking in the answer she gave to a question, then he rushed at the hotel proprietor

Illustrations by
Geo. D. Alexander

a careless, happy-go-lucky manner with him. He questioned the two as to their business in Fez.

I COULD not help overhearing the story which the girls told. They were members, or they had been members, of the Carlton Select Dancing Troupe. They had been signed up by a theatrical agent in Soho for a tour of Algeria and Morocco. Mr. Percy Carlton was the manager. They were to get four pounds a week and their hotel expenses. They took their contracts from their handbags and showed them to the coffee buyer.

They made the recital in turns. The girl with the golden hair, whose name was Emily Delmonte on her contract, would speak a piece about their meeting with Mr. Percy Carlton and their voyage from London to Marseilles, then, while Emily retired to masticate her croissant, the big-eyed one, whose contract name was Jennie Somerville, would take up the story. Jennie told of happenings in Algiers, Blida, Oran, and Oudjda, in all of which towns the troupe had appeared. It was at the latter place that Mr. Percy Carlton, who was thought by all the girls to be "a puffick gempmen," was seized with the idea of emulating the Arabs in whose country he was voyaging. He rolled his tent—or at least his pyjamas—and fled back to the coast.

Five of the troupe had followed by the next train in the hope of catching the deserter before he got aboard a boat at Oran, but Miss Delmonte and Miss Somerville rode on to Fez.

"Why didn't you two chase him?" asked the buyer.

Miss Somerville looked slyly at Miss Delmonte. Miss Delmonte flushed. "It was like this," said Miss Somerville, "Em'ly was a bit mashed on Mr. Carlton an' she didn't want to chise him when she knew 'e was down an' out."

"'E wouldn't 'ave run if 'e wasn't busted," supplemented Miss Delmonte. "I was sweet on 'im, there!" she splashed half a croissant into her coffee as she made the assertion. Miss Somerville grinned. I had a belief that she winked at the Good Samaritan.

"An' we had 'erd a lot abaht this plice, Fez," said Miss Somerville. "Percy, I mean Mr. Carlton, told us that there were lots of rich Frenchies 'ere, so we wanted to have a look at it bein' so close. We thought we could get an engagement at some plice to dance."

"And you can't?" queried the man. "Can't?" screamed Miss Somerville. "That ain't arf a word! The only dance they want to see 'ere is the dance these nigger women do wit' twistin' their stomachs about. The Frogs call it the *danse du ventre*, but Em'ly an' me don't do nothin' like that."

"No, of course," murmured the breakfast-buyer; then, after a pause, he pushed a probe into the future. "And what's

"The mean black 'ound!" she hissed. "The lousy 'ound not to trust us wiv a cuppercawfee!"

Yes, I know. I should have come through. But I am imaginative. I had to stay in Fez five days before moving on to Casablanca, and five-day friendships with penniless young ladies are dangerous.

The companion of Golden Hair, who had a pert, upturned nose and glorious eyes, leaned towards me. "Mister!" she cried. "Hey, mister!"

I refused to turn my head. Imagination warned me. "If they get a cup of coffee it will only carry them to lunch time," whispered Imagination. "And a lunch will only carry them to dinner time. To-morrow morning you will hear the cup of Java cry again. Keep quiet, you fool!"

"Mister," said the girl with the beautiful eyes, "this dirty nigger won't give me fren' an' me a cuppercawfee on tick."

I felt the blood surge to my face, then,

blessed relief, there came from behind me the voice of a Sir Philip Sidney adrift in that city of smells.

"What's the matter, sister?" asked Sir Philip.

"Why," said "sister," "this black swine won't trust Em'ly an' me wit' a cuppercawfee!"

"That's too bad," said Sir Phil. "Too bad altogether. Guess we can fix it. Hey, Mahomet!"

Mahomet came at a run. He was told to bring coffee at top speed. *Beaucoup café, beaucoup lait, et une demi-douzaine de croissants*. The good Samaritan used trade-French with an English accent.

The buyer moved to a seat near the girls and so came into my view. He was a clean-shaved smiling chap of about twenty-six, neatly dressed in blue serge, striped shirt and collar, butterfly bow, and brown shoes. He carried a pith helmet in his hand.

When the coffee, milk, and croissants arrived he watched the girls eat. He had

the programme now?" he asked, smiling.

"Now," said Emily, wiping her red lips with a paper napkin, "we're goin' up to see the British Kernsul in a place called the Rue Sidi El Khayat."

"Oh, the consul is going to help you?" said the young man.

Emily was on her feet now. I glanced at her. I thought her a splendid animal. I was a little annoyed because I had not bought the coffee.

"The British Kernsul has sent a cable to Lunnun abaht Jennie an' me," she explained. "That theatrical agent in Soho 'll cop out for this. The Kernsul said 'e hadn't any right to send strite English girls out to darnce for niggers. Well, we're thankful to you for buyin' us cawfee. There's some as would see your tongue 'ang outer your head before they'd spend a farthin' on yer."

I thought she looked in my direction as she made this remark. I wasn't sure. But they were very thankful to the young man.

I watched them as they moved away. One might find fault with their pronunciation but not with their figures. Splendid animals, both of them. Fez was old, but they were young. They were indifferent to the thrusting, pushing porters, the screaming donkeymen, and the cold, hard stares of the cross-legged merchants perched in their little *boutiques*. I thought about the Canterbury mother. The fine weaving figures of the girls were lost in the wash of natives. I sighed softly.

THE young man who had bought the coffee caught my eye. He smiled. "Some lookers?" he said.

I nodded.

"Hard luck for them," he continued. "Two nice girls stranded in a nigger town."

I wished to find an excuse for my meanness. "They shouldn't be here," I said petulantly. "Should have stayed in London."

"Well, yes," he said. "But livings are hard to get these days. One has to hustle round. Look at me. I'm from Aberystwyth, and I'm here in Fez acting as a sort of courier to a steel-king's widow camped at the *Palais Djamaï*. Never thought I'd come to Fez to do that. You fixed here?"

I answered in the negative. I mumbled a few words about my business of sending Travel Letters to a thousand subscribers scattered across the British Empire. He said he had read one of my advertisements in an English magazine.

To prove that I was not really mean I offered a vermouth. We sat in the shadow and talked. He told me his name was Dick Farrand. He had come to Europe to study art, got disgusted with the humbug of Montparnasse and started to roam. Worked at anything that offered bread and butter. Life-guard at Biarritz, assistant in a troupe that gave exhibitions in cow baiting—the *Courses landaises* where the cows are teased by athletic youngsters who leap over their backs as they charge; megaphone man on Riviera autobuses; guide and counsellor to pilgrims visiting the shrine of

Nuestra Señora del Pilar at Saragossa, etc. I liked Dick Farrand. He jumped over obstacles as he jumped over the backs of the Provençal cows. He tickled the nose of the future with a feather and sidestepped when the lady tried to swat him.

"Hooked up with this steel-king's

When I said good-bye to him I suggested that we might meet again before I moved on.

"I'll be here to-morrow morning," he said. "If the consul does nothing for those girls—and that's pretty near a cert if I know anything about consuls—they'll want more Java. Sorry I didn't



widow at Algiers," he explained. "She has a French chauffeur, but she thinks Monsieur Crapaud would do a quick fadeaway if an Arab said boo to him. Wanted an Englishman just in case a sheik took a fancy to her, pulled his burnoose over her grey head and beat it with her to the giddy desert. I'm her bodyguard."

tell 'em where they could find me at lunch time. Well, I'll sit a bit. They might pass here on their way back from the chap who waves the flag that the sun doesn't set on. Bet they'll be hungry after the cross-exam. 'Why did you get into this fix? You see, it isn't the duty of a consul,' etcetera. Oh, I've wandered in on those lads. Pawnbrokers

are generous souls compared with consuls. See you again."

I felt rather small as I walked down the *Grand-rue du Mellah*. Farrand was going to hang around in the hope that he might be able to buy the two English girls a lunch. I doubted the wisdom of the Canterbury mother. Didn't seem right that morning in Fez.

I MISSED Dick Farrand on the following morning. I do not know if he bought coffee and croissants for the two young ladies of the Carlton Select Dancing Troupe. I got bushed in the narrow streets of the *Quartier Kettanine* and did not pass the café on the *Place du Commerce* till midday. But that afternoon I saw him.

It was this way. I came from an outside survey of the *Grand mosquée cathédrale*

knot. There was a danger, if their breathing was rhythmical, that a communal gasp would push over the mud walls of the houses that lined the street.

I was curious. I had to write a letter to a thousand persons regarding what I saw in Fez. Here might be material of the finest kind.

I got the toe of a shoe into a niche in the mud wall of a house, and used the back of a stout Mussulman as a support. I saw over the heads of the crowd. It was an eviction. An eviction from a native hotel.

There came flying into the muddy street a suitcase covered with hotel labels. It was followed by a red hat-box of imitation leather, one of those squashy hat-boxes. So gay and bright, so awfully Parisian. It flashed in the sunlight, then flopped into the muddy filth of *la Tala*. Behind it came another suitcase smothered

with smallpox, looked like one of those enlarged photographs of the moon. Someone had neatly divided his nose with a knife thrust, and when one eye glued itself to an object the other looked around the corner.

He addressed the crowd. The girls owed him money. They couldn't pay, and they refused to take his advice and earn money in the manner he had suggested. To make this matter perfectly clear to the throng he gathered up his dirty burnous and gave a vulgar imitation of a stomach dance.

The crowd cheered. The proprietor was so delighted with the applause that he drove the toe of his yellow slipper into the red hat-box and sent it flying.

It was then that I saw Dick Farrand. He was running across the packed shoulders of the mob. Treading on shaven heads whose owners squealed with fright and wriggled from under his shoes. Now and then he stumbled, but the manner in which the watchers were jammed together made it impossible for him to fall to the street. Heads and shoulders made a runway.

He leapt from the pate of a front-row watcher to the ground. For a moment he stood, head turned to Miss Emily Delmonte, ears sucking in the answer she gave to a question, then he rushed at the hotel proprietor.

The man with the crater-like face was alert. From somewhere in the folds of his *gandoura* he dug out a small knife with a curved point that made it an excellent weapon for a belly thrust. Farrand whipped his pith helmet from his head and flung it at the one eye that had him under observation. Blinded for the moment, the Arab missed the point in the Welshman's stomach that he thought the most vulnerable, and, before he could make a second jab, Farrand's right fist, starting from his knee and travelling upward at the speed of an unhitched star, collided with the proprietor's jaw. The clash was terrific. The knife dropped to the ground, its curved point turned upward, the Arab sat down upon it, and he was so dead to the world that he didn't feel the prick of the weapon as it bored its way through the dirty *gandoura*.

Two valets de chambre, screaming like wolves, flung themselves on Farrand. For a moment he was in danger of being smothered by their draperies. Clawing the garments from his face he drove a straight jab to the jaw of each and they settled down beside their master. A very pretty fighter was Farrand. He had a manner with him.

Farrand gathered up the two suitcases and the pair of hat-boxes and signalled to the girls to follow him. But the human barrier hampered him. Two *agents de police* thrust their way into the circle, and the proprietor of the hotel, still groggy from the punch, gave the Welshman in charge.

THE two girls were in court when Farrand appeared before the magistrate. Both gave (Continued on page 118)



JENNIE SOMERVILLE, now Lady Sinnoby, was walking towards the table occupied by Mrs. Farrand and the fellow in spats

Karouine, which is barred to unbelievers, and was thrusting my way through the infamous jungle of *la Tala* when I arrived at a point where the human tide was deflected into a side street because the main thoroughfare was blocked by a wedge that remained immovable against the assaults of donkeys and loaded porters. There were a thousand indigenes in that

in hotel pasters, another hat-box, jade-green, a curiously pathetic hat-box.

While I stared the Arab proprietor of the wretched shelter propelled through the doorway the owners of the baggage. They were Miss Emily Delmonte and Miss Jennie Somerville!

A big, ruffianly fellow was the proprietor of the joint. His face, pitted

C. Patrick

puts *the* Rich Men
under the Microscope
and *awakes* our pity
for *the* Poor Millionaire



This Crazy

THE curve of the life of Ivar Kreuger, having soared up to heights never before attained by man, suddenly turned and fell like a stone to that sad, that inconclusive end, on a blood-stained bed in Paris. They call him a criminal now. I am more inclined to call him a poor devil. Consider this human being, who after all had only one earthly life to live, one mortal's capacity for enjoyment.

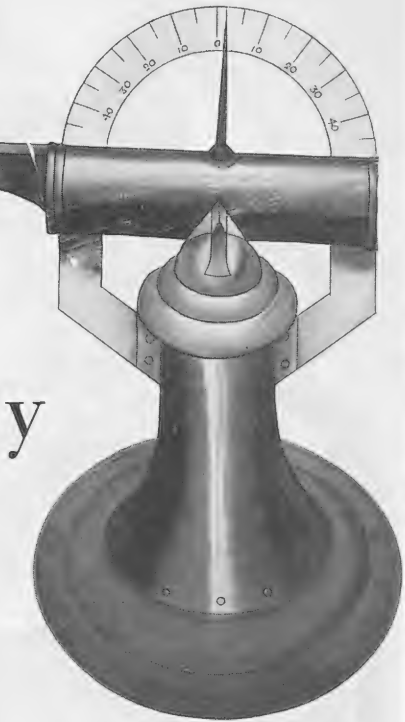
Harnessing all his formidable qualities of brain, will, imagination and energy to big business, he built—in less time than it takes a subaltern to get his captaincy or a bank clerk to achieve a branch managership—a vast international trust, the world's biggest, with 225 subsidiaries in 45 different countries, and a stock market value at its peak of over £200,000,000. There was only one flaw in the structure; it was built on the quicksands of loans to half-bankrupt states prevented by the Versailles treaty from restoring their fortunes by trade.

Naturally, he amassed fabulous wealth. He had fully staffed apartments always ready for his use in London, New York, Paris, Berlin. In Stockholm he had three apartments, besides the marble and bronze temple housing the headquarters staff of his world trust. He owned a pleasure island, magnificently laid out, on the waters outside Stockholm. He possessed three white steam yachts and a fleet of speed boats; for it meant much to him to save minutes between his office and the island where he had to meet his guests, great financiers and diplomats, and meet them, calm, smiling, with the

look of an unhurried man with whom the world goes wonderfully well.

But he himself had no time to enjoy anything. He had no peace. He could never stay and consolidate one annexed territory before getting pulled into further and more complex enterprises. The bigger he grew, the more he was driven. At last he was always on the move between the key centres of the world. He travelled by aeroplane, fast liner, express train, speed boat and high-powered touring car; and his satraps all over the earth reported daily to him by cable or telephone—the mails were too slow. So, like Caesar and Napoleon, he began by being the captain of his fate, and ended leashed to his fortunes like a tin can to a dog's tail. But, unlike those two conquistadors, whose conquests he excelled in range, he had no time even for marriage or dalliance with women. That might come later when he could let up, rest, take his ease.

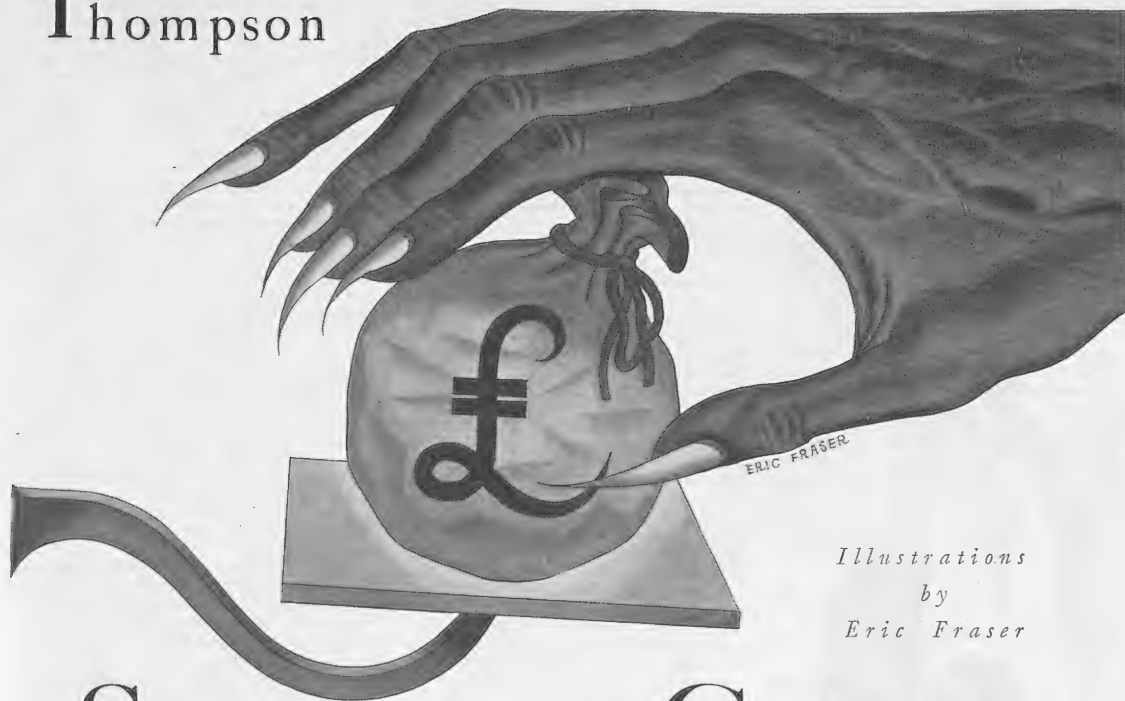
Ease? He was never to know any. The young hobo who meditates as he chews an onion and a bit of bread, and slowly browns in the sun, was a happy man compared to Kreuger. Caught in the world ice jam, broken by his superhuman labours and responsibilities, he falsified his books in a last desperate gamble with time. When he lost he did not stay to argue the point of the morality of his book-keeping. Cool, efficient, decisive as ever, he lay on his bed, opened his waistcoat, pressed a revolver against his heart, fired. That single bullet ended his troubles, his anxieties. Thus all these titanic labours, conceptions and battles ended, in



the little corpse of a man dead in the prime of his life. Work, worry, and a bit of lead in the heart—that was all he got out of it. Yet if he had possessed the secret of happiness he could have pulled out at the peak of his fortunes and to-day have been a live millionaire and an honoured man.

These millionaires! These money hunters! The gold they chase is not the yellow metal you and I know. It is fairy gold, and when you grab it, and open your hand, all you find is a little pinch of bitter dust.

MILLIONAIRES seem to be more exposed than we humbler mortals to the illusions which, if pursued, darken and embitter life. They make money; they seldom understand the value of it in the scheme of an individual life. There are people who say that money cannot buy happiness and has nothing to do with that consciousness of self-fulfilment which is perhaps the most important aim in life. That is largely nonsense. The philoso-



Illustrations

by

Eric Fraser

Stuff *called* GOLD...

phers will tell you as much, not excluding our own Bernard Shaw, who, having tasted poverty, has learnt the value and meaning of money, and makes it work for him.

Money can buy a considerable degree of happiness. Money can keep a weak citizen straight; lack of it can rot through the rail which keeps many a man travelling the straight and narrow of the honest life. Change of scene money can buy, travel, comfort, beauty and the real pleasures of luxury. Money will alleviate suffering and prolong life. You can cultivate a larger, fuller and more satisfying life by the judicious use of money. But first of all you have to know how to use it and what is worth buying with it, and very few people possess that knowledge, while the number of big money makers capable of assessing the real value of money, and of using it to increase their real happiness during their brief stay on earth, is amazingly small.

There is a man I know who has made a very big fortune and seeks to establish himself as a territorial magnate—a foolish ambition, to begin with. He has now degenerated into a discontented fellow with an inferiority complex. He has been so busy making money that he has failed to cultivate any social graces or to camouflage behind a man-of-the-world mask the essential roughness of the combative and acquisitive man of business. He has an enormous country place, in which some of the bathrooms cost £2,000 apiece. He has installed facilities for every kind of sport, from polo and squash to billiards and swimming. The ballroom is palatial.

But no one comes to use his sports grounds or his bathrooms. He has funk'd trying to give a ball because he has been able to establish friendly contact with so few county people that, when he has some distinguished person up to stay, he is hard put to it to scrape up enough people to provide a dinner party.

MODERN life presents innumerable lamentable spectacles of this kind. These men, having got a fortune into their hands, blunder about seeking happiness and contentment down paths which only bring them the reverse. They waste their money and their lives trying to cut a finer figure. They buy titles which are not accepted at their face value by the people they desire to impress. They hang about on the fringe of politics, or, worse still, try to achieve smartness and wear themselves out keeping hours to which they are not accustomed and paying exorbitant bills made out by cynical *maitres* in fashionable night haunts for a crowd of smart-set spongers who ridicule them behind their backs.

These activities are unnecessary to the contentment of a millionaire, and the man who demonstrates this truth most strikingly is the richest of them all. Ninety-one years old, emaciated as a mummy but with a brain as clear as his ice-blue eyes, the days pass serenely for him. Sleep, the morning papers, a walk in the rose garden, breakfast, a little exercise, rest; lunch, rest, out in the air again among the shrubberies or beside the streams, a drive, rest and a book; dinner, music, talk, and so to bed. So might live

a retired business or professional man enjoying a well-earned leisure on a few hundreds a year. But this man's income is fabulous; his fortune is estimated at £500,000,000. He is John D. Rockefeller, on his way to a century of life.

Enormous wealth has not of necessity given this man the will to live on and caused him to find life good. He has always been in fundamentals one of the calmest and wisest of men. He never lost his head or his nerve. He never cherished an illusion or succumbed to vanity; nor was he foolish enough to wear himself out before his time. Consider his life; it is singularly illuminating.

He began as a commission man. He prospered. He bought a little oil business for £13,000, having faith in the future for oil. He took two partners, one an expert in the producing end, the other a refining man; he, the third, looked after the business end. He built up the business into a colossal trust which bestraddled the continent. Throughout the most disturbing times—panics, crises, attacks, public outcries—he maintained a stony calm. He always walked home to lunch, and walked back again. He was never found rushing about, bolting his meals, or worrying himself grey. He cultivated a love of flowers, gardens and trees.

Especially he puts himself on terms of friendship with trees. Indeed, he calls certain trees his friends, and these friends he uproots and takes with him from his summer place to his winter place. Enormous, their sprawling roots carefully gathered and wrapped, these giant friends of his follow in his track, borne in lorries

by road. Their human friend exercises his business instincts by keeping tab of the exact cost in a little account book. He does not stand back and admire them, but comes up close, and puts his hand on their rough trunks. Perhaps, in these contacts, he feels something passing from them to him. In any case, his life, so calm, solid, enduring, is attuned to tree life. Delvers into the secret of life may find some clue in this mysterious affinity between the man and his trees. We will leave that aspect of him.

He had decided to retire at 50. As it chanced, he had to prolong his business career several years longer. A big panic blew up. He had to stay to see it through and protect his investments. His mines were threatened by the cessation of work on a railway and a lake steamer company going broke. He had to take over the railway and finish it, go into the shipping business and put ships on the lake. These protective measures into which he was forced subsequently added to his wealth; for everything he touched turned to gold, and everything that he had to take over at this time he got at fire-sale prices.



But at last he got away. He had about £50,000,000 (his capital has grown naturally, keeping pace with the growth of America and the world). It was more than he could ever hope to use, not having the tastes of Sardanapaulus or the Duke of Westminster. He therefore established a trust to dispense part of his wealth for the good of humanity. He went to the root of things. His money should go to promote the better education of mankind, and to finance medical research. There are tens of thousands of children who would be crippled to-day, and there are mothers who would be dead in the early years of their married life, and there are fathers who would be cut off in the prime of their lives, were it not for the Rockefeller money put at the disposal of the research workers in surgery and medicine in Rockefeller's own laboratories and elsewhere.

He has bought himself the priceless benefits of a spacious privacy and natural beauty. From the windows of his great Georgian house in the Pocantico hills he looks out on an everchanging panorama of rock, river, hill and sky. At 3 p.m. he comes out on to his porch. Once, a flaw spoilt the landscape for him at this time. It was a tall factory chimney sticking up far in the distance. It jarred the even tenor of his life. He called in camouflage experts. Great sums were expended. The chimney disappeared from view. Then the railway running through a corner of his huge estate annoyed him. It could not be diverted because the old village of Tarrytown stood in the way. The billionaire bought the village, compensated the 500 inhabitants; the village was pulled down, and the railway laid through it.

I KNOW very few rich men possessed of the sound sagacity of the ancient Rockefeller. There are men of my acquaintance with comfortable incomes who can look one in the eye and say: "I am a happy man." But not a single one of the money-making type do I know who can do as much. Most of the latter have strongly developed one-track minds. Outside of business and the pursuit of fairy gold they are lost, bored, empty. They don't know what to do with themselves.

I remember lunching with a well-known man once at a time of crisis in his business life. His big chief had died, and the industrial empire was being split up and sold off. Some of it was going to a brother, most to a business rival. This man had just arranged to sell to the rival the business province of which he had been chairman and managing director. The price was around ten millions. "And now," I said, "I suppose you will retire and live happy ever after." He shook his head. "What should I do, retired?" he asked. "You know what happens to retired business men. They die. I like work. I have never known this 'Monday morning' feeling they talk about. I like Monday morning. It takes me back to things that interest me."

He had been unwell. His doctor had told him to take Wednesdays off and play golf. "But I can't just now," he said. "I'm too

busy." I met him again six months later. He had switched over from his old concern and was now head of a gigantic group under the control of his old chief's brother. "Are you playing golf Wednesdays?" I asked. He looked surprised. "Why, no. Too busy. But one of these days I expect I will get time." At sixty he looks seventy; he has a nervous twitch, and his digestion is not so good. Yet many people, looking up at him perched so high in the business hierarchy, wealthy, titled, powerful, envy him.

Just recently I met a colleague of this man's. He had been deposed from a high executive position in the group, and—like your lieutenant-general who fails in wartime and is promoted major-general and given a home command—given a directorship. He looked fine, brown and fit. "I've taken off ten pounds," he told us.

"I play a lot of golf now, and my daughter's knocking me into shape at tennis." Then he became enthusiastic about a rock garden he was making. "I always wanted to make a rock garden," he said, "but you know how it is; I never had time, and when I did have some leisure I was too tired for that sort of thing." I regard that man as saved in the nick of time.

Kennedy Jones was not so lucky. He brought the *Evening News* to Northcliffe and was the driving power for years behind the *Daily Mail*. He was a slave driver. But he drove himself. His lunch was often a chop, bolted at his desk, couple of whiskies-and-sodas slung down on top, and back to the job. Of course, he wrecked his digestion. The surgeons carved him up. He lay in bed in Harry Preston's hotel at Brighton. Emissaries from Northcliffe came down to buy him out. "Think of it," he told the host, "I shall be a millionaire!" He was. But he didn't know what to do with himself, so he took over a great house-furnishing business. Then the surgeons carved him up again. And presently he died. He was not within sight of the mortal span when they put him under the earth. Another victim of the great illusion that no price is too high to pay for money and a worldly success.

ONLY foolish people envy the great, the rich, the worldly successes. More often than not, behind their impressive and glittering façades, they are worried to death, tired out, oppressed, anxious, driven, desperately unhappy. Look at Clarence Hatry. He used to work fourteen hours a day. He did nothing but work. And to what eventual purpose did he labour and scheme and twist and turn, drive, cajole and plan? To put himself behind bars for fourteen years! He could have got out of the business game with something like a million pounds after rationalising the light-castings industry. But he had to go on and try to swing a £20,000,000 deal and make himself a steel king. He could have thrown in his hand when he found the market breaking, the ice cracking under him—gone broke and have done with it. What prevented him taking this course? Vanity! Hatry must not, could not, fail. So he committed a criminal act much as an office-boy steals from the petty-cash box, hoping and expecting to put it back when the horse comes in. But the horse did not come in—it so seldom does.

During the period Hatry was functioning at full blast there was another

celebrated young financier busy "playing the piano" with mergers and flotations. He had fourteen lieutenants, but from Monday to Friday he had no time to set foot to earth. It was work all the time, and rushes in trains and cars in all directions. Week-ends he got away to his great country estate. He ran the place on big business lines—bred cattle on a large scale, sold pheasants' eggs by the ten thousand, developed a tremendous trade, held conferences of his agents and bailiffs. Then the big crash came. His group collapsed; he went bankrupt. He took over a couple of rooms formerly used by his chauffeur, spent £50 doing them up. I saw him the other day. His hair was a trifle grey, at forty, but he looked very well. He said he was, at heart, a countryman. He wanted now a hundred acres, no more. With that he would be content. "You are a philosopher," I said. He smiled. "I have learnt a thing or two," he admitted.

Jimmy White never learnt anything. He could have retired with five or six millions at the peak of his fortunes. But gambling, throwing money about, playing the millionaire, cutting a figure envied by the crude, coarse crowd—that was his idea of the real life. He never grasped that he was a bull speculator who could only prosper in a bull market, and that bull markets do not last for ever. He had at last to gamble for his life. He owed money everywhere. Claims for over a million pounds in income tax had accumulated; by some miracle he had staved them off for years. He played the bull in British Controlled against the Mackay Edgar bear syndicate. He lost, and committed suicide. One of his friends afterwards told me that a well-known millionaire store magnate, for whom he had swung a big deal, was ready to back White to the tune of a million, but that the offer came too late. Those offers always come too late. Jimmy had turned from his normal whisky drinking habits to two bottles of port at night just before he killed himself. A sinister portent. Whisky is a fighting spirit; port a soporific. He was doping himself so that he should not think. He ruined a lot of people, but at least some of them are lustily alive now and always have got, and still are getting, more out of their sojourn here on earth than that millionaire "card" ever got.

I ALWAYS thought Solly Joel a pathetic and, in his last phase, a luckless figure. He had a curious hunted look. I was first introduced to him in his box at Ascot (a box crowded with people he knew, but who were not really his friends; such men have few friends). I looked at him and saw behind the beard and glasses a face pale, strained and tired, the forehead deeply creased by lines of permanent worry. I felt sorry for him. He was always in and out of the courts, although there really seemed

no reason why he need be involved in litigation to the extent he was. One would see him at an H.B. Club banquet, the presiding figure, orchid in buttonhole, diamonds in his shirt, envied, fêted. Behind him, as he auctioned the horses in the sweep at those feasts, hovered Tom Honey, benign, deaf, nearing eighty, Solly's henchman. Tom Honey's laugh was boisterous and infectious, but there was no laughter in Joel's soul. He was already doomed, although he did not know it. Worry, work, blows of all sorts, had weakened his heart. He collapsed and died before he had begun to grow old—this man, so robust in his middle-age, this king of gold and diamonds, with his racehorses, his big steam yacht, his great houses. His life was at once a tragedy and a failure.

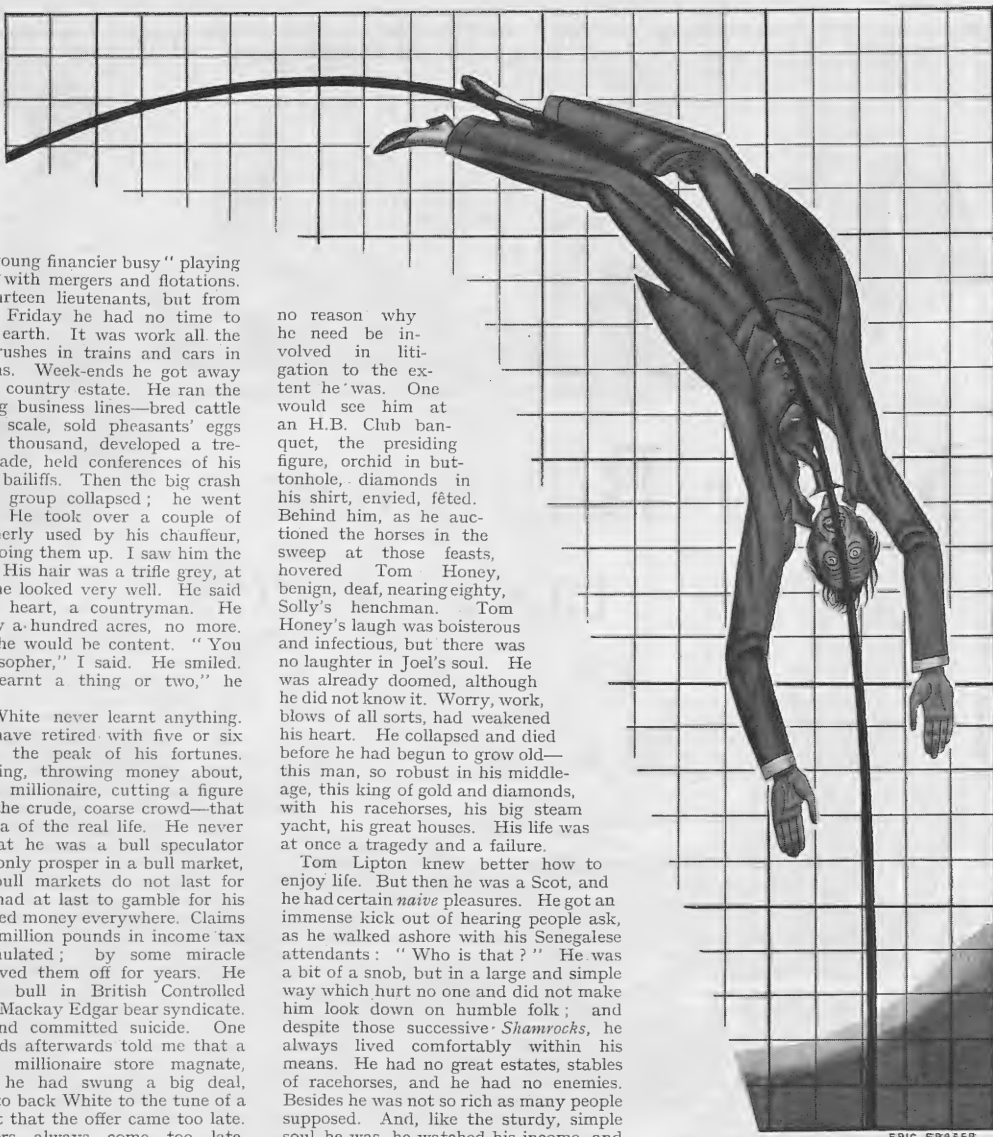
Tom Lipton knew better how to enjoy life. But then he was a Scot, and he had certain *naïve* pleasures. He got an immense kick out of hearing people ask, as he walked ashore with his Senegalese attendants: "Who is that?" He was a bit of a snob, but in a large and simple way which hurt no one and did not make him look down on humble folk; and despite those successive *Shamrocks*, he always lived comfortably within his means. He had no great estates, stables of racehorses, and he had no enemies. Besides he was not so rich as many people supposed. And, like the sturdy, simple soul he was, he watched his income, and never tried to gamble wildly in order to get the money to maintain a grandiose style of life.

I doubt whether that other Scots bachelor, immensely richer, Lord Dewar, got so much fun out of life. Horse racing was very much of a business with him. He would sit at a man's dinner, refusing champagne, drinking his own whisky—like old Bernhard Baron, who liked cigars, but, when I lunched with him once, smoked nothing but his own cigarettes, and pressed them upon me—and talking interestingly but dourly about men and things. I only once saw him show vivacity, and that was at a stag dinner party when the talk turned to the old days of Verrey's and Romano's, private rooms, supper parties with the Gaiety girls. In town he lived in a suite at the Savoy, but he gave few parties; he seemed a lonely man. He was a millionaire, but he took a 'bus to and from his office, and never wasted money. Those witty speeches of his were delivered without

a smile in a pawky Scots accent, story after story and epigram after epigram reeled off, with a pause for the laugh, and on again; and the best of them were made to serve for months. He was an economical soul.

The happiest people I know are quiet, modest folk. They live well within their reserves of energy and of income. Some of them have money, some fame. But one thing they have in common: a nice sense of proportion and no vanity. Vanity is often referred to lightly. It is regarded as a slight, a frivolous, weakness. An error. It is vanity which lands company directors behind bars, drives speculators to suicide, and turns unbalanced men to murder.

These happy people I speak of are never deluded as to what money can or cannot buy that is worth while. They have cultivated interests. Without exception, they (Continued on page 128)



ERIC FRASER

A very Modern Version of the Ruritanian Romance



Major Bilbrow takes over

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

By

F. E. Baily

FROM her table by a wall the tall, dark girl with the imperious dark eyes gazed across the Restaurant de la Cremaillière. The tall man with the crisp brown hair and clipped moustache rewarded her with complete oblivion.

The Restaurant de la Cremaillière is in the Place Beauvau, and the Place Beauvau is in Paris. Its slender pillars, old gold settees and dull cream walls are a setting for the loveliest frocks in Europe. If you are celebrated, Marius will hover above you rendering the supreme, unobtrusive homage of the perfect *maître d'hôtel*. Marius offered the tall dark girl this worship. In a different degree he offered it to the tall man with crisp brown hair, who dined alone.

With the courtliness of an ambassador Marius poured wine into the dark girl's glass and murmured, for he was discreet: "I trust everything is to your Royal Highness's satisfaction?" and Her Royal Highness Princess Marie of Transpontia, a princess without a country, answered:—

"Perfect, thank you, Marius."

She watched Marius approach the tall stranger who dined alone. They chatted amicably, as expert to expert, about food, wine or women. "It must be one of the three," the princess told herself, "because no other subject brings that absorbed look into a man's eyes."

She glanced across the table at her lady-in-waiting, and said:—

"Cecilie, don't move, but in a moment look at the tall man on your right at a table by himself against the pillar, and tell me what you think of him."

Countess Cecilie Orsava after a decent interval gazed lingeringly and stealthily under the long, fair lashes that fringed her eyelids, faced her royal mistress again and shrugged her shoulders.

"Obviously, ma'am, he is a soldier and obviously an Englishman. He has the complete self-satisfaction of that race. I should say his age is about thirty-five, he has seen everything and done every-

thing and is unwilling to be imposed on by women. A tiresome type in my opinion."

"And what is your opinion, my dear baron?" inquired the princess of her gentleman-in-waiting, who sat beside her and the countess with his back to the restaurant. "You needn't turn round; you can watch him in the mirror."

Captain Baron Romnik, a very dapper young officer whose good looks and slender figure had proved his downfall more than once, made his decision with military crispness.

"Evidently an officer in a good regiment, ma'am. I should detest him as an enemy, but if I were in a tight corner it would be a comfort to have him beside me. Observe how ruthless the eyes, how aggressive the chin; how supercilious the mouth. He is, of course, an aristocrat—of an old military family no doubt."

Princess Marie leaned her beautiful face on her beautiful hands and looked, for a moment, at least twenty-one of her twenty-three years, being deep in thought. Then her head lifted and she smiled.

"You've never been in a tight corner yet, Carol, but you will before I die if I can manage it, and I have an idea that man may stand beside you. Find out as soon as possible who he is and all about him."

"I will inquire of my friend the British Military Attaché, ma'am."

"Rubbish! Go and ask Ernest, the man at the door. He knows everyone and everything in Paris."

Ten minutes later the baron returned and seated himself with the air of a successful conspirator.

"He is a certain Major Bilbrow, ma'am, who served, Ernest believes, in the English Guards, but is now retired. The reason he dines here to-night, Ernest says, is that we are at the beginning of the month. Major Bilbrow is rich at the beginning of the month, but not for very long. He lives, according to Ernest, at the Hotel de la Tour Verte, a small establishment not well thought of. Ernest considers he is undoubtedly a milord, because his manners are good even when he is drunk, and though he is not rich, the *maître d'hôtel* esteems him as much as the wealthiest client. Moreover, Ernest declares—"

"That will do, Carol. Please pay the bill and let us go home. To-morrow you will discover this Major Bilbrow at the Hotel de la Tour Verte and bring him to me. It occurs to me that he is going to be very useful."

AT seven p.m. of the following evening Major Bilbrow sat at a table on the terrace of the café of the Hotel de la Tour Verte with a glass of vermouth in front of him, surveying the passing pageant of an extremely unfashionable quarter. He stood six feet one in his socks, weighed eleven stone six and never varied as much as a pound. He had the soldier's narrow head and good looks, and the extreme stillness of a man of action when in repose. Watching the world go by he addressed himself thus:—

"Well, George, my dear fella, you've had a wonderful time and now it's over. You're thirty-five and finished. A thousand a year and one's pay did very well for a bachelor officer in the Guards, but now it's dwindled to three hundred and there's nothing doing. You haven't the capital to train a few horses, and so you must just drift about the continent until someone leaves you a bit of money or you get a job as secretary to a golf club or manager of an estate. You'll have to dine here and read a novel and go to bed. You might trot round and see Marie-Jeanne but you'd better not. She's



"GOOD evening, Major Bilbrow," the clear voice said. "It is very good of you to grant what must seem a very strange request. Please come and sit here." She indicated an armchair at her left. The Major bowed, crossed the room and sat facing her

getting too affectionate. She has no use for friendship, bless her eyes."

A short, slight man with carefully trained silky moustache, rather too much waist to his coat and a soft felt hat worn with considerable *panache* turned off the pavement, walked briskly to the next table, sat down and ordered vermouth also.

"Dreadful little Dago!" thought the Major, and became once more lost in thought. Presently, feeling the stranger's eyes fixed on him, he met them in deliberate challenge. The stranger bowed slightly.

"Good evening, Monsieur," he said in excellent English.

Major Bilbrow's blue eyes hardened. "If," he replied with careful insolence, "you are about to offer me improper postcards, I may as well tell you that sort of thing leaves me cold."

A sort of spasm convulsed the stranger's face. He rose, clicked his heels, bowed and replied:—

"Permit me, sir, to offer you my card."

Gazing at the slip of pasteboard, Major Bilbrow read:

"Captain Baron. Romnik, 1st Guard Regiment." Instantly his heart was touched.

"I beg your pardon. Stupid of me to have made a mistake. Have a drink won't you?"

"It is my fault for being a little unceremonious. Thank you, I would like another vermouth. You also, I should judge are an officer?"

"My name's George Bilbrow," explained the Major.

"At one time I was a Major in the Guards. *Garçon.*"

The baron raised his glass, bowed, and drank.

"As we are both officers, I need not beat about the bush, Major. It is my privilege to serve a certain lady of the highest rank. She observed you dining last night at the Restaurant de la Crémaitière. There is a certain service you can do her. I have the honour to invite you to be received by—" The baron paused and eyed his acquaintance very carefully. "By Her Royal Highness," he ended.

"I'll bet a fiver," thought Major

Bilbrow, "it was the bird in pink." He went on aloud:

"My dear baron, I'll be perfectly frank. If there's anything I can do to help the lady I shall be delighted. If—excuse me—she's just bored, and intrigued by a stranger, I'm sure you'll make my excuses. I'm thirty-five, and I've lived a fairly comprehensive sort of life."

"I have no idea," said the baron, "what service Her Royal Highness requires of you, but believe me it is not a case of being intrigued by a stranger. It is not Her Royal Highness's custom to be intrigued by strangers, however distinguished."

"Very well, baron. What is it you want me to do?"

"With permission, Major, we will have one more drink. Then I shall, if you please, conduct you to Her Royal Highness."



"COME on, Princess. Jump for it like hell," he barked. "I'll look after these blighters while you get in."

It is a fairly long drive from Montmartre to the Etoile district, even in a Paris taxi. Leaning back in his corner, long legs braced against the bucking of the Citroen, Major Bilbrow reflected at leisure on the rashness of taking strangers at their face value. "Still any competent crook would see at a glance I'm nothing much in the way of prey. Well-feathered pigeons don't live at a cheap pub in Montmartre."

The taxi fled along the Avenue des Champs Elysées, turned left and drew up at the door of a fashionable house in a quietly opulent street. A very mediaeval looking butler, obviously not French, opened the door, bowed them in ceremoniously, and took hats and sticks. The baron said something in a strange tongue, received a reply, and indicated the lift. Stepping out at the first floor, he led Major Bilbrow into a small room half study half library.

"This is my working abode," he explained with a smile. "If you will please wait one moment I will report your arrival." He went out and the door closed behind him.

Major Bilbrow, absorbing the topography, noticed a large window giving on a courtyard and a second door apparently leading into another room. The furniture was typically French, all gilt and ormolu. The lofty ceiling had been painted with conventional love-scenes; a rich carpet deadened the parquet flooring.

Major Bilbrow looked up at the coy nymphs on high, down at his neat tweeds and lovingly boned brown shoes, shrugged his shoulders and murmured: "No doubt I'm for it but on the other hand life is infernally dull these days."

The second door swung open to reveal

the baron, a very correct and formal baron.

"If you please, Major," he said crisply, and then clicking heels and bowing as the Major crossed the threshold: "Major Bilbrow, late of the English Guards, ma'am." Then again to the Major: "You have the honour, Sir, to be presented to Her Royal Highness the Princess Marie of Transpontia."

A clear voice said: "Thank you, baron. I will see Major Bilbrow alone." The baron once more clicked heels and bowed, and disappeared into his working abode.

Major Bilbrow, standing in attention, since it was no new thing in his life to meet royalty, gazed across a long room of many windows looking on the street. At a large table in the centre, a map spread in front of her sat a girl. She wore a very plain tailored suit and a silk jumper. The Major thought he had never seen anyone so beautiful in his life.

"And now, my dear George," he told himself, "the balloon is obviously about to go up."

"Good evening, Major Bilbrow," the clear voice said. "It is very good of you to grant what must seem a very strange request. Please come and sit here."

She indicated an armchair at her left. The Major bowed, crossed the room and sat facing her.

"Not at all, ma'am," he answered and his glance weighed her as it might have weighed a strange battalion of which he was not quite sure.

The princess rested her chin on her hand and looked straight at him.

"It is simpler to be candid. I saw you at the Cremailière last night and arrived at certain conclusions. A person in my position has to be a judge of character. I should say you were trained in an exacting school."

"Well," said the Major, "when I joined my battalion as a subaltern if I'd given a command on the wrong foot I should have got a year on the square being drilled with the recruits."

"And now you are on the retired list, and life is perhaps a little tedious?"

"I've known it just a shade brighter," the Major confessed rather wistfully.

"But if I asked you to command an army perhaps it would not be tedious any more?"

"It depends entirely on the army, ma'am, and what it was supposed to do. There's such a thing as the Foreign Enlistment Act, and one is still on the Reserve of Officers."

"As you may know," said the princess, "a revolution has taken place in my country, and I have been expelled from it. I will tell you in confidence that I am going to get my country back. In my army there are far too many politics. I want someone to command it who is not concerned with politics, a professional soldier responsible only to me. That is why I offer the command to you, Major Bilbrow."

"And what sort of an army have you, ma'am, and what's the plan of campaign?"

"Come and look at this map; bring up your chair," the princess directed. Sitting beside her Major Bilbrow considered a map of Transpontia, shaped roughly like a boot with the toe pointing west. "The rising will take place at Mariestadt"—she indicated a port low down on the heel of the boot—"and we shall march on Transpontopolis, the capital, which, as you see is practically in the centre of the country."

"Not if I have anything to do with it we shan't," answered the major very firmly. "I gather you haven't got a





OUT into the palace courtyard rode a slender, boyish figure in uniform, the forage cap that crowned her dark shingle raked slightly to the left

fleet in support and I'm not going to sit on the beach with a chance of being driven into the sea. We should hold the bridge heads of that river, the Konau or whatever you call it, that runs north and south parallel to the coast, from Britz on top of the heel to this town near the sole of it. Then we should advance along two lines of railway and converge on the capital. An army must have transport. What's the bayonet strength of the troops at Mariestadt, and what artillery and supplies and ammunition reserve are there, and how many aeroplanes?"

"There are a Guard regiment and two regiments of infantry, and the arsenal. I believe we shall have two or three aeroplanes. As for supplies we must live on the country."

Major Bilbrowne pushed back his chair and shook his head.

"It'll take about a month to organise an advance from Mariestadt, and what will the other side be up to in the meantime?"

"Melek, the revolutionary leader is a genius."

"It doesn't need a genius. An intelligent lance-corporal would do very well,

with all the resources of the country and all the rolling stock on the railway at his disposal."

"How do you mean, rolling stock, Major?"

"I don't suppose," the major suggested patiently, "that Melek, or whoever he is, will park all the engines and wagons in Transpontia at Mariestadt and make us a present of them, and a railway track isn't much good to us if we've nothing to run on it. In fact I don't think you've got a dog's chance ma'am. You don't, if I may, say so, seem to know a great deal about war."

"And you don't know anything about Transpontia, Major. Our wars are quaint kind of wars. One side invariably retires. I merely want you to show so much determination that it will be the other side who retire. If I had the sort of troops you're accustomed to I shouldn't need you. On the other hand, as things are, if I trust General Karony, who is the senior royalist officer, he'll start intriguing with Melek directly the fighting becomes really uncomfortable."

"Yes, ma'am.

I see."

The princess looked at him very thoughtfully.

"Although I have made no secret of my plans you are not to feel under any

obligation. Your word as an officer not to reveal anything will be quite enough. I shall go on with my preparations whether you decide to help me or not."

"The girl has the most marvellous eyes I ever saw in my life," reflected Major Bilbrowne. "After all, one has only one life to live." Then he proceeded to burn his boats.

"I shall be very glad to do what I can, ma'am. I suppose you've no objection to my running over to London to collect one or two odds and ends of kit? I haven't any idea"—here he shuddered slightly—"what uniform you wish me

to wear, but riding boots are riding boots all the world over and I happen to get mine in Albemarle Street."

"You will be appointed a general in my army, Major, but the service uniform is quite simple and there is a very good military tailor in Mariestadt. I ought to warn you that, as a foreigner, you will be most unpopular, with a very good chance of being shot in the back by accident."

"Oh, quite, ma'am."

The princess pressed a bell push, and Baron Romnik entered, formal as ever yet somehow psychologically on his toes. Her Royal Highness spoke with a gay note of triumph in her voice.

"Carol, it's all settled; Major Bilbrow is our new G.O.C. Take him out to dinner and tell him everything."

THE little cargo steamer plugged her way through the Aegean Sea at a steady twelve knots, bearing among her few passengers Major Bilbrow. Not that he answered any longer to this description; the small world of the S.S. *Heathermoor* knew him as Mr. Rankin, of Rankin, Brown and Stevens, Birmingham, hardware merchants. He was complete in every detail, forged passport, catalogues, descriptive literature and all. Baron Romnik had arranged it, aided by who knew what devious minds owing allegiance to Her Royal Highness of Transpontia. After the best dinner in Paris and some bottles of historic wine the baron had said with very careful enunciation:

"My dear Major, the less you know the better. Corrupting the Transpontian army, conspiracy and so on are our job. You merely achieve reincarnation as Mr. Rankin, for whose credentials I shall arrange. You join such a ship at such a port and land in due time at Mariestadt. There you will lodge with So-and-so, a

local ironmonger, and go about giving an imitation of a commercial traveller. Further instructions I will bring you, if I am still alive, at the appointed time. If I'm not, somebody else will. By the way I should let your moustache grow if I were you. Mr. Rankin would wear his rather droopy."

After a very pleasant voyage and the foundation of a lifelong friendship with the captain, owing to his having taken a case of whisky on board, Mr. Rankin duly landed at Mariestadt and found lodging with Mr. So-and-so in the Street of the Armourers.

Fortified by his catalogues and descriptive literature, Mr. Rankin then went about among the hardware merchants booking or attempting to book imaginary orders. He spent a good deal on entertainment and the results led him to believe that he had made a mistake in choosing a military career, since commerce appeared so easy. Nevertheless as a certain hypothetical date approached he began to grow a little anxious.

Finally one night a person in the dress of a Transpontian workman arrived after dark at the house of Mr. So-and-so, and spoke English in the voice of Captain Baron Romnik.

"Ah, my dear Major," said the baron joyfully, "I am delighted to tell you that the moment approaches. To-morrow night the rising takes place; the local troops will go over to us and we shall proclaim Her Royal Highness. At ten a.m. on the day after to-morrow you will arrive at the Town Hall and ask to see the Mayor about a contract for fire-engines. Ten minutes later you will assume your rank as G.O.C. The uniform, by the way, is in readiness. We took the measurements, if you remember, in Paris. Here is Her Royal Highness's authority in writing. My instructions are to see it destroyed as soon as you have

read it. I hope they have made you reasonably comfortable during your stay in this house."

"Well, it isn't exactly the Ritz, but I've nothing to grumble about except the sour milk. We seem to have it at every meal."

Major Bilbrow retired to his bedroom under the eaves, trimmed the wick of the oil-lamp and lit a pipe. His brooding over the future campaign became interrupted by a slight disturbance in the lower regions—a knocking on the street door, the sound of parley, the ungentle closing of the door and footsteps on the stairs. Then his own door was flung open and there entered four men each with a heavy automatic pistol in his right hand.

"What the—" exclaimed Major Bilbrow in the voice which had often spread alarm at Wellington Barracks, but the automatics never wavered. The smallest of the four men spoke in bad French.

"You will come with us unless you wish to be shot at once," he declared.

"I am the representative of a British firm," the Major replied haughtily, but the other thrust his pistol muzzle into the representative's stomach.

"*Marchez!*" he commanded. "Go down the stairs backwards and remember there is a pistol against your back as well."

In the street a closed car waited. The four herded their prisoner into it, and the car moved off at a great speed. After a quarter of an hour it stopped outside an isolated house. They had driven through pitch darkness without lights and the major retained little idea of direction. The four men pushed him into the house and down a flight of stairs into a basement room with barred windows. The small one announced in his bad French: (*Continued on page 122*)



CAPTAIN Baron Romnik refilled the glasses and spoke with deliberation. "Being in the confidential service of Her Royal Highness, I'm inclined to agree with you, Sir. A sudden parting is always best"

Six Miniatures from the Past



QUEEN VICTORIA. A portrait taken at the time of her Diamond Jubilee



MATILDA, daughter of King Henry I. A proud and haughty woman who, when her cousin Stephen seized the crown, raised her standard against him, and made him a prisoner at Lincoln



QUEEN ELIZABETH occupied the throne for 45 years, during which time the country became so great in various fields of activity that the Elizabethan age is a byword for all that is strong and courageous and enterprising in the history of this land

Matilda, "Lady of England"

*Queen Elizabeth of England
Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough*

Lady Elizabeth Holland

Lady Hester Stanhope

Queen Victoria

her. "Why come ye?" she haughtily demanded; and when he told her that if she gave up the castle no harm should befall her or her comrades, and that she should be escorted to the coast, given lands and money, and in no way avenged, and finally acquainted her with the fact that escape was impossible, "Who told thee, thou meddling monk, that I thought to escape?" she answered. "Wherefore should I escape? My brother, Earl Robert, is at hand, and ye wot well how the foul usurper was forced to yield to him at Lincoln. The like will happen again here at Oxenford, so let the false recreant begone. I will not throw open my gates nor quit these walls until thy perjured master is in chains, pleading at my feet for the life I have once too often granted him."

The worthy abbot attempted to argue with her, but "Get thee gone!" she screamed, "or I will remember to hang thee on the gate of thy abbey when the rebellion is over."

In spite, however, of her haughty words she was well aware of the dangers of her

"MAN," in the words of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "pounds negotiations, man accepts the compromise. Very rarely does he squarely push the logic of a fact to its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act." But woman seldom adopts half-measures. She is "wedded to convictions," and when she is in a position of authority she becomes at times, as a survey of history, real and social, shows, so dominant that there appears to be something to be said for John Knox's impassioned outburst against "The Monstrous Regiment of Women."

Of such outstanding women, the first in our gallery is Matilda, "Lady" of England, the daughter of that unfortunate King Henry I, whose only son went down in the White Ship. A proud and haughty woman, who, when her cousin Stephen seized the crown, raised her standard against him

and succeeded in capturing him at Lincoln, and getting herself proclaimed Queen.

But her success increased her natural arrogance, and the injustice with which she treated the Londoners soon reacted on herself, so that when the enraged mob swarmed "like angry wasps from their comb" into her palace, Matilda fled on horseback to Winchester. Here she was besieged by Stephen's wife and forced to retreat to Devizes, from which town she was only able to escape by being dressed in the vestments of the dead and carried out on a bier. She then proceeded to Oxford. Meanwhile, her half-brother, Robert of Gloucester, had been captured and in order to obtain his release, Matilda was forced to yield Stephen to his friends.

But she remained undaunted in the fastness of Oxford Castle, again besieged but as unyielding as ever. The Lord Abbot of Reading was sent to parley with

Below :

SARAH, first Duchess of Marlborough, the most outstanding woman personality of her time



Below :

LADY HESTER STANHOPE, niece of William Pitt. She feared nobody and rode through Damascus unveiled and wearing man's clothes in broad daylight. The inhabitants were so surprised that she was hailed as a divinity



Left :

LADY ELIZABETH HOLLAND, who made for herself in London the position filled in the Paris of the eighteenth century by those society ladies who held "salons"

the land with dignity, tinged with arrogance. She was amenable to argument to a certain extent, but once thwarted she quickly showed that steel lay beneath the velvet. "Proud Prelate," the story goes that she once wrote to an insubordinate bishop, "if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God ! I will unfrock you." And when her one-time favourite, Essex, in a fit of anger turned his back on her, she instantly boxed his ears, telling him to "go to the devil." Essex, maddened by the insult, clapped his hand to his sword and shouted, "This is an outrage that I will not put up with. I would not have borne it from your father's hands." He was hurried out of the room ; but Elizabeth did not move. Calm and magnificent she dominated the scene.

During her reign the long-projected invasion of England by King Philip of Spain took place, and that Invincible Armada dashed itself to pieces against the rocky coasts of North Scotland and Ireland. The English army was assembled at Tilbury Fort, where the Spaniards were expected to land, and every day Elizabeth, clad in armour and carrying a marshal's baton in her hand, rode through the ranks mounted on a charger, exhorting her soldiers.

She occupied the throne for forty-five years, during which time the country became so great in various fields of activity that the Elizabethan Age is a byword for all that is strong and courageous and enterprising in the history of this land. For forty-five years she maintained her great position, never swerving from the path which duty directed, always dignified, not seldom awe-inspiring. A great Queen if ever there was one.

Then one day she lay dying at Richmond Palace. She appeared almost insensible, but the lords of the Council, worried about the succession, came to her and arranged that she should make a sign when the name of her choice was mentioned. They spoke of the King

of France and King of Scotland, and she remained quite motionless. But when they named Lord Beauchamp, who was descended from Lady Catherine Grey, the gaunt head stirred among its pillows and a voice rang out fiercely, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat, but one worthy to be a King." The old lioness had roared her last ; shortly afterwards she was silent for ever.

WE come now to one who occupied a unique position for nearly a decade—Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough, the friend and confidante of Queen Anne. (Continued on page 112)

omen ominant

*A Gallery of
English Portraits*

By **Frank
Chancellor**



position, and that night, under cover of a blinding snowstorm which made it difficult for the enemy to watch the castle, five white-clad figures hurriedly slipped across the moat, and made for the ice-bound river, which they crossed unseen. Their goal was Abingdon, where friends with swift horses were awaiting to convey them to the coast and so to Normandy.

One was a woman, the "Lady" Matilda, pale and angry, but as proud as ever and delighted at having outwitted the enemy. True, she had been forced to flee, but she had not given herself up. So she passed into the snowy

night and out of England for ever, broken but unabashed.

THE next portrait in the gallery is of another Queen, Elizabeth of England. Stiff and tall, magnificently dressed, and bedecked with jewels, she looks the part to perfection. "Mere English," she called herself, knowing that this was in her favour, for although she meant to rule, she was shrewd enough to get the people on her side at the start.

Like some great sailing-ship with every scrap of canvas displayed, she moved majestically among her people ; a great lady occupying the highest position in



A FINE batch of cumulus cloud, yielding alternating intervals of sunshine and shadow but no rain

Are you Wise about the Weather?

CATTLE in the meadow ceased feeding and chased each other; donkeys shook their ears, brayed, and rubbed themselves against walls; horses stretched their necks, sniffed the air and gathered together in a corner of the field with their heads to leeward . . . in the evening the bats raised a mournful, plaintive cry and flew into the barns . . . all this promised the approach of a giant storm. And the storm came.

The portents were obvious!

Animals respond rapidly to weather changes. They are a reliable aid to weather prophecy. That very apparent fact has been noted in many countries. In little Rutland they say: "It is time to stack your corn, when the old donkey blows his horn." In the Tyrol they comment: "Wenn oft die Esel schreien, kommit schlechtes." Cats will scratch on a wall or post when wind approaches. In Milan they say: "Quand el gat se frega i orec, Spèta l'acqua che a secc." (i.e., "When the cat scratches her ear, it will rain very soon").

Weather folk lore has been based on long observation. Much of it, of course, is local in its application; sometimes not always reliable, but on a wide average it is a definite guide, particularly if the general portents in wind, cloud and sky and the action of the baro-

meter are carefully watched in concert.

Holiday makers on the seashore, watching the seagull fly out seaward early in the day and travel far across the waters, will have little wind and a fair day. Seagulls noisily travelling inland are depressing signs. . . . "Seagull, seagull, sit on the sand; it's never good weather whilst you're on land." Owls whooping during the night presage fair weather; but a peacock crying in the night is a bad sign. "When the peacock loudly bawls, soon we'll have rain and squalls." Rooks fly low and hang about their rookery when expectant of rain. If the rook travels readily far abroad early in the day the omens are for fine weather. A woodpecker's persistent cry denotes rain. ("Lorsque le pivert crie, il annonce la pluie.")

WHEN the day is to be fine the spider spins his web in the morning and when he builds it with very long, terminating filaments sunny days may be expected for a spell of about a week. The shorter the filaments the shorter the spell of fine weather. When these garden spiders destroy their webs and hurry away the skies will weep.

Chickweed, celandine (lesser), and convolvulus, to name but three flowers, close their petals at the approach of rain. Clover and down of dandelion

contract at indications of storm, and when the pimpernel ("Poor Man's Weather Glass") closes, precipitation will follow.

"If the down flyth off colt's foot, dandelyon and thisle,

Where there is no winde, it is a signe of rain."

The domestic hen persistently rolling in the dust is an omen of wet; whilst even the humble snails are aware of the changing conditions. They will cross roads and paths when the signs are bad. Thus the old English saying: "When black snails cross your path, black clouds much moisture hath." Similarly, those who recall childhood days in the countryside, will remember the village boy crooning to a snail: "Snailie, snailie, shoot out your horn, and tell us if it will be a bonny day the morn?"

CLOUDS are weather-wise! Cumulus, the big, billowy white fellows sailing across the sky, are fine weather portents. They usually travel across in single units. But when they begin to group together and knit together into a towering mass, touched with grey and black, high into the heavens, the signs are ominous for a thunderstorm. Rain invariably comes with the grim



OMINOUS mounting of cloud high into the sky. Rain began to fall as the photograph was taken, and within twenty minutes the promised thunderstorm had developed

*stack your Corn
Donkey blows his horn"*

—Rutland saying

*gull, sit on the Sand:
weather whilst you're on land"*

Countryside Lore and Portents

in

Sea and Sky

By A. Stanley Blicq

F.R.G.S.



A HOT still afternoon, with a huge patch of cloud slowly crossing the bay—a familiar fine weather sign

black nimbus, generally on a west wind, although when a steady rain sets in in the morning from the east or south-east, it will rain all day. A bank of clouds in the west betokens wet, and if splashes of grey-black nimbus clouds gather from the south-west and come driving up, the outlook is for high wind, with possibly rain. The gossamer, streamy "mares' tails" forbode gales.

"If the clouds look as if scratched by a hen,

Get ready to reef your topsails then."

The mackerel sky is an uncertain guide. "Mackerel sky—neither long wet nor long dry." High clouds promise

dry weather. It is reasonable to expect a fine spell for some days if, with a settled wind, white, fleecy clouds are driving to the north-west. Clouds tinged with red at sunset are fine omens, but the outlook is excellent when these clouds are touched with rich purple. Red clouds, bordered with black, are also good portents. Short spells of fine weather are indicated when clouds at the same height drive up with the wind and become thinner, and when a thin layer of clouds comes up from the north-west under higher clouds.

Dark clouds settling on a hill is a noted English characteristic indicating rain. Weather folk-lore has been liberally endowed with sayings from all over the country. Here are a few of many examples:

SKIDDAW: "When Skiddaw hath a cap, Criffel wots well of that."

LANCASHIRE: "If Riving Pike do wear a hood, Be sure the day will ne'er be good."

SCOTLAND: "When Falkland Hill puts on his cap, The Howe o' Fife will get a drap; And when Bishop Hill draws his cowl, Look out for wind and weather foul."

WORCESTERSHIRE: "When Bredon Hill puts on his hat, Ye men of the vale beware of that."

THE holiday maker, having decided that rain approaches, will seek some guide to the duration of the promised fall. Steady rain, but not heavy, on a westerly or south-westerly wind, setting in during late morning, will generally last all day, clearing at evening. On the whole, morning rain does not last. In Poland they say: "Morning rain and women's tears are soon over." In the Old Country we are familiar with "Rain before seven, clear by eleven," and, "A sunshiny shower, ne'er lasts an hour." Rain falling in large drops rarely lasts long. After a rainy spell, when the wind moves to the north-west, dry and rather colder conditions will prevail.

Rainbows are most accurate weather portents. A rainbow at sunrise presages rain. The bows are forming in the western sky, bringing the rain clouds with them. A rainbow at sunset is a good omen. The arc is then in the eastern sky, and the rainclouds hastening eastward. This has long been noted in folk-lore. We say:

"A rainbow at morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night,
Is the shepherd's delight."

Similarly, the Germans say:

(Continued on page 104)



A FLEECY batch of alto-cumulus at sunset, giving place to a dry day on the morrow

IN nineteen eighteen, just a few days before the Armistice, Caroline Martin, of Derby, in Virginia, eloped with a trivial young lieutenant, named George Corcoran, from Ohio. They were married in a town over the Maryland border and she kept out of sight until Corcoran got his discharge, and they went to his home in the north together.

It was a desperate, reckless marriage. Immediately after she had irrevocably left her aunt's house that night with this youth for whom she felt a passing physical attraction, the other man, the one who had broken her heart, realised that he loved her and wanted to marry her; he telephoned, but Caroline had left the house and all that he could do was lie awake and remember her waiting in the front yard with the sweetness draining down into her out of the magnolia trees, out of the dark world, and remember himself arriving in a fresh pressed uniform, with boots shining and face close shaved save for its jaunty little moustache, and with his heart full of selfishness that from shame turned into cruelty. Next day he learned that she had eloped with this Corcoran and, as he had deserved, he had lost her.

In Sidney Lahaye's overwhelming grief the petty reasons for his act disgusted him—the prospect of a trip around the world, of a bachelor apartment in New York with four Harvard friends, the fear of being held, of being bound. The trip—they could have taken it together; the bachelor apartment—his dream of it had grown cold and bare in a single night; the fear of being held—that was all he wanted, to be close to that youth and freshness, to be held in those young arms for ever.

He was an egotist, brought up selfishly by a selfish mother; this was the first great blow of his life. But like his small, dark, wiry handsome body, he was all knit of one piece and his reactions were not trivial. What he did he carried with him always and he knew he had done a contemptible and stupid thing. He carried his grief around and eventually it was good for him. But inside of him, utterly unassimilable, indigestible, remained the memory of the girl.

Meanwhile Caroline Corcoran, lately the belle of a Virginia town, was paying for the luxury of her desperation in a semi-slum of Dayton, Ohio.

SHE had been three years in Dayton and the situation was becoming intolerable. Brought up in a district where everyone was comparatively poor, where not two gowns out of fifty at Country Club dances cost over thirty dollars, the lack of money had not seemed formidable in itself. This was very different. She came not only into a world of straining poverty, but of a commonness and vulgarity that she had never touched before. It was in this regard that George Corcoran had deceived her. Somewhere he had acquired a faint coating of good breeding and he had said or done nothing to prepare her for the vulgar, dowdy, bullying mother into whose two-room flat he introduced her. Aghast, Caroline realised that she had stepped down several floors. These people had no position of any kind—George knew no one; she was literally alone in a strange city.

Mrs. Corcoran disliked Caroline, disliked her good manners, her southern ways, the added burden of her presence. For all her airs she had brought them nothing—save eventually a baby. Meanwhile George had got a job and they moved to more spacious quarters, but mother came too, for she owned her weak son, and Caroline's months went by in an unimaginable dreariness. At first she was too ashamed and too poor to go home, but at the end of a year her aunt sent her money for a

visit and she spent a month in Derby with her little son, holding her head high, but unable to keep some of the truth from leaking out to her friends. Her friends had done well, or less well, but none of them had fared quite as ill as she.

But after three years when Caroline's child became less dependent, and when the last of her affection for George had been frittered away, as his pleasant manners became debased with his own inadequacies, and when her bright unused beauty still plagued her in the mirror, she knew that the break was coming. Not that she had specific hopes of happiness, for she considered that she had wrecked her life, and her capacity for dreaming had left her that November night three years before—but simply that conditions were intolerable. The break was heralded by a voice over the phone, a voice she remembered only as something that had done her terrible injury long ago.

"Hello," said the voice, a strong voice with strain in it, "Mrs. George Corcoran?"



Flight

CAROLINE had coughed again irrepressibly. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing in little gasps as they came into the hall

Illustrated by Sidney Seymour Lucas

"Yes."

"Who was Caroline Martin?"

"Who is this?"

"This is someone you haven't seen for years.

Sidney Lahaye."

After a moment she answered in a different tone:

"Yes?"

"I found out from a Mrs. Gerston that you lived here—she goes to your church. I've wanted to see you for a long time."

"I don't see why," said Caroline simply.

"I want to see you. I can't talk over the phone."

Mrs. Corcoran, who was in the room, asked "who is it?" forming the words with her mouth. Caroline shook her head slightly.

"I don't see why you want to see me," she said, "and I don't think I want to see you." Her breath came quicker—

the old wound opened up again, the injury that had changed her from a happy young girl in love into whatever vague entity in the scheme of things she was now.

"Please don't ring off," Sidney said. "I didn't call you without thinking it over very carefully. I heard things weren't going well with you."

"That's not true." Caroline was very conscious now of Mrs. Corcoran's craning neck. "Things are going well. And I can't see what possible right you have to intrude in my affairs."

"Wait, Caroline! You don't know what happened back in Derby after you left. I was almost frantic——"

"Oh, I don't care, I don't care!" she cried. "Let me alone, do you hear me? Good-bye."

She hung up the receiver. She was outraged. That this man, almost forgotten now save as an instrument of her disaster, should come back into her life!

"Who was it?" demanded Mrs. Corcoran.

and Pursuit

The Story of a Persistent Lover

By

F. Scott Fitzgerald



"Just a man—a man I loathe."

"Who?"

"Just an old friend."

Mrs. Corcoran looked at her sharply.

"It wasn't *that* man, was it?" she asked.

"What man?"

"The one you told Georgie about years ago, when you were first married—it hurt his feelings. The man you were in love with that threw you over."

"Oh, no," said Caroline. "That is my affair."

She went to the bedroom that she shared with George. If Sidney should persist and come here, how terrible! To find her lost and sordid in this mean street.

Later, when George came in, Caroline heard the mumble of his mother's conversation behind the closed door; she was not surprised when he asked at dinner: "I hear that an old friend called you up."

"Yes—nobody you know."

"Who was it?"

"It's none of your business," she said frankly. "It was an old acquaintance, but he won't call again."

"I'll bet he will," guessed Mrs. Corcoran. "What was it he said you told him wasn't true?"

"That's my affair."

Mrs. Corcoran glanced significantly at George, who said: "It seems to me if a man calls up my wife and annoys her, I have a right to know about it."

"You won't, and that's that." She turned to his mother, "Why did you have to listen, anyhow?"

"I was there. You're my son's wife."

"You just make trouble," said Caroline quietly, "you listen and watch me and make trouble. How about the woman who keeps calling up George—you do your best to hush that up."

"That's a lie," George cried, "and you can't talk to my mother like that. If you don't think I'm sick of your putting on a lot of dog when I work all day and come home to find——"

As he went off into a weak, raging tirade, pouring out all his own self-contempt upon her, Caroline's thoughts veered to the fifty-dollar bill, a present from her grandmother, hidden under the paper in a bureau drawer. Life had taken a lot out of her in three years;

she did not know whether she had the audacity to run away—it was nice, though, to know it was there.

Next day in the spring sunlight, things seemed better—Caroline was fond of George and they had a reconciliation. She was desperately adaptable, desperately sweet-natured, and for an hour she had forgotten all the

trouble, and felt the old emotion of mingled passion and pity for him. Eventually his mother would go, eventually he would change and improve—and meanwhile there was Dexter with her own kind, wise young smile, turning over the pages

of a linen book on the sunny carpet. As her soul sank into a helpless feminine apathy, compounded of the next hour's duty, of a fear of further hurt and of incalculable change, the phone rang sharply through the flat.

Again and again it rang and in quick terror she stood rigid. Mrs. Corcoran was gone to market, but it was not the old woman she feared. She feared the black cone hanging from the metal arm, shrilling and shrilling across the sunny room. It stopped for a minute, replaced by her heart beats—then began again. In a panic she rushed into her room, threw Dexter's best clothes and her only presentable dress and shoes into a suitcase and put the fifty-dollar bill in her purse. Then, taking her son's hand, she hurried out of the door, pursued down the apartment stairs by the persistent cry of the telephone. The windows were open, and as she hailed a taxi and directed it to the station, she could still hear it clamouring out into the sunny morning.

TWO years later, looking a full two years younger, Caroline regarded at herself in the mirror, in a dress that she had paid for. She was a stenographer employed by an importing firm in New York; she and young Dexter lived on her salary and on the income of ten thousand dollars in bonds, a legacy from her aunt. If life had fallen short of what it had once promised, it was at least livable again, less than misery. Rising to a sense of his big initial lie, George had given her freedom and the custody of her child. He was in kindergarten now and safe until five-thirty, when she called for him and took him to the small flat that was at least her own. She had nothing warm near her, but she had New York, with its diversion for all purses, its curious yielding up of friends for the lonely, its metropolitan mimicry of the essentials of life itself—this by a sort of vicarious reproduction in its rhythm of love and birth and death that supplied dreams to the unimaginative, pageantry and drama to the drab.

Caroline could not have applied the word satisfactory to the situation. Her work was hard and she was physically fragile; she was much more tired at the day's end than the girls with whom she worked. She must consider a precarious future when her capital should be depleted by Dexter's education. Thinking of the Corcoran family, she had a horror of being dependent on her son; and so, thinking of the day when she must push him from her, a bleakness settled on her. She found that her interest in men had gone. Her two so different experiences had done something to her—she saw them clearly and she saw them darkly, and that part of her life was sealed up and it grew more and more faint like a book she had read long ago. No more love.

Caroline saw this fact with detachment, and not without a certain, almost impersonal regret. In spite of the fact that sentiment was the legacy of the pretty girl, it was just one thing that was not for her. She surprised herself by saying in front of some other girls that she hated men, but she knew it was the truth. It was an ugly phrase, but now, moving in an approximately four-square world, she detested the compromises and evasions of her marriage. "I hate men—I, Caroline, hate men. I want from them no more than courtesy, and to be left alone. My life is incom-

plete then, but so be it. For others it is complete; for me it is incomplete. But it is finished."

THE day that she looked at her evening dress in the mirror, she was in a country house on Long Island, the home of Evelyn Murdock, the most spectacularly married of all her old friends. They had met in the street, and Caroline was there for a week-end, moving unfamiliarly through a luxury she had never imagined, intoxicated at finding that in her new evening dress she was as young and attractive as these other women whose lives had followed more glamorous paths. Like New York, the rhythm of the week-end with its birth, its planned gaieties, and its announced end, followed the rhythm of life and was a substitute for it. The sentiment had gone from Caroline, but the patterns remained. The guests, dimly glimpsed on the verandah, were prospective admirers; the visit to the nursery was a promise of future children of her own; the descent to dinner was a promenade down a marriage aisle and her gown was a wedding dress with an invisible train.

"I've just remembered," Evelyn said, "that the man you're sitting next to is an old friend of yours. Sidney Lahaye—he was at Camp Rosecrans."

After a confused moment she found that it wasn't going to be difficult at all. During the moment she met him, such a quick moment that she had no time to grow excited, she realised that he was gone for her. He was only a smallish, handsome man, with a flushed dark skin, a smart little black moustache, and very fine eyes. She tried to remember why he had once seemed the most desirable person in the world, but she could only remember that he had made love to her, that he had made her think of them as engaged, and then that he had acted badly and thrown her over—thrown her into George Corcoran's arms. Years later he had telephoned like a travelling salesman remembering a dalliance in a casual city. Caroline was entirely unmoved and at her ease as they sat down at table.

But Sidney Lahaye was not relinquishing her so easily.

"So I called you up that night in Derby," he said, "I called you for half an hour—Everything had changed for me in that ride out to camp."

"You had a beautiful remorse."

"It wasn't remorse—it was self-interest. I realised I was terribly in love with you. I stayed awake all night—"

Caroline listened indifferently. It didn't even explain things—nor did it tempt her to cry out on fate—it was just a fact.

He stayed near her, persistently. She knew no one else in the party; there was no niche in any special group for her. They talked on the verandah after dinner, and once she said coolly: "Women are fragile that way. You do something to them at certain times and literally nothing can ever change what you've done."

"You mean that you definitely hate me."

She nodded.

"As far as I feel actively about you at all."

"I suppose so. God, it's awful, isn't it?"

"No. I even have to think before I can really remember how I stood waiting

for you in the garden that night holding all my dreams and hopes in my arms like a lot of flowers—they were that to me, anyhow—I thought I was pretty sweet, I'd saved myself up for that—all ready to hand it all to you. And you came up to me and kicked me." She laughed incredulously. "You behaved like an awful person; so you're an awful person—even though I don't care any more, you'll always be an awful person to me. Even if you'd found me that night, I'm not at all sure that anything could have been done about it. Forgiveness is just a silly word in a matter like this."

Feeling her own voice growing excited and annoyed, she drew her cape around her and said in an ordinary voice:

"It's getting too cold to sit here."

"One more thing before you go," he said. "It wasn't typical of me. It was so little typical that in the last five years I've never spent an unoccupied moment without remembering it. Not only I haven't married, I've never even been faintly in love—I've measured up every girl I've ever met to you, Caroline—their faces, their voices, even the shape of their ankles."

"I'm sorry I had such a devastating effect on you. It must have been a nuisance."

"I've kept track of you since I called you in Dayton—I knew that sooner or later we'd meet."

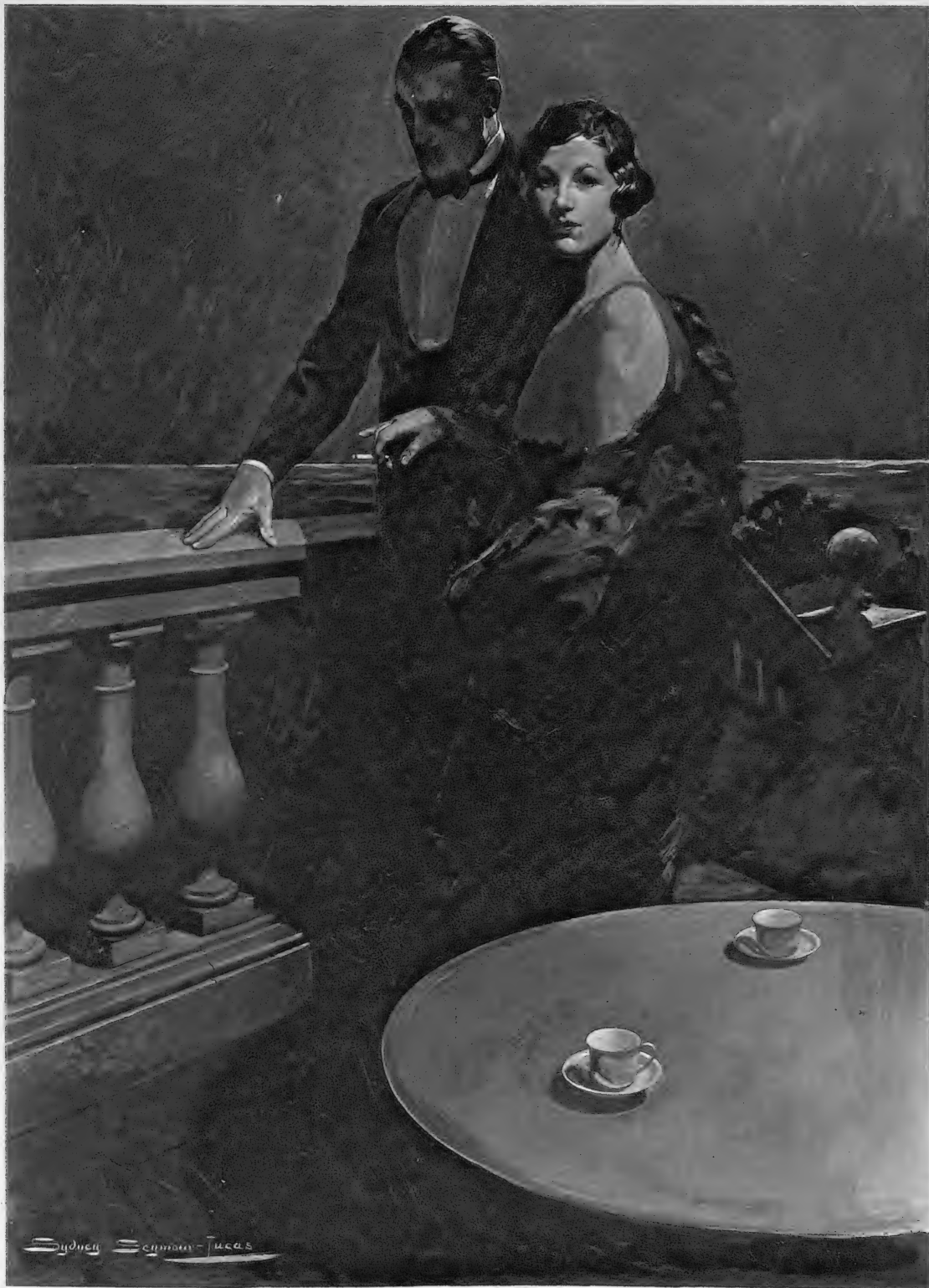
"And now I'm going to say good-night."

But saying good-night was easier than sleeping, and Caroline had only an hour's haunted doze behind her when she awoke at seven; packing her bag, she made up a polite, abject letter to Evelyn Murdock explaining why she was unexpectedly leaving on Sunday morning. It was difficult, and she disliked Sidney Lahaye a little bit more intensely for that.

MONTHS later Caroline came upon a streak of luck. A Mrs. O'Connor, whom she had met through Evelyn Murdock, offered her a post as private secretary and travelling companion. The duties were light, the travelling included an immediate trip abroad and Caroline, who was thin and run down from work, leapt at the chance of seeing Europe. With astonishing generosity the offer included Dexter.

From the beginning Caroline was puzzled as to what had attracted Helen O'Connor to her. Her employer was a woman of thirty, somewhat dissipated in a discreet way, extremely worldly, and Caroline would have said, save for her curious kindness to herself, extremely selfish. But the salary was good, and Caroline shared in every luxury and was always treated as an equal.

The next three years were so different from anything in her past that at times they seemed years borrowed from the life of someone else. The Europe in which Helen O'Connor moved was not one of tourists but of seasons. Its most enduring impression was a phantasmagoria of the names of places and people—of Biarritz, of Mme. de Colmar, of Deauville, of the Comte de Borne, of Cannes, of the Derehiemers, of Paris and the Château de Madrid. They lived the life of casinos and hotels so assiduously reported in the Paris-American papers—Helen O'Connor drank a lot and sat up late, and after a while Caroline drank a lot and sat up late. To be slim and pale was fashionable during those years, and (Continued on page 106)



HE stayed near her, persistently. She knew no one else at the party; there was no niche in any special group for her. They talked on the verandah after dinner, and once she said coolly . . .

Painter of Beautiful Women—

Van Dongen



"WOMAN with a Mirror." A sketch by Van Dongen



ALL the spirit of the Côte d'Azur is in this study entitled "Mediterranean"

THIS painter, Van Dongen, has discovered the modern Eve. She is not so simple as her predecessor in Eden, yet fundamentally she is unaltered, swayed by the same desires, dreams, and repressions . . . the epitome of Nature. Van Dongen is not interested, like Flo Ziegfield of Broadway, or Worth of la Rue de la Paix, in glorifying her. He neither disguises her foibles nor conceals her imperfections. He brings the siren, the demon, the abandoned woman out of ordinary little bankers' wives. Just beside full red lips he plants a vicious green. And women—they come back for more. They are willing to pay 60,000 francs to have him paint their portrait.

Nothing can spoil Van Dongen. In the most artificial city of the world he is not "arty." Friends who knew him in the days when he arrived in Paris clothed in a zinc-worker's *salopette*, boast of having seen him wear rakish "Bohemian brims" or outlandish painting costumes. But those who visit the palatial *ateliers* to-day can only testify to the cordiality of their reception, the urbanity of their host, and his utter lack of affectation. He is a "fauve," without any of the wild trappings which usually distinguish rebels in art. He is a man of the world who paints.

Carrying in his muscle the fibre of a swimming champion, a wrestler, or a welter-weight, Van Dongen has dedicated himself to painting without losing either his zest for living or his sanity. He lives as he pleases. He goes through life with Neptune's grizzled beard and with a satyr's laughing eyes. Is painting or gaiety his job? None of his sitters ever learned whether his real joy lies in painting them or in trying to flirt. It is thus natural that he should have a way with women.

Van Dongen loves horses, whether in the Bois or at Auteuil; bathers, whether on the Lido or at Deauville; and women, whether they be princesses or models. He can't give a party without finding in the costumes of his guests materials for new canvases, or visit Venice without bringing back souvenirs in oil and water-colours. A canny Dutchman, with his vision nourished on the fogs and repose of Holland, he is amused by everything. He paints what he sees with a verve and a sincerity which inevitably becomes satire. But in him this betrays no

Bearded, Boyish, Bohemian, Van Dongen, man of the World, Worshipper of Beauty, Lover of Life for Life's Sake, Paints and Creates the New Woman as he sees Her, a Rebel, like himself, as Modern as a Jazz Symphony

neurotic hatreds of foible, class, or party. When people criticise his portraits as too stark or too ugly, he answers with but one swift word: "It's life!"

The maelstrom of Paris has engulfed him.

"If Rembrandt," he says, "had lived in the Paris of our days, if he had seen the women who live here, the Rue de la Paix and its jewellery shops, the Champs Elysées, and the great clothing establishments; if he had seen the night come with its lights, its theatres, its music-halls, if he had seen the Bois and these women, pedestrians, horsemen, amazons, automobiles of every shape, why, then he would have done away with his shadows, his *chiaroscuro*; he would have seated himself on his Bible, and he would have painted our courtesans, our ladies of joy, our wives, our children, our autos, our vibrating round of life."

VAN DONGEN is a modern. He embraces the jazz age. His highest delight comes when he feels that he is making some contribution to twentieth-century spectacle. His pipes, his jazz, his studio-parties, make up the stuff of legends. A new cocktail, a new tango, a new experience of any kind, entrances him. And he is not content with any woman until he has made her over. This need not be in painting merely. Paint, as he is never tired of saying, forms but one side of his life. To him it is far more exciting, far more amusing, to see how—after a portrait is finished in which he has caught some wicked whim, some naughty little innuendo—his sitter tries hard to "act herself," and really to live what he has put on canvas. He would enjoy a Paris peopled by women "designed by Van Dongen."



AN excellent example of Van Dongen's art. A portrait of the Princess Bogdan



PORTRAIT of the Comtesse de Noailles

A PORTRAIT by Van Dongen which is hanging on the walls of the Museum at Grenoble

discovers the Modern Eve

By
William Leon Smyser



A STUDY by Van Dongen
entitled "A Devout Woman"

"People reproach me," he has said, "for loving society, for wrapping myself in luxury. People reproach me for being a snob disguised as a Bohemian—or a Bohemian disguised as snob! After all, why not? I love passionately the life of my epoch, so animated, so feverish! Life is just possibly more beautiful than the art of painting. Can a man who passes his days in passionately noting the tones and values of an apple love life? Can a man who sees all Nature through the curtains of his room grasp life? Bah!"

Van Dongen ignores the apple. For Nature he goes to women—the eternal feminine—and he tries to hold up such a mirror to Nature that Nature herself is transformed.

SOMETIMES the temptation to correct or arrange another's life is so strong that Van Dongen leaves his easel. He becomes costume-designer, man of the theatre, impresario. Last year he met a dancer. Some said she was British, had been born in St. Petersburg, and had studied in the Imperial Ballet. Others said that she was from Chicago, and that, through a wealthy temporary marriage, she had conquered the Parisian managers. Van Dongen found her beautiful but unprepared. His zest to recreate was born. She posed for him five times, to the running accompaniment of raucous records, racy conversation, and pipe smoke. The more successful of her portraits are now being exhibited in New York and London, where the dancer is soon to appear. Van Dongen has made her over. Her attitudes have become what



THE artist himself. A snapshot taken at St. Moritz. In his young days, before he had climbed the ladder of fame, he worked as a market porter in the Covent Garden of Paris

A TYPICAL example of Van Dongen's art. Portrait of a Spanish Woman

Paris calls "Van Dongenese," and the artist has designed for her new "Van Dongenese" attitudes, new costumes which should reveal her, harmonise with her, exalt her. He has combined the blue of cornflower with the pale yellow of narcissus for a dance of spring-time. He has combined gold and green and orange for a dance of the dawning. He has combined dull silver with shining silver, peasant-grey with sheen of arms for a dance interpreting Joan of Arc. He has launched his dancer at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. He has made her a toast of Paris. And now he is satisfied and has gone back to his canvases.

Van Dongen likes women who are eager to make themselves anew. Revolt to him is something passionate, something active. He loves Rembrandt because Rembrandt revolted. He loves modern woman because she has revolted. He himself has been in revolt for years. But he has revolted simply to get more close to life. His whole object is to lead a simple, natural existence. His great home, his magnificent parties are simply façade, a part of his salesmanship. He is essentially unspoiled and boyish. He is too interested in living to be otherwise.

WHILE still in his 'teens, Van Dongen first decided to be an artist. Like every boy of talent, he was impatient to be great, yet he had a road, and a long road, to travel before he could realise his ambitions.

"Fame did not come to me suddenly," he says. "It came through years of grind, of sheer hard work. Fifteen years of perseverance."

Before anything else, Van Dongen headed for Paris. He came to the artists' Mecca where to-day some seventy thousand artists have congregated. In those days there were only some fifteen thousand. They struggled for recognition on "la rive gauche" and in Montmartre. Competition was keen enough. Van Dongen could not win even the barest existence with his brushes. He had to find other work. Since he was a robust young Dutchman, he started out as a porter in the central market in Paris, and shifted about great piles of green (Continued on page 92.)



By Shaw Desmond

I WAS speaking one fine morning to my friend Con the Cop, watching the matutinal hootch train crawl into the city, when an honest, decent woman, a shock-headed red-headed youngster on her hand, stepped up to us and said shyly to Con . . .



*Illustrations by
Illingworth*

HAVE you ever thought of Crime as a Career?

If you haven't, begin to think right now.

I have just returned from my sixteenth visit to Chicago, where I have been renewing delightful memories with my friends Lefty the Lag; Molly the Meyeow, and Alleyrat Jack; and I am authorised to take back with me, if I go, a select number of pupils for apprenticeship to those full-blooded, open-minded ladies and gentlemen.

I seriously recommend Crime to all Parents and Guardians in these Hard Times, when the choice of a career for our young turnip-tops has become increasingly sticky, not only for boys but for girls. For, never let it be forgotten, there are queens as well as kings of crime, and in these days especially, with so many thrones going a-begging, who wouldn't be a queen if she could?

Clarence, my buck, get out of the beaten track! Katherine, you little devil, don't go in for typing or turnip-topping, have a cut at the queen-business.

But it is especially to Parents and Guardians that I make my appeal. Give the kid a chance. If a male, I know of a first-class line in kidnapping. If of the female gender, I

have just read of an opening for a blonde bandit queen in a reputable New York daily—but she must be the genuine article—no platinum blondes entertained.

And I can guarantee a thorough grounding in this king and queen business, from "sheiks" to "wailing Shebas," and from the Badger Game to "tomahawking." Gouging a speciality.

Behold a work of art!

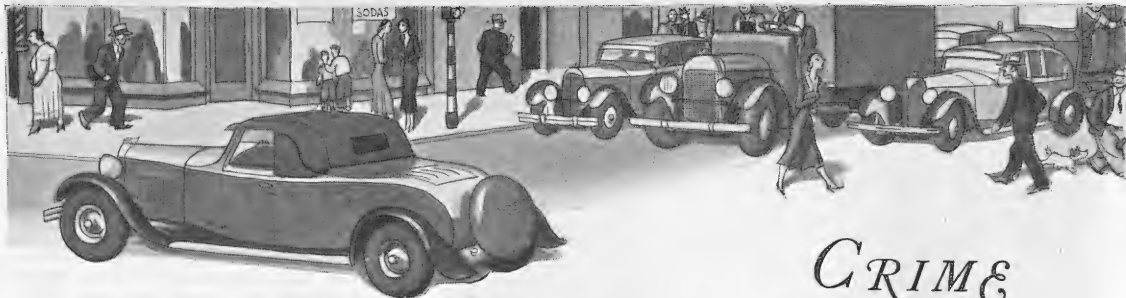
My poor and greatly misunderstood friend, Dion O'Bannion, a simple florist of bucolic tendencies and collector of carnations, managed also to collect a trifle of four millions of dollars from his blooms and other things, before a few friends "collected him" in his shop. It was beautifully done.

Dion, himself an uncrowned king—the King of the Boot-leggers, and wickedly accused of a trifle of, I think, twenty-six homicides, was clipping his carnations one Armistice Day and humming to himself the simple ditty, "Slug 'em in the Ponko, If You Slug 'em, Dear, at all," when a gent looking like a weasel, weaseled his way in and put out his hand.

Even the Very Great have their lapses and Jove sometimes, it is said, nods. Instead of doing what he would have done four cases out of five to anyone making what in the Windy City is the gesture inimical—that is, perforate the gent through his (Dion's) trousers with the neat little pistol which he always carried caressingly in the hollow of his thigh below the pocketless pocket—Dion half puts out his hand, then remembers himself, makes a frantic grab for his pocket, and as he does so is punctured through the window in several vital parts by two other gents, who were awaiting that very moment in La Salle Street. For "they also work who only stand and wait."

Which, indeed, is a novelette in a sentence.

We deposited Dion in a solid silver casket which cost thirty thousand "bucks" of the best and brightest, to the tune of "Nearer, my God, to thee!" played by the Billion Dollar Jazz Band, under a six-foot hedge of his carnations



CRIME
as a Career — A word
to Fathers and Flappers



Kings and Queens of the Underworld

(white for purity) upon which was picked out in red (red for blood):

To Dion.
From the Gang.
R.I.P.

May we meet again!

what time the saxophones sizzed; the wee-wees wailed; tears dropped down the faces of the "deadshots"; Molly the Meycow threw a fit and a diamond garter; and even hardened "dicks" (detectives) and Merry Widows wept into their black-edged fare-three-wells.

For on that day of lamentation we called a truce with the "bulls" and dicks, having a gentlemen's agreement that there were to be no arrests by the graveside, and that every gent. wot was a gent. should leave his gun and his Mills bombs at home.

And we called it a day.

We did our damndest to get Dion put away in consecrated ground, but Archbishop Mandelein, in whose cathedral Dion had sung as a cherubic choir-boy, refused, so we had to do the best we could.

As some slight indication of the rewards which my aspiring young friends may expect in the Land of Hope and Glory, if they will only take the trouble to master their profession,

I append the following tariff (subject to revision according to the market conditions, of course); and taken from the actual quotes now in force:

	£	s.	d.
Blacking both eyes and smashing in face ..	0	16	0
Breaking the nasal appendage ..	1	0	0
Knocking a man cold ..	0	12	6
Breaking nose and jaw (reduction for quantity)	1	15	0
Putting bullet in leg ..	5	0	0
Breaking leg or arm (compound fracture extra)	4	2	6
Chawing ear (two ears one-third extra) ..	2	7	6
Knife in non-fatal spot ..	5	0	0
DOING THE BIG JOB (murder)—price according to circs. ..	£20	to	£100

I give the quotes in English money, and might say that they are not invented, but actually in regular use. But I am sorry to say that in these bad times, the Big Job is being done as low as fifty dollars, or £10. It really doesn't give a young feller a chance, especially as the girls, bless their little hearts, have been undercutting the market rate, both in New York and Chicago.

The natural alternative to Crime as a Career is being a cop,

WHEN she was doing the last stretch she quite captivated the chaplain, who spent long hours with her in earnest wrestling



or policeman—practically the same thing in the City of Wind and Wee-wees.

I can strongly recommend this career, but only to those young people who feel that they have a vocation—for the American cop is born, not made. It is sure; gentlemanly; and, given any luck at all, you should be able to retire on a Rolls-Royce and a judgeship after a few years.

Then there are nice little pickings on the side.

I WAS speaking one fine morning to my friend Con the Cop on Clark (that is, at his post of duty in Clark Street, Chicago), watching the matutinal hootch train crawl into the city, with its cloud of glory running before it on motor cycles and flourishing their Smith-Wessons; behind them the gents with the sawed-off shot-guns; and then the line of hootch wagons, when an honest, decent woman, a shockheaded, red-headed youngster on her hand, stepped up to us and said shyly to Con: "If you please, Mr. O'Riordan, would you be kindly afther recommendin' me a good bootlegger that I could apprentice Johnny here to? The boy's ambitious." Oh, yeah!

I at once butted in to tell her of a dear friend who had a "mash" of his own not far off. But he had just flung another

bomb into McGinty's, and so he couldn't come out for a while until the friends who were waiting for him had been "bumped off."

She understood. Women are so understanding.

"I'll wait," she says.

"It won't be long," says Con, ruminatively as he swung his stick at the circumambient and whistled "The Night that Larry was Stretched," which has a comforting lilt.

There are all sorts of chances in the Cop Game—and what a game it is! Bow-wow! as Lefty the Lag, formerly a lieutenant of police, says in his lighter moments.

I also have a very good line open in the napping of kids. This is now a highly specialised industry and not easy to break into. But if you have a cool head, nine lives, are a dead shot, and don't mind taking a chance, it can be done by any youth of probity and persistence. But he will have to persist . . . if he can.

Then there is LOVE—for the hours of dalliment.

If any young man with romance in his heart, fire in his eye, and a full magazine in his 7-shot Browning, wants the RWAL THING, I can take him to the wrong end of State Street and introduce him to one of the nicest girls I know.

Molly McGuire, otherwise Molly the Meyeow, from her gift of mimicry of cats lovemaking on the roofs, isn't easy, however. She'll have nothing to do with anything less than a Beer Czar or a Kidnap King, one of the former, indeed, being one of my clubmates at Chicago's most exclusive club.

She has had a hard life herself, poor girl, what with something for nothings and the little Paris by Night show opposite the burlesque in which she did strange things in a cabinet with mirrors. No reflection on Molly, though.

Molly doesn't know much about literature, but, as she says herself, she knows a helluva lot about the *genus homo sapiens*, with accent on the "sap."

(From which it may be gathered by any young lady who wishes to enter the Loop," Chicago's underworld district, that any preliminary studies of this genus in which she may have been indulging will not be lost.)

There is only one way to Molly's heart, and that is by the Golden Road and over the supine body of her last lover. For Molly has a heart as big as a church, as she has a head of hair that, like Caolte's, another fairy, flames as she passes her devious ways. "Devious" is right.

But, given ambition, a steady eye, and luck, there is nothing to prevent any little Herbert or Clarence from aspiring even to Molly's arms.

In fact, as showing what can be done, I knew a strict Baptist Sunday School superintendent, who, after a quite uninspired beginning in a Missouri small town, got a hunch, brought his Bible with him to the Windy City, did a bit of banging; did a bit more; got a drum and a trumpet; then another trumpet and two more drums; and finished with a full-blown and blowing jazz band doing revival stunts on Lake Shore Drive. His name

in religion was Bill the Barker.

From that, it was easy transition to bootlegging, hi-jacking, and finally alley-rattling, all of which were done to the "Glory Song" and a passion for souls, especially red-haired ones, which finally landed our Bill in Molly's white arms.

Ultimately, to finish gloriously at the feet of the Meyeow, who plugged him because of a slight difference as to her future career. Baptist Bill wanted her to "work the creep game"—one of an intricate beauty which has been the undoing of more United States Senators than even poker and pinocle.

It is worked, I might say transiently, with a camera, a "sweetie," and an outraged husband. Or, as I have heard it put—with an assignation and an ass.

For further information, see Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh."

But Bill died in the odour of sanctity, which, after all, is the great thing. He said he knew he'd been a bad boy, but he hoped for the best, and anyhow he forgave everybody.

As showing what can be done by a really eager and ambitious hardworking boy, may I take the illuminating instance of Vernon Royals, a fifteen-year-old Lane Tech High School student, who like all really earnest young people, began his studies for his future career e'er he had left Sunday School.

"Eric—or Little by Little"—Edward Bok, and Al Capone were, I believe, his favourite authors. (Bok was the boy who, as the ads. say, used to badger Big Business for its autographs whilst still practically in petticoats.)

Vernon, or Eric—Little by Little—whetted his prentice hand by holding up a Mrs. Phillip Myer last October. Only a little hold-up—but, still, a beginning.

Then he tried something else, and finally, all within the space of four months, managed to rise to the height of "The Big Job"—which he accomplished on Mrs. Agnes Lavender.

First he took exactly six shillings (\$1.50) from her, and then did the Job—in other words, murdered her.

Naturally and maternally Vernon's ma tried to scratch out the eyes of the jurors, who were able to give a fair verdict because Little Vernon, not being in the Gangsters' Trade Union, had no special "pull." Otherwise, they would have been bumpety-bumped as they went home.

Oh, yes, and by the way, I forgot to

GET it. As indeed indicated obliquely in almost any university course, or, as I have heard it happily expressed: "The Gang begins in the University."

His next step was to apply his observations.

So he buys a nasty little pistol which had the advantage of going off at both ends. With this he set out one fine morning when I was in the Windy City, his boyish heart beating and a great hope alight in his clear young eyes, and:

1. Walked into a motor depot; told the proprietor to get to hell out uv that; forced him and a few friends down a trapdoor; and taking a look round, chose the best auto in the shop and, having had a peek and a pick at the cash desk, drove off gaily waving with his pistol to the nearest cop, who thought it better to look the wrong way, which is the right.

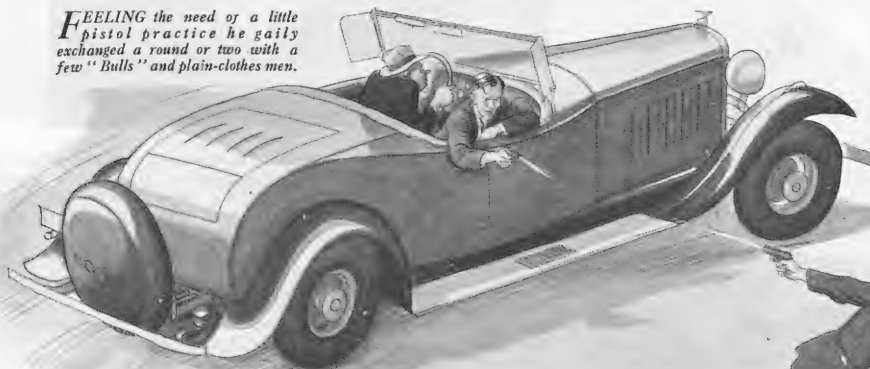
2. Stopped a perfectly respectable citizen in the street, and putting the pistol into the small of his back, told him to say his prayers and drive him for the rest of the day, which that poor fish did.

few "bulls" and plain-clothes men who were waiting for a Committee meeting with some bootlegging friends to decide when the "shake-out" was to take place; had a real hearty stand-up fight with some cops who couldn't make their getaway in time (the great thing in the Chicago cop); and then, feeling the need for a little fruit (he was a vegetarian), tried to get a few apples in an orchard. All this time asking his doubtless delighted captive "to step on it or get his."

I understand that after his perfect day it is probable that little Samuel will be free the year after next to go on with the good work.

It seems that when he got into the orchard, his "leathers" got stuck on some barbed wire, when a cop, scenting glory, probably after relieving Samuel of anything he may have had in the said leathers, for nothing was found in his pockets, plugged (Continued on page 138)

FEELING the need of a little pistol practice he gaily exchanged a round or two with a few "Bulls" and plain-clothes men.



say that little Vernon got twenty-five years in which to ruminate over the might-have-beens. Still, everything has its little ups and downs, and my young friends must not be disheartened.

ANOTHER dear little boy worthy of emulation (I have just written a tract on him and called it "The End of a Perfect Day") is my little friend Samuel.

Little Samuel, from a rustic village outside Chicago, had all the advantages of a religious upbringing, his father being a stunt revivalist on Sundays and a "Bible Bootlegger" the rest of the week. (I might say that complaints have just been made at the annual congress held at the Pennsylvania, New York, of the American Publishers and Pulp Association, of the unfair competition by the home-grown article with the imported bootlegging article—or it may have been the other way about.)

Samuel was taught to be gentle to women, to obey the law (when he could find any), and to eschew the company of naughty boys who played baseball on Sundays. Here is how Samuel did it.

First, being an observant youth, he had noticed that in the Land of Stars and Stripes to-day, the great thing was not HOW your got your bank wad, but to

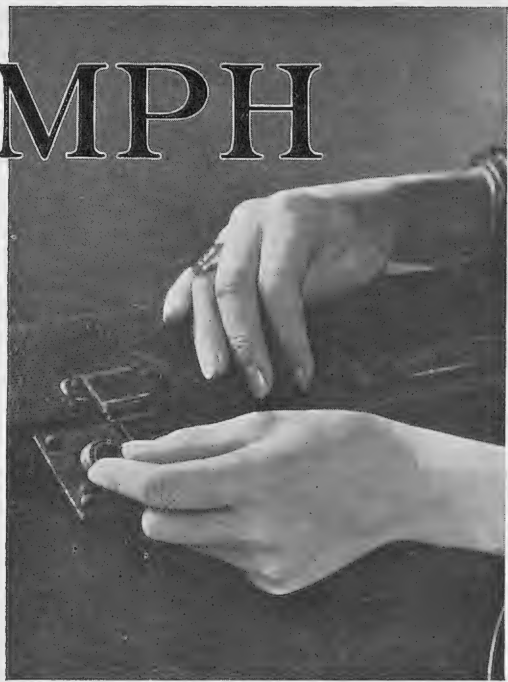


3. Feeling the need of a little pistol practice (and I cannot too strongly emphasise the necessity of practice every day by my aspiring young friends), he gaily exchanged a round or two with a

TRIUMPH

*A Comedy of the Customs
in which Professional Pride
went Before the Decline
and Fall of an Old Hand*

By
E. M.
Almedingen



AFTER her last day's shopping in Paris, Mrs. Markham got back to her hotel near Les Ternes and, once inside the cheerful little room, she sank on her bed, her body exhausted, her mind triumphant. Over her well-made-up face stole a smile, in her big grey eyes danced something like sheer ecstasy.

She had done it once again and so well, too.

So it was good to relax and to think about going back to England, her precious cargo once again beyond the prying eye of the most suspicious customs officer . . . Good to think about Lady Billington-Riggs and so many others, all but hugging her to their hearts.

"Why, if this isn't the most advanced thing in the world . . . Mrs. Markham, you're too divinely clever. . . . This isn't a frock, a sheer poem . . ."

Yes, she had done it so often before. They could indeed trust her to gain a pace or two on Bond Street and Hanover Square. They paid lavishly, unquestioningly. Of course, so far as they were concerned, Mrs. Markham's Paris spoil had been duly exhibited at the customs. "My dear Lady Billington-Riggs, I know it sounds terrific, but the duty is appalling and then even Paris won't see the like of this frock for at least three weeks . . ."

Oh, yes, they all paid willingly and adored her gallantry in spying out the most jealous secrets of Paris designers. "This wants something more than tact . . . It is just genius . . ."

And this time Mrs. Markham felt it was to be quite a special triumph. For she had gone to Paris at the express bidding of Lady Billington-Riggs and of nobody else's, had pried, searched,

intruded, insisted, achieved for her alone. Achieved a lot, too. Three of the dresses Mrs. Markham got were the exact replicas of those to be worn at a royal wedding three weeks ahead. Three impossible shimmering dreams, rose chiffon and pale grey, something in lace that suggested a rainbow fragment, a severe black velvet, its lines a sheer miracle . . .

So Mrs. Markham could indeed relax for an hour and gloat over her triumph. Her eyes fell on two suitcases lying near the bed and she laughed.

QUITE a new departure, this trip of hers for Lady Billington-Riggs . . .

Mrs. Markham placidly reflected that with every new venture she continued improving what she called her "customs technique," relying now on the psychology of officers, now on material ways and means. Crude methods repelled her. Nothing as idiotic as dutiable stuff, sewn into coat linings, for Mrs. Markham.

"People who do this sort of thing deserve all they get," she reflected.

Again she looked at the suitcases. The three shimmering dreams, designed for royalty, would be presently buried in their depths. Yes, really buried. For if you tapped the sides of the beautifully upholstered suitcases, you wouldn't hear any suspiciously hollow sound. If you ripped off the silk lining, you would find nothing at all. If you imagined a false bottom, you'd be likewise disappointed. If you examined the locks, you wouldn't find anything suspicious, for, naturally, you would use the key in the ordinary way.

Not as Mrs. Markham used it, now that, rested, she jumped down from her bed, bent over one of the suitcases,

inserted the key and twiddled round the flat nickel knob. There came a sharp click and the three sides of the case fell to the ground, revealing a vacuum about two inches deep.

"False bottoms," sniffed Mrs. Markham.

The thing was a masterpiece. For the suitcases were upholstered in a special material which eliminated all sound. You could tap them all round and you would never guess at any hollowness. Nor could you succeed with the lock unless you knew the combination.

Mrs. Markham's quick expert fingers grew busy over the three shimmering dreams, folding them, flattening them without the slightest injury to pleats and flounces. In less than half-an-hour the job was done. She twiddled the nickel knob back into its place and stood up, tired, but triumphant.

"I suppose that poor mutt of a girl I saw at Marel's will try and swathe that back lace round her tummy or something. Probably, break into hysterics at Victoria . . . What a fool . . . I wonder if she did buy it after all—"

Mrs. Markham was a great psychology expert. It pleased the superiority complex in her to watch the puerile dodges of the human mass at the customs. The puny little efforts to hide dutiable goods in most obvious places, the pathetically unconvincing denials, the no less pathetic avowals, the threadbare "I'd-no-idea-this-meant-duty" defence. All of it futile to the extreme.

"If they only kept cool . . . That's half the battle"—Mrs. Markham scorned unsteady voices and betraying fluttering gestures. "Keep your nerve and you always get through . . . That girl couldn't smuggle a single silk stocking . . ."

Mrs. Markham slipped into her evening dress and remembered. The haughty black-satin woman at Marel had been a little contemptuous with the customer. A tall, slim girl, obviously well-bred, just

*Illustrated
with
Photographs
By
Peter North*



THEY were finishing dessert and Mrs. Markham was strangely, almost unpleasantly, perturbed

The girl raised her face and Mrs. Markham decided she quite liked her. Such genuineness about those big grey eyes and such a terribly shy mouth. . . .

"Oh, good evening . . . No, I'm sorry I never saw you at Marel's . . . Very nice of you to speak to me . . . One does feel rather lost here . . . I only came the other day and am going back tomorrow . . . Oh, Marel's . . ." Mrs. Markham liked the tiny smile. "How awful . . . I mean I absolutely disgraced myself there—"

Again it was so natural for Mrs. Markham to drop into the vacant chair by the girl's side. "You don't mind . . ."

as obviously intrigued by the shimmering splendours all round her, hesitating, and yet coveting that black lace frock. "Yes, I know it's lovely . . . But I'm rather afraid . . . There'd be lots of duty . . . You see . . ."

"On s'arrange," the Marel woman had said curtly.

Mrs. Markham could not stay.

Now she wished she had. It would have been amusing to know what the girl did decide after all. A bit pathetic, that jelly-like indecisiveness. Such a young thing . . . Mrs. Markham remembered the pale, slender hands clinging to the black lace . . .

"As timid as a kitten"—she threw a plain silver wrap over her blue frock, gave a last pat to her beautiful shingle and left the room.

QUICK upon the heels of her thoughts, the gesture came quite naturally to Mrs. Markham, as soon as she saw a desolate slim white figure, shyly ensconced behind a corner table in the huge salle-à-manger.

"Good evening"—the elder woman stopped and smiled in her nice, pleasant way—"I hope you'll excuse me . . . I saw you this morning at Marel's . . . I'd no idea you were staying here, though—"



"It isn't pigskin," Mrs. Markham spoke levelly, "but some combination—I don't know what they call it." She touched the one nearest her almost lovingly

Well, I did see you. . . . You were a bit uncertain about a frock. . . . And the woman was rather impatient. . . . So you didn't buy it after all."

The girl flushed.

"Yes, I did. Simply couldn't get out of it. . . . Now I wish I hadn't. . . . You see," her face crimson, she stammered on, "I'd never done that sort of thing before. . . . I'm simply terrified to death."

"What sort of thing?" Mrs. Markham became all gentleness and sympathy. Really, the child wasn't old enough to travel by herself. She couldn't be more than twenty.

"Well, you know what I mean—smuggling and all the rest of it. . . . You see, I'd just enough to buy the frock. . . . I simply couldn't afford the duty. . . . Sounds terribly dishonest," she laughed uneasily, "I've half a mind to take it back to the place, but I suppose they wouldn't have it."

"Hardly." Mrs. Markham toyed with her soup.

A pause fell. The elder woman's thoughts grew busy. Stark sentimentality was dangerous, as she well knew. But, after all, the girl so patently belonged to the caste she, Mrs. Markham, served wholeheartedly. . . . Of course, there was no point in rushing matters.

"You say you can't afford the duty. . . . Well, then, don't declare it. . . . Many people don't. . . . There are two sides to the question, you know."

The girl's shoulders drooped.

"Oh, I'd give myself away like a shot," she murmured.

Mrs. Markham knew this was true. With that shy mouth and those innocent grey eyes the girl could not practise enough deception to trap a village idiot. Still Mrs. Markham went on being cautious.

"Don't be such a goose. . . . You've only bought it for yourself. . . . It's the people who buy stacks of things for business who should get worried. . . . Anyone'd see you're as innocent as a baby."

The girl smiled ruefully.

"That's just it. . . . I simply couldn't get it through. . . . Get into an absolute funk once they start rummaging."

"Then hide it," suggested Mrs. Markham, aware of the futile counsel. "Wear it under your frock or something."

"That's what I'll have to do," the girl nodded wearily. "But I do wish I had never fallen to it. You see," she flushed deeply, "We aren't at all well off. . . . I've always wanted lovely things. . . . Hardly ever had any. . . . But this sounds like whining. . . . Please excuse me."

They were finishing dessert and Mrs. Markham was strangely, almost unpleasantly, perturbed. She had often met people of that mettle and felt sorry for them, not that her sympathy had ever prevented her from trading on their incurable timidity. So now she felt definitely sorry for the girl, her shyness, her hunger for beautiful, inaccessible things. . . . She had an exquisitely limbed body, too, fit for dreamy raiment rather than for clumsy clothes. . . . All the same, for all her quite genuine sympathy, Mrs. Markham never rushed at things. "One step at a time," had been her motto from the beginning.

"I wonder if I could help you in any way," she sighed delicately over her coffee. "I'm really sorry. . . . I think I do understand."

"Oh, but, please, you mustn't imagine—"

Mrs. Markham gestured away the unended sentence.

"I imagine nothing, my dear child. . . . I'm merely wondering whether I could be of any use to you."

The huge grey eyes flickered surprise.

"You see, I'm such an old crow, really. . . . I wonder what they thought of me at Marel's. . . . I went there for a cousin of mine, a terribly smart woman. . . . Well, now, you don't know me from Adam and I don't know you, so our confidence must be mutual. . . . Would you entrust your precious frock to me?" she hurried on. "Please understand that I don't guarantee getting away with it. . . . The point is that with people like myself they aren't half as particular, you know. . . . Of course, if the thing fell through owing to my own clumsiness, I'd have to foot the bill," she added cheerfully, well aware that she could afford to say it.

But the girl's cigarette trembled in her fingers.

"It's too topping of you. . . . No, no, I couldn't possibly accept it. . . . I mean—think only—"

Mrs. Markham rose. She had decided she'd do it. You couldn't move her from a purpose.

"My dear child, don't talk such arrant nonsense. . . . I'll take your frock through and hand it back to you at my hotel in London. If you refuse to accept it, well—" she shrugged rather pointedly. "Of course, I couldn't expect to trust a



ANOTHER official came to a dead level with her still appraised her from head to foot and said brusquely,

perfect stranger, though in our world——”

She stressed the pronoun and waited. The girl, too, had stood up.

“It’d be a load off my shoulders,” she admitted. “I don’t really know how to thank you, Mrs.—Mrs.—”

“Ellis,” the other said quickly, the “Markham” label being exclusively reserved for her clientele.

“It’s topping of you, Mrs. Ellis. . . . My name’s Graham. . . . Anne Graham. . . . Are you really quite sure?”

Mrs. Markham laughed at the eagerness in the big grey eyes. The child was too absurd for words. . . . And there was quite enough room for a lace frock between the panels of the suit-case. . . . Mrs. Markham felt a wave of complacency surge within her. After all, one good turn always led to another. She smiled and went to the door.

“You said you were leaving to-morrow? So am I. And what train? I say, I was absolutely meant to come to your rescue. . . . But I’d much rather you kept away from me at Victoria,” she laughed merrily. “They might see your white face and arrest you as my accomplice. . . . Now my room is 148. . . . Bring that frock along and we’ll see what

we can do.”

Barely twenty minutes later Anne Graham, flushed, breathless with excitement, rushed into Mrs. Markham’s room and flung the shimmering billows of lace and chiffon into the nearest chair.

“Don’t you think it’s too divine for words?” her pale hands danced all over it.

“Oh rather. . . . I suppose Marel’s are good. I don’t know much about these people, you see.”

The girl appraised her with a quick glance.

“Well, forgive my being personal, will you? I adore your hair and your skin, but you don’t go in for clothes much, do you?”

“An old crow like me,” laughed Mrs. Markham, and began folding the black lace rather clumsily. “Why should I?”

The girl watched her hands a little nervously.

“I say, won’t it spoil it?”

“I hope not. I’m going to put it in my sponge bag. . . . I’d wear it myself if I were as slim as you.”

Now the dress was folded and put away. But Anne Graham lingered on in the room, all brimming with gratitude, chatting away just like any girl on holiday.

“I say, I do like your luggage. . . . I’ve never seen such lovely pigskin.”

“It isn’t pigskin,” Mrs. Markham spoke very levelly, “but some combination. . . . I don’t know what they call it.” She touched the one nearest her almost lovingly.

“Combination? What do you mean?”

“Oh, some specially treated material, you know. . . . Very light and absolutely waterproof. . . . Leather’s so heavy, I prefer this kind of thing. . . . No, I don’t remember the name. . . . Sorry. . . . Might be able to find it out for you. . . . I just know it’s some special kind of combination.”

“Oh, I see.”

And Anne Graham broke into a final burst of gratitude and then tripped out of the room. Mrs. Markham duly removed the Marel frock into the suit-case and went to bed, feeling very much of a heroine.

“I don’t suppose I shall see that child again after to-morrow. . . . Well, I’m glad—somehow.”

“**A**NYTHING to declare.”

Mrs. Markham’s turn had almost come. Her two suit-cases lay on the broad counter, her two suit-cases most obligingly open. She cast a quick look behind her. Good. . . . Anne Graham had gone on. They’d arranged to meet on the train. Far better so. Even before they got to Calais, the girl had started getting the jumps. . . . She was so terribly afraid the thing wouldn’t get through and poor Mrs. Ellis. . . . Mrs. Markham had then spoken very firmly:

“My dear child, you’d spoil everything if you go on in this way.”

Now she gripped the damp edge of the counter and straightened her shoulders, comfortably aware that not a single detail about her clothes pointed to her actual metier. A modest tweed coat, a plain felt hat. . . . Everything good and serviceable, worlds-away from the shimmering ways of Paris.

“Anything to declare?”

Mrs. Markham looked at the abrupt, tired-eyed official and smiled genially.

“No. . . . I’ve no other luggage,” she glanced politely at the tariff list. “No, nothing to declare.”

The man bent down, chalk gleaming palely in his hands. Mrs. Markham’s heart gave a triumphant leap—only to sink with a leaden thud. Another official came to a dead level with her still opened suit-cases, shot a keen look at them, then appraised her from head to foot and said brusquely:

“Mrs. Markham? Kindly step this way, Madam.”

She looked around, but she knew it was useless. Her knees gave way under her.

In a musty, poky office at the back of Victoria Station a man with very tired blue eyes rumbled his hair, leant back in the chair and grinned at the girl across the table.

“All for the price of a Marel frock, Miss Graham, isn’t it? Ah well, it’s worth it. . . . We’ve been on the woman’s track for nearly a year and never got the evidence. . . . She must have cheated the customs of thousands. . . . All the same, you haven’t told me how you did it. . . . You ran her to earth in a Paris hotel, didn’t you? And then?”

“Then I left everything to (Continued on page 102)



opened suit-cases, shot a keen look at them, then
“Mrs. Markham? Kindly step this way, Madam.”

WHEN YOU TRAVEL

Remember to be thankful for the thousand and one amenities of modern life and think of the iron-wheeled barouche of the past

By MADGE GARLAND (Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve")



At the present moment there are very few of us who are not planning a holiday of some sort, and still fewer of us who are not wishing to do so. The routine of a yearly holiday is becoming more and more a matter of course as so-called civilisation and the habit of working steal the leisure from an ever-growing number of the community. But the apparent restrictions of a standardised existence have their compensations in an increased facility for travel, which is one of the most outstanding characteristics of this nearly middle-aged century. We move with extraordinary ease, and

Decorations
by
Evelyn Cockayne

the word "portable" applies to our gramophones, our radios and our toilet-tables as well as to our luggage. At the same time the simplicity of our wardrobes facilitates packing, and in spite of all that dress-makers have done to adorn and at the same time to encumber us, our clothes can be put away into a comparatively small space, particularly if that space is intelligently apportioned. Revelation make a speciality of the small wardrobe trunks which have superseded the immense models, almost as large as a human habitation, once so popular, and these Pullman trunks, as they are called, contain on one side a hanging wardrobe and on the other spaces designed for shoes, lingerie and odds and ends. There remains the hat problem. This is usually solved by the traveller wearing one uncrushable turban (Continued on page 53)

A WHITE corduroy velvet jacket with collar and pockets bordered with blue cloth is fastened with six flat silver buttons. With this is worn a blue cloth skirt and a red, white and blue jumper. The pyjama of ochre colour jersey is patterned with blue, red and white, and the smart little knitted hat and bracelet are of yellow and white wool. The shoes are of navy, red and yellow stripes, and all these delightful garments and accessories come from Leathercraft

BY TRAIN

An uncrushable hat of angora wool trimmed with a folded scarf comes from Harvey Nichols

Really solid and well-made luggage is an investment and an economy. This excellent wardrobe trunk comes from Finnigans

Below: At bottom of page. The Meltonian shoe-cleaning set consists of a tube of cream, a brush and two polishing cloths in a blue suede pockette



Yardley's lavender water is an excellent companion for a train journey



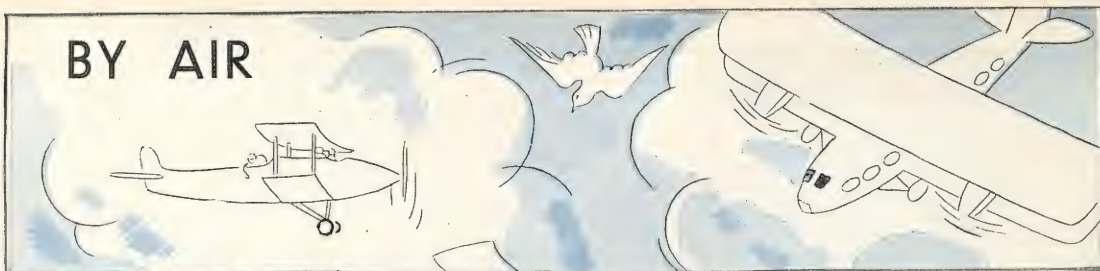
A pair of wear-clean gloves trimmed with tassels are both practical and smart. From Woollands

Beige and brown check tweed makes this smart travelling coat and shirt from Harvey Nichols

A hat-box in willow cloth is light and practical and can be had in several colours. From Woollands



BY AIR

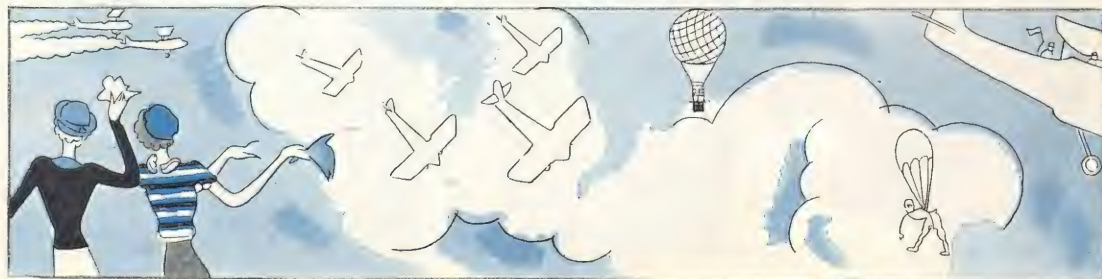


At the top of the page is seen an excellent hand-bag of brown hide with a zipper fastening and rat-tail handles. This and the unusual hand-knitted jumper come from Gorringe

One cannot have too many stockings, but one minimises all risks if one insists on Aristoc. The reliability of a Britannic watch, which has an expanding bracelet, makes it a necessary adjunct for the traveller

A coat which is light in weight and yet both warm and waterproof is perfect for all occasions, particularly when it is smartly checked in black and white and is a new model from Aquascutum

Elizabeth Arden's travelling cases are justly famous. On the extreme left is seen a calfskin bag which contains a complete make-up set and has two zip pockets for passports, etc., while above is her special case for toilet accessories



BY SEA



In the upper left-hand corner is a white wool lace blouse and a blue stockinette hat with a red, white and blue striped band to match the striped belt. From Richard Sands

A small size wardrobe trunk with proper divisions for clothes is essential for comfortable travel, so is an expanding suitcase. Both trunks from Revelation

A box of Player's cigarettes would add considerably to the pleasure of even the most pleasurable cruise, so would a leather hold-all containing a cushion. From Woollands

The gay striped scarf which can be obtained in several colours comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, so does the excellent white pyjama suit with detachable trousers, and the blue and white shoes



BY ROAD

A draped turban and matching scarf of red, white, and blue wool from Debenhams would be an excellent touring companion

A collapsible picnic box, which forms a table, would be a great comfort. From Finnigans

The confirmed picnicker invariably includes Carr's biscuits in his provisions

Diploma cheese is not only delightful to eat but is most sustaining, and comes in the neatest little triangles

A really well-equipped picnic basket is essential for comfort when on a motor trip, and the one from Finnigans, sketched above, is really practical and most inexpensive

From Debenhams comes the attractive tweed coat shown on the left. It is made of yellow, diagonally ribbed tweed, fastens with eight metal buttons, and has a matching woollen scarf

On the far left is shown a Pye portable radio, without which no tour, or household, is complete. It may be obtained for 14 guineas

A warm but lightweight rug is made of plaid hand-woven wool, and comes from Aquascutum



cockayne

When You Travel—continued

and packing several other caps in with her etceteras, but if a real hat is required there are those light and easily carried hat-boxes of willow calf, such as that sketched on page 49, which may be obtained for a few shillings. These can be had in almost any colour, and this excursion into the realm of decoration will be welcomed not only by the woman who likes colour for its own sake but because individually coloured luggage is a definite help in the chaos of a customs counter. The Revelation trunks and expanding suitcases may be obtained in green and blue, natural hide or in striped canvas. Finnigans also show a number of differently striped trunks, or the owner's special colours may be painted on to the trunk, as they used to be on the baskets which once carried our grandmothers' crinolines.

THE problem of "bottles" has been solved once and for all by Elizabeth Arden. She has invented a number of travelling cases which meet every demand any woman could ever make for compactness and for chic. Apart from her special pink-enamelled tin box which contains all the essential toilet requisites but which is too well known to require

detailed description, there are among others the two bags shown on page 50. The leather handbag is capacious without being clumsy and contains two pockets fastened with zippers, one specially designed to contain one's passport and other essential papers, and in the other is the tray shown in the sketch. On this, slipped into exactly fitting leather bands, are all the toilet accessories that the most fastidious woman could require in order to arrive at her destination looking as fresh as she did when she left. On the other side of the illustration on the same page is a travelling case designed for a longer voyage. This smart leather bag is really nothing else than a portable dressing-table, for it opens to reveal a store of bottles, jars and accessories,

each expertly packed in removable cases so that the whole may be easily cleaned. The days of new gowns being ruined by the contents of broken bottles are definitely over.

ANOTHER simplification for the traveller is the vogue for such uncrushable materials as woollen fabrics, crinkly crêpes, and the spongy shantungs which are smart for beach wear. Many evening gowns are made of light-weight woollen materials and can be guaranteed to unpack creaseless, so will the deeply crinkled silks and cottons of which many of the new models are made. Blouses knitted in wool in an Irish crochet pattern, or in an openwork lace design such as that from Gorrings sketched on page 50, obviate the difficulty of looking fresh without the intolerable drudgery of perpetual ironing. Coats of thick but soft woollen materials like Debenham's smart yellow tweed coat on page 52 preclude any bedraggled appearance after the longest motor run. Gloves of the wear-clean variety are another source of satisfaction to the traveller, particularly when long train journeys are included in the itinerary, for unless one wants to ruin one's nails gloves must be worn continually, and the sight of grimy wash-leather, and the thought of having to remedy the evil on one's arrival is enough to spoil the most enjoyable journey.

With most of the practical details of a holiday smoothed out by the ingenuity of our designers and merchants there remains little to do but decide where to go. And here the travel agencies tantalise us unmercifully. How is one to decide between this cruise and that? Between the delights of Dubrovnik and Algiers? Between Egypt and Portugal? Would we rather go to Lisbon or Lerwick, to Sicily or Sardinia? How is one to know whether to decide on palm trees or pine trees as a background? One feels driven to the old trick of shutting one's eyes and using a pin. But the more serious-minded among us could not do better than study the tours arranged by the P. and O. to the various ports of the Mediterranean. There are also cruises to Norway and the Northern capitals, to the coast of Africa, and the ports of the Adriatic, while one itinerary takes one as far east as Istanbul, perhaps still better known by its less romantic name of Constantinople. If among these many suggestions, allied to the comfort of the new luxury ships the *Strathnaver* and the *Strathaird*, they do not find something to delight them, then there is nothing for them but Diogenes's tub. . . .



THE P. & O. have arranged a series of the most attractive pleasure cruises in their electrically driven ships, of which the *Strathnaver* and the *Strathaird*, called the "White Sisters," are fresh from the builders, and contain every amenity for holiday making



MR. EUSTACE PENNY sat in a small green chair, with his eyes half-closed, relaxing. His trim, small, tidy person was clad in a neat, dark business suit, with neat, blue shirt and neatly knotted, sober tie—but over all this, incongruously, was a huge, enveloping duster, and his hair stood up in angry quills all over his head, as if he had just seen a ghost. Behind him, a white-robed, yellow-haired creature with the strong, comely arms of a Norse goddess made rhythmic, mysterious gestures with her hands. Mr. Penny was having his weekly hair-treatment on the eleventh floor of a New York skyscraper, at eight-thirty o'clock on a chilly February morning.

He must look very ridiculous, he considered, but he had long ago got over any real feeling about that. Besides, he always took off his glasses as soon as he entered the door marked "Madame Frieda's Method"—and, as he was quite short-sighted, this gave him a pleasant sense of disembodiment. He could even confront some astonished early bird of a feminine shopper, grimly determined to get her wave set before she fought herself into exhaustion at a sale, with a bland, impersonal smile.

"After all, my dear madam," his manner seemed to say, "why should not a man of my age—forty-four, to be exact—come to have his hair revived by Madame Frieda's method, if he so desires? It is not done in any light-minded spirit, I assure you. Look at my hat and shoes—are they the hat and shoes of a philanderer or an effeminate person? Certainly not. I manage my office according to the soundest business methods, and you should see the intricate simplicity of our filing-system. Your sex has taken over so many of our former prerogatives—tobacco, rational underclothing, and a habit of speaking at large public meetings—is it not fair that we should try to get a little of our own back, now and then, even when the path of duty leads us to the beauty-shop? I admit, the line must be drawn somewhere, but I do draw it. I will not have a Marvellous Mineral Mudpack for anything you say. And, after all, my good woman, hair is hair."

So might have run Mr. Penny's defence of himself—if he had ever needed to make it. But he and Madame Frieda's method were used to each other by now. He no longer knocked at the door with the timid firmness of a shy man trying to get into a new speakeasy; he turned the knob and entered, without bargadocio, but without fear or shame. He had sat in all of the little booths, at one time or another, and overheard conversations at which he coughed like a gentleman. He had even observed, with a shudder, the Medusa-like coils of the permanent-wave machine. But, in general, he relaxed. The forty-five minutes a week he spent at Madame Frieda's were, curiously, moments of sanctuary. They had nothing to do with the business or worry of life,

By Stephen Vincent Benet



and were, for that reason, precious. Incidentally, and except for music, they were Mr. Penny's one extravagance.

"Wei-a wa-ga," hummed Mr. Penny, "Woge, du Welle, walle zur Wei-ge—"

"Am I rubbing too hard, Mr. Penny?" said Hilda's voice behind him.

"Not a bit," said Mr. Penny. "Rub away."

Her low, pleasant voice had entered into the magic, had not broken it. Mr. Penny stared fiercely at the blurred outline of the green dressing-table before him. It blurred still more, became the green waters of the Rhine. Within the waters sported three fair, blonde maidens, darting like glittering fish from rock to

rock. As they moved they sang immortally.

"Wagula, wei-a! Wa-ahem! Wal-la-la, wei-a-la, wei-la," hummed Mr. Penny. "Now it is too hard," said Hilda.

"Not at all, Hilda."

Superb, superb. "Rhein-gold!" hummed Mr. Penny, "Rhein-gold, leuchtendes." But Mr. Penny had come to music late. For so many years there had not been time or thought. Then, in his middle thirties, it had come, the overpowering awakening. After that, life had a purpose and a meaning. Mr. Penny, in his dark blue suit, disported with the Rhine-maidens, suffered with Tristan, blew Siegfried's hunting-call.

Illustrated by D. L. Wynne

"I'm so sorry," he said. "It's 'Götterdämmerung' at the Metropolitan to-night. If I'd only got tickets! But now it's too late, of course . . ."
"It has been very pleasant, Mr. Penny," said Hilda, formally, drawing on her gloves

irritation. Rhine-maidens should never look tired—their business was to swim and sing.

"Same time next Monday, Hilda!"

She looked up from the big appointment-book with worry in her eyes.

"Would you trouble very much, Mr. Penny, if I take you late in the afternoon, after five?" she said in her careful English. "I am sorry to ask, but Frieda's baby, he goes to the hospital Saturday."

"Why, no," said Mr. Penny. "Not at all. What's the matter with Frieda's baby?"

"The doctor want to see him," said Hilda, her voice a slow chord of woe, "Frieda worry."

"Too bad," said Mr. Penny brightly. "But they'll probably find out what it is at the hospital and fix him up in a jiffy."

"I hope so," said Hilda sadly. "It is bad to have a baby sick. It is a bad year, Mr. Penny. Everybody say so."

"Well, well," said Mr. Penny. "We all have our troubles. All right, Monday after five. Good-bye, Hilda."

"Good-bye, Mr. Penny."

On his way down in the elevator, Mr. Penny told himself that he was not heartless. But if one started sympathizing, one never stopped. And he liked to think of his Rhine-maidens as Rhine-maidens, not as people with sick babies. Even Hilda, probably, had a life of her own wherein she suffered from toothache or despaired love or something miserable. Dear, dear, it was really too bad.

HE turned up his coat-collar to struggle down the street against the biting, February wind. On the

street corner stood an apple-seller, a harried little man with blue lips. He thumped his chest with his hands to beat some warmth into it, but his hands were red and cracked. "I can't eat all the apples," thought Mr. Penny, passing him by, but his conscience gave a twinge. He tried to think of music—Valhalla rising—but the horns were grey and muted. A greyness enveloped Mr. Penny's soul.

Later on, alone in his private office, behind the ground-glass door, he stared at the glass of milk, the sandwich and the apple on the desk in front of him with bitter eyes. Watkins was down with 'flu and no one could find the

That was his real life. In between he ate, drank, slept, did setting-up exercises and dictated letters to stenographers.

"Looks very nice to-day, Mr. Penny," said Hilda's untroubled voice.

Mr. Penny smiled. He had never told Hilda that she and her two sisters were really Rhine-maidens—but it was true, of course. Frieda, Linda and Hilda—Wellgunde, Woglinde and Flosshilde—he could see all three of them dressed in their crisp, white uniforms, swimming about the water-sunken, magic gold. He chuckled over the preposterousness of the vision. Why, Madame Frieda was married and had a baby—and they all lived out in Mount Vernon in one of

those model apartment-houses. Rhine-maidens in Mount Vernon. And yet, the last time he had heard "Das Rheingold," he had half-expected to see Flosshilde rise from the green wave with a tiny sponge and a bottle of lotion in her hand. One should not have these fantastic thoughts at forty-four. Or should one? After all, thought Mr. Penny, the day of my liberation is almost at hand—almost—at-hand—

THERE, it was over. Mr. Penny sighed. It was going to be a hard week. Even Hilda looked tired this morning, with circles under her eyes. He noticed the fact with unreasonable

MR. Penny and the

Rhine-Maiden

Des Moines letters, in spite of the immaculate filing-system. He had bitten Miss Winch's head off for those two mistakes, and now she'd be sulky for days, or look like a frightened rabbit, which was worse. That was one of the worst things about this business depression—people held on to their jobs so desperately, ridden with fear. He wasn't a tyrant and he didn't mean to act like one. But really, on top of everything else, that letter from Estelle.

He ran through it again, drearily—oh, that large, looped, sprawling handwriting, that gush of unpunctuated, incontinent speech.

"and it certainly does seem a very queer thing and you know how I hate asking favours and you of all people—but really Eusty with Cyril in his condition and that *wicked*, *wicked* woman, it was her idea to put the money in a joint account, because she knew about book-keeping and when I went to the bank and it was all gone you could have knocked me over with a feather and the odious landlady has no more mercy than a—"

Mr. Penny, staring at the letter, saw instead a series of pictures. An utterly unsophisticated and slightly less mouse-like Mr. Penny, arriving in New York at nineteen with all his belongings packed in one cardboard suitcase. A boarding-house and a gas-lit hall. A basement dining-room and a sooty tree in a back yard. A landlady who let you know she was a Southern gentlewoman and the landlady's daughter, who not only took voice, but sang. Those plump, white shoulders, so soon to be more than plump, that tinkly, "rah-fined" voice, so soon to be so whiny. The hats and the songs and the catchwords of 1907. Marriage at twenty and "Motha's" tears—and, oh that crêpe-paper wedding-bell, hung from the chandelier in the "front-parlour." The tritest of all trite stories—yet, even now, it could make Mr. Penny wince.

It got even triter afterwards. It turned into cheap farce, like the strip cartoons. Estelle, with her hair in curlers, shrewish and railing and Motha nagging. Bickering and bills and disunion and a spotted wrapper and the smell of a certain kind of perfume. Till, finally, the breaking-point—and the note actually pinned to the fat, heart-shaped pincushion. She'd never liked the pincushion. That was why she didn't take it away.

They'd been six years married. He let her get the divorce. He'd paid alimony six years more. Twelve years out of a life. Then she'd married the Henderson chap—and Mr. Penny was able, for the first time, to look around him and get on his feet. But by then he was thirty-two—and it was too late to change certain things.

It was like the Henderson chap to present Estelle with two sickly children, make a good deal of money rather shadily, and die almost bankrupt. It was like Estelle to spend almost her last cent on a trip to Hollywood, at forty-two, under the delusion that she could become a film-star. It was like her to beat her way back, unexpectedly, to Montclair, and immediately get cheated, trying to run a tea-room. And Cyril needing—Lord knew what Cyril needed. An entire new constitution, probably. Mr. Penny had seen pictures of Cyril Henderson—an adenoidal boy with pimples and heavy glasses. The other child was Louella.

She was always having trouble with her teeth.

Estelle had no claim on him. No possible claim. And, once you gave her an inch, she took an ell. She always had.

A wave of bitterness swept over Mr. Penny. Those dead years, from the time Estelle had married Henderson to the time Mr. Penny had discovered music. He could have done something in these years—anything—gone down the Mississippi in a shanty-boat, fallen in love with a snake-charmer, lived, at any rate. But, by then he was too deep in the rut that Estelle and accident had dugged for him. He hadn't so much as conceived of a way to get out.

As soon as he had a purpose, his goal was plain. But even then he had gone about it gingerly, thriftily, soberly. Too blame soberly. But, by then, he wasn't able to do things any other way.

Oh, the business, yes—E. D. Penny and Co. (and he was the Co.). He'd built it up and it worked. But what was it? It wasn't as if he raised wheat or made automobiles. If it went out of existence to-morrow, there would be a minute flicker in a small but highly profitable branch of industry—and not a particularly necessary industry at that. Thinking of this, he smiled.

HE had finished his milk and sandwich. Now he looked at the apple, bit it, tossed it in the waste-basket. Soft and spongy—like Estelle. He rang for Miss Winch.

Penny's face glowed. "Yes" he said into the phone, "Yes, this is Mr. Penny."

When, a week later, in the grey end of afternoon, Mr. Penny once more sat in his green chair at "Madame Frieda's Method," his feelings were curiously mingled. There was regret and exaltation, but the exaltation predominated.

"YOU are insulting," said Hilda, with freezing dignity. "Eustace, does this strange woman wish to look at my ring?" She stretched out her closed hand, and, to Mr. Penny's complete amazement, he saw, upon her wedding finger, a broad band of gold



She came in, notebook in hand. Oh, Lord, she'd been crying. What a day! Would that telephone call from Chicago never come through?

"Dictation, please, Miss Winch," he said. "Mrs. Estelle Henderson, 9234 Circle Road, Montclair, New Jersey. Dear Estelle. I have received your letter, postmarked the thirteenth, and while I am, naturally, sorry to hear of your difficulties, I do not find myself in a position at the moment to—"

His desk-telephone buzzed. "Mr. Eustace Penny—Chicago calling." Mr.

It had been a hard week—but a month from to-day he would be free.

The treatment over, he lingered in the booth a moment. The only thing he would really miss was—his Rhine-maidens. And who would miss him? Miss Winch and the rest would get other jobs—his apartment would be rented to some other Mr. Penny. He could have joined a club once—but you could hear so much music for the price of joining a club. To-night was a night that demanded celebration, but there was simply no one to celebrate it with. Well, he'd have the

dollar-and-a-half dinner, instead of the dollar-and-a-quarter one, and then see if he couldn't get into the Metropolitan. It was "Götterdämmerung" to-night—the Twilight of the Gods.

After six—he must be keeping Hilda waiting—it was nice of her to have stayed, just for his appointment. He felt oddly shy, for a moment, as he

baby?" An idea had begun to stir in Mr. Penny's mind.

She flashed him a look of gratitude.

"Oh, he's much better, Mr. Penny. The doctor thinks he won't have to operate. Isn't that fine?" She sighed and looked at her wrist-watch.

"I hope Linda leave some soup for me, when I get home," she said. "She go out with her friend to-night and Frieda stay at the hospital."

Mr. Penny heard a voice which he did not recognise saying, "Then why don't you stay in town, Hilda, and have dinner with me?"

"Why, Mr. Penny, that's very kind of you, but—"

He stammered over it, looking down at his shoes, for fear he would see her laugh.

"I—I've kept you waiting," he said, "and I just thought—I mean I really am respectable, you can ask people—only to-night there's

had taken any woman out to dinner. He was surprised to find how easy and pleasant it was.

THE restaurant was large, crowded, and efficient—a very cathedral of fruit-salad and old-fashioned chicken pot-pie. But the George Washington Room was relatively calm. Mr. Penny had always meant to go to the George Washington Room, but had never felt sufficiently daring, alone. There were prints on the walls and the special dinner was actually two dollars and a half. Well, he was there now, with Hilda.

Astonishing how rested and witty a woman could make you feel. It had been so very different with Estelle. There was always something that jangled—like a broken music-box. But Hilda—

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. Penny in a startled voice, "Why, I've been talking my head off. It's after eight!"

He suddenly felt a sharp pang of regret. They were so comfortable here. And in a moment Hilda would be on her way to Mount Vernon, and he would be on his to his bleak apartment.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "It's 'Götterdämmerung' at the Metropolitan to-night. If I'd only got tickets! But now it's too late, of course—"

"It has been very pleasant, Mr. Penny," said Hilda formally, drawing on her gloves.

Oh, it was too much. He felt like a child being sent home from a birthday party before the pink cake and its glittering candles have arrived.

"Would you like to go to a moving-picture?" he said desperately. "I believe they have some quite good ones now. Talkies, I think they call them."

Hilda laughed—a slow, friendly, mellow laugh.

"I do not think you like moving-pictures, Mr. Penny," she said in her rich voice.

"I don't," said Mr. Penny, promptly. "But I thought you would. Of course, what I'd like to do—" he said and paused, "would be to go back to my apartment. Oh, I know it's quite impossible. But I have—really it's a very good victrola. Electric. And the new Wagner records are quite fine. It wouldn't be like the Metropolitan. Still—"

"I know it's exceedingly unconventional," he said. "But if you really felt you could trust me—" His eyes begged.

Hilda looked at him—Hilda of the strong arms and hands that could have broken a dozen Mr. Pennys between them.

"Yes, I think I can trust Mr. Penny," her voice said finally.

He thought—or was he mistaken—that there was a tiny flicker of amusement in it. But he did not care.

Mr. Penny felt ready for a dozen heroic explanations or gestures, as the taxi drew up in front of the old-fashioned walk-up where he had lived out so many grey years. But it was all very simple. They merely went in. They didn't even meet anyone on the stairs.

Now he moved about the living-room, switching on lights, fussing with this and that. He felt a little breathless. After all, you (Continued on page 132)



fumbled for his pocket-book—he'd never happened to see her in street clothes before. She looked very well in them, he thought—blonde and straight and peaceful—though not so much like a Rhine-maiden.

"Next Monday morning, Mr. Penny?"

He shook his head slowly. "No, Hilda, I'm not coming back."

Her candid eyes looked grieved. "Why, Mr. Penny. I hope it isn't anything—"

"Of course not, Hilda." How unreal his voice sounded. "I'm just going away on a trip. How's Frieda's

something I'd like to celebrate—oh, very quietly—and I know so few people—and if you would—"

He didn't dare to look at her, even now. But he felt her looking at him. He straightened his back.

"I don't know what Frieda would say," said Hilda doubtfully. "But after all, I'm not Frieda." Her deep eyes took in his complete inoffensiveness, his pathetic embarrassment. "Why, yes, if you wish to be so kind, Mr. Penny," she said.

It was a long time since Mr. Penny

Those Good Old Days—

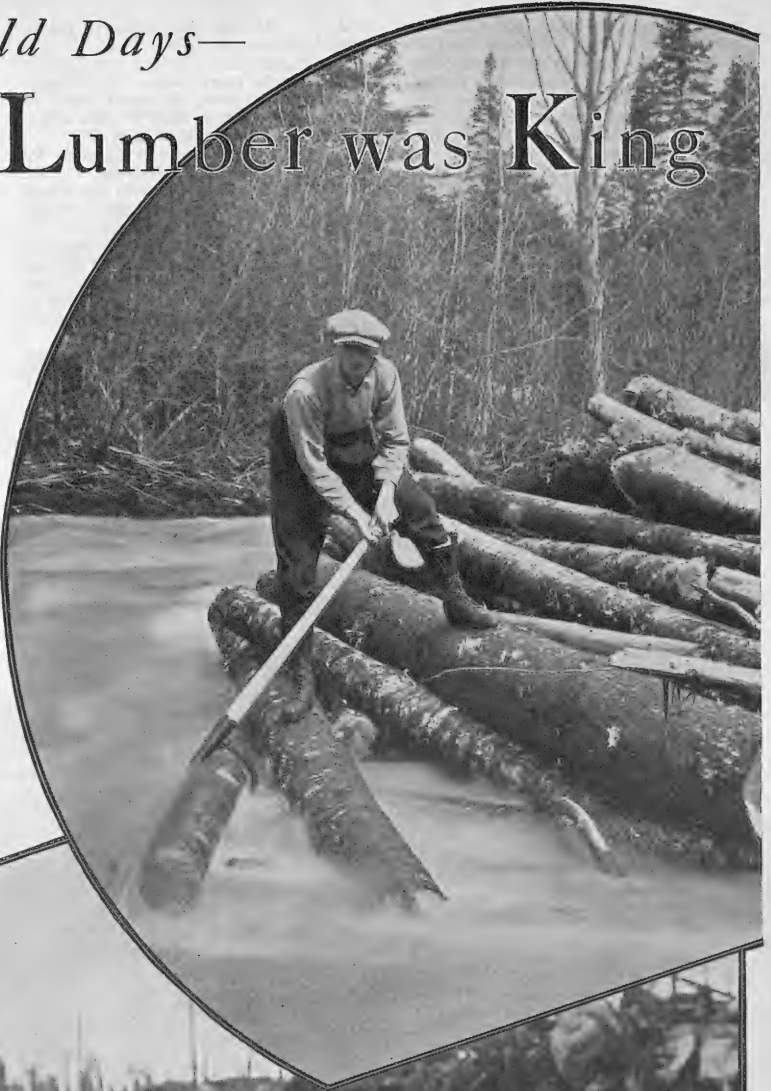
When Lumber was King

IT seems only the other day . . . the broad-bosomed St. Lawrence was covered with vast timber rafts floating down stream to Quebec for export, and everywhere in our land was the pleasant, healthy smell of freshly cut lumber drying in the sun; we were seldom out of hearing of that querulous gamut, up and down, which ran never-endingly, the voice of the labouring but ever-victorious saw; we Canadians were still talking in our airy, enthusiastic way of "inexhaustible" forest resources—good King Lumber ruled this land; and if the food was plain there was plenty of it, and there was good, hard, honest work for everybody.

Alas, the days that are no more! It is twenty years exactly since a drum of squared timber ran the Galop, and the Long Sault and the Lachine—rapids on the St. Lawrence. Canada's timber trade, her glory and pride, is gone, and a phase of life that was most peculiar to Canadian scenery, climate and conditions of living has passed into history.

It was a vivid, vigorous, red-blooded era, at its best from 1840 to '80.

The gangs went into the bush in the fall—garrulous, good-humoured, swarthy *habitants*, many of them showing a dash of Indian blood inherited from earlier days, and gay young farmers, glad to leave home to get winter work for their teams. There



***L**OG drivers working
logs over a cataract
on the St. Maurice
River, Quebec
(Canadian Nat. Railways)*

A LOG driver on the St. Lawrence. Once afloat in the stream, the logs were swept along by the current and had to be watched to prevent any becoming stranded or forming a "jam"

(Canadian National Railways)

SQUARED timber on Ottawa River, with Parliament Hill in the background



CANADA'S Timber trade, her glory and pride, is gone, and a phase of life that was most peculiar to Canadian scenery, climate and conditions of living has passed into history

By James Skelton

of the country, this road was far from level. Around the face of an abrupt hill a "gallery-road"—a terraced road—would be constructed. Or if the descent were too steep for that, "snubbing" would be resorted to; in which case a long rope would be tied to the rear of the sled and passed around a tree at the top of the hill, and paid out as the sled descended. One-horse sleds were used for the short logs and "bobs" for the longer ones. For the longest logs the front bob only would be used, one end of the log resting on this and the other dragging in the snow.

THE head chopper selected a tree, and four choppers—two smiting on either side—brought it low; skilful work, to avoid obstructions the immense trunk had to be felled so it lay "just so." The chips flew widely, the sounds of the axe rang through the woods cheerily.

The scorers lopped the branches from the trunk. The sawyers cut it into logs, up to sixteen feet in length. The sled-tenders skidded these on to the sleigh. One big log was a load for a sleigh, but where they were small as many as three could be taken at a time, all being chained on tightly. Away then to the landing, down the "gallery-road"—height above, precipice below—at a pace to make the hair stand! At the landing the logs were given the owner's trademark, and skidded up on to the roll-way to await the spring.

Dinner was a short meal, brought to the work by the cook and eaten there while seated about the fire. The meal finished . . . a draw of the pipe—everybody was up and at work again, to remain at it until sundown. But at night, appetites whetted keen by the hard work in the open, the men made up for this quite handsomely.

After a hasty wash-up they all drew up to the fire—to the caboose, where

were the huge pots slung from giant cranes.

Lumbermen despised milk and sugar, they demanded their tea strong; and here was a boilerful, black and simmering—each man took a tin pannikin from a stack of these and helped himself to a pint. From a mammoth loaf of bread he cut himself a slice. Here was a broad pan of fried pork swimming in gravy . . . here a cold ham. Every man helped himself to both. Nobody at camp was backward about his victuals.

Supper over, there was fiddle and song and the spinning of yarns and the mending of socks. But at an early hour everyone was willing to roll in for the night. As someone has truly remarked: "Shanty-men are healthy, and they should be millionaires and philosophers, for they are certainly 'early to bed and early to rise'." Called by the foreman before daylight, after a hasty breakfast the teamsters hitched their horses in the cold light of the winter's dawn, and the gang once again began the routine of work in the woods.

TOWARDS the end of March, just before the roads broke up, the teamsters left camp and returned to their homes. About the middle of April, when the ice had gone out and the lakes and streams were full of water, began the "drive"—the exciting and dangerous work of getting the logs into the rivers and guiding them down stream to the saw-mills and to market.

Once afloat in the stream, the logs were swept along by the current. Because of curves in the channel and owing to the many eddies and rapids which exist, the logs had to be carefully watched, to prevent any becoming stranded. This was the work of the river-drivers—men armed with pike-poles and pieves—who followed them along (Continued on page 129)

would be twenty—there might be eighty—to a gang.

The shanty was built in a day; low-pitched and snug, of logs dovetailed together at the corners and chinked with moss and hay. There might be windows and there might not. The roof was of logs split in halves and hollowed out—"scoops"—placed concave and convex alternately. The floor was of hewn logs; and the hearth—the "caboose"—built up of earth and stones, stood in the middle of it. Directly above the caboose was a hole in the roof fenced around with logs, which served as chimney.

On three sides of the interior were the bunks where the men slept, one above the other, their feet to the central fire. In the night-time lying there, they could look up through the chimney and count stars. It would be very cold outside, but in the shanty it was warm and comfortable; there was no lack of fuel.

The log shanty and the stables completed, the first work of the gang was the construction of the roll-way at the landing, on the bank of a near-by stream. All obstructions were carefully cleared away from this; so that in the spring when the bottom log was started it and the whole pile of logs above it would go down with a rush into the water.

From the roll-way the road-maker extended his road into the near-by bush, extending it as operations penetrated further into the forest.

Frequently, owing to the configuration



Queer Tales of Long Ago:

Collected, Painted and Described by F. MATANIA, R.I.

No. 17. Repainting History: The Scourge of God as an Artist's Model.

ATTILA the Hun—that demonic conqueror of the West whose hordes overran the eastern plains like a plague of locusts—would scarcely be subject to the charge of artistic interest and vanity. The savage leader of a savage race, whose joy was in war, in meat (cooked by placing it raw between their saddles and their horses), and in lust, the delicate things of life made little or no appeal to him—so one would have thought.

Yet, so overwhelming is the vanity engendered by success, that when Attila rode to Byzantium to fetch thence the Princess Honoria (who, despite all the objections and anathemas of the Court of the Eastern Empire, had offered herself to the enemy of her country, her race, and her faith), after he had passed over Hungary, leaving in his wake, as was his wont, a trail of death and destruction, he successively scourged Friuli and Lombardy. Seizing Milan, and reducing its citizens to slavery, he found in that city of many treasures a painting representing the Roman Emperors of East and West—Theodosius II and Valentinian III accepting tribute from the wild Euxine tribe of the Scythians.

Offended by this picture as by a personal affront, Attila summoned a painter to erase the painted emperors from their thrones and paint in a likeness of himself with the quondam rulers *orbis*

terrarum on their knees at his feet. An artist myself, I sympathise very deeply with this fellow-craftsman of antiquity! With such for model, my own hand would have been far from steady!



THE POSE OF THE HUN: Attila causes the portraits of the Lords of the Earth, Valentinian III and Theodosius II, to be degraded into his vassals by an artist while his own image is painted in their once exalted place.

Matania



A little-known facet of the mentality of Leonardo da Vinci illustrated

He gutted a sheep, cleaned the intestines, and blew them up with a giant pair of bellows, to the amazement of his friends



HE decorated a lizard of rare species with the same consummate artistry that went to the creation of his every work of art

THE creator of the first flying-machine, the great mathematician, the creator of *La Gioconda*, the sage of the Renaissance had, despite the severity perceptible in all his work, an impish humour and a no less impish wit.

On one occasion, he gutted a sheep and cleaned the intestines; he passed them through a partition between two rooms, in one of which lay the major portion of the digestive tubes, while in the other was rigged up a gigantic bellows. Leonardo pumped air into the intestines, causing them to swell (Continued on page 92.)



Young Girls Formed the Quarry of Hunts for

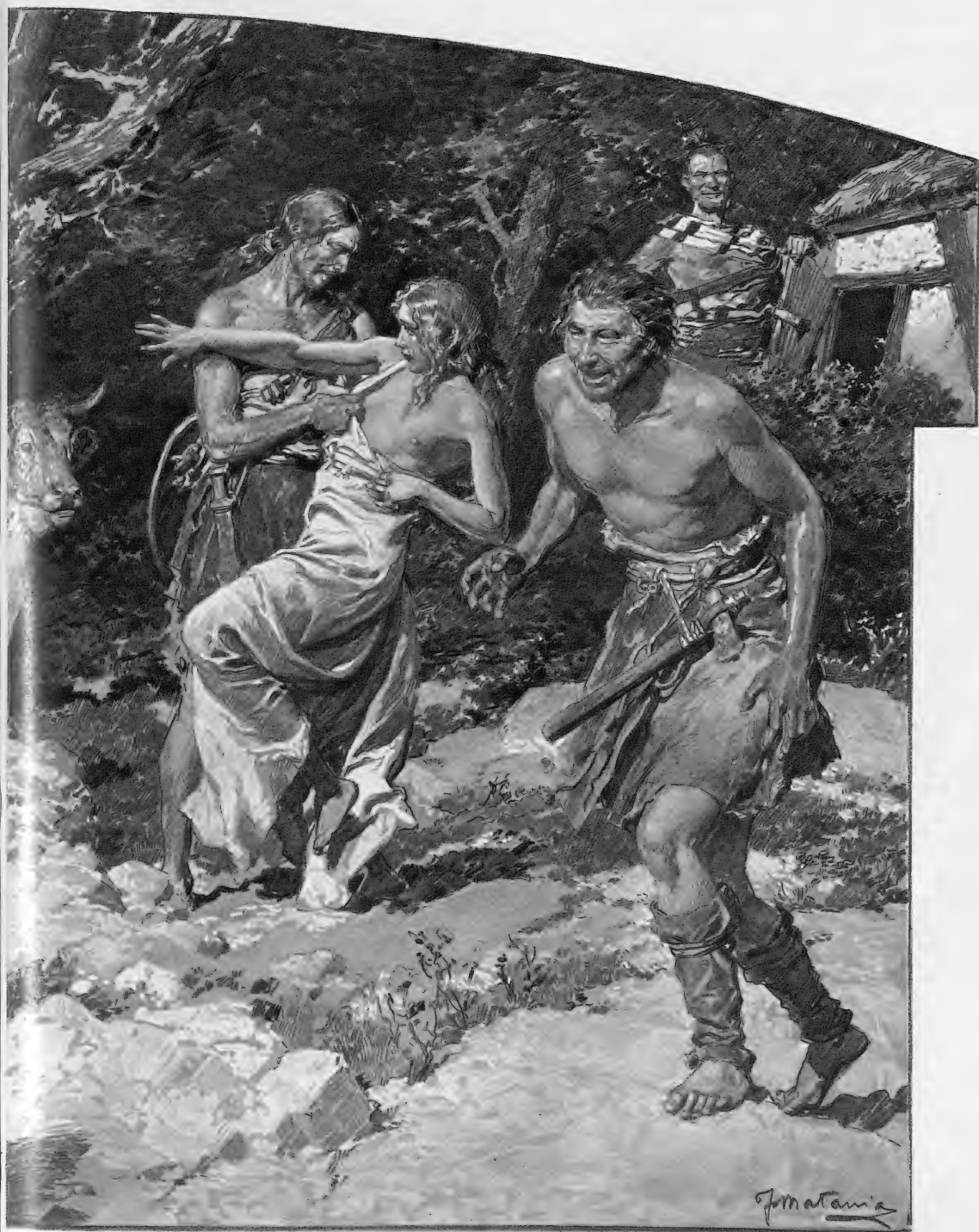
IT is something of a moot point among ethnologists whether the eating of human flesh is a symptom of primitive life or of decadence: whether, in fact,

such practices are indicative of lack of civilisation or of super-civilisation.

Until it took fire from the torch of Christendom, Ireland, largely by reason

of its geographical situation, was cut off from the influences of the high culture of the Mediterranean basin. Isolated and remote, the original inhabitants of

No. 19. The Cannibals of Caledonia



the Table-Delicacies of the Irish Invaders of Scotland

the Hibernian island pushed eastward in their fragile coracles and settled in the west coast of Scotland, to which land they gave its present name.

To this Celtic colony came that saint, Augustinian in character before his conversion at the hands of St. Hilary, Girolamo. He had travelled, preaching

and missionising, all over Europe and much of Asia before arriving at the ultimate portion of *Ultima Thule*. His records of his (Continued on page 92.)

Continuing a New Series of the Romance of Great Enterprises, and the Men behind them

TWO men paced the heaving deck of an Atlantic liner beneath grey October skies, and talked of ships and shoes and sealing-wax, and cabbages—and kings.

The ship was the "Aquitania," the year was 1926, and the two men were the late Lord Melchett and Sir Harry McGowan. A great vision grew gradually before them as they talked, took shape, and formed itself into actuality. Yet there was nothing in the appearance of the two men, as they tramped through the spray side by side, to distinguish them from the many other rich men on board the liner.

Lord Melchett appeared on the passenger list as the "Sir Alfred Mond" that he then was. A smile—a shrewd and humane smile—played constantly across his dominantly Semitic features. There was no trace of his native Lancashire in his voice; it was harsh, but persuasive.

There was, on the other hand, every trace of his native Glasgow in the voice of Sir Harry McGowan, a powerfully-built Scotsman in his early fifties, and Sir Alfred's junior by half-a-dozen years.

These two men occupied key positions in British Industry, for both controlled companies manufacturing commodities which were, between them, essentials to every other form of trade and manufacturing activity: *soda ash and explosives.*

Soda ash enters into the manufacture of nearly every product, from face powders to fertilisers. As for explosives, coal may be ranked as a basic industry, but how much coal could be won from the earth without blasting powder?

Before the "Aquitania" had ceased to pound her way through the equinoctial Atlantic storms, these two men had talked each other to a point where further talk was purposeless: action was what they wanted.

Action came less than six weeks later in the form of one of the greatest mergers in British industrial history, a company with an authorised share capital of £65,000,000 and the title of "Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited."

TO-DAY that company has so enlarged itself that it has a paid-up capital of over £77,000,000; an organisation of predominating influence in world markets; and a range of products that touch the man-in-the-street at nearly every point in his daily life.

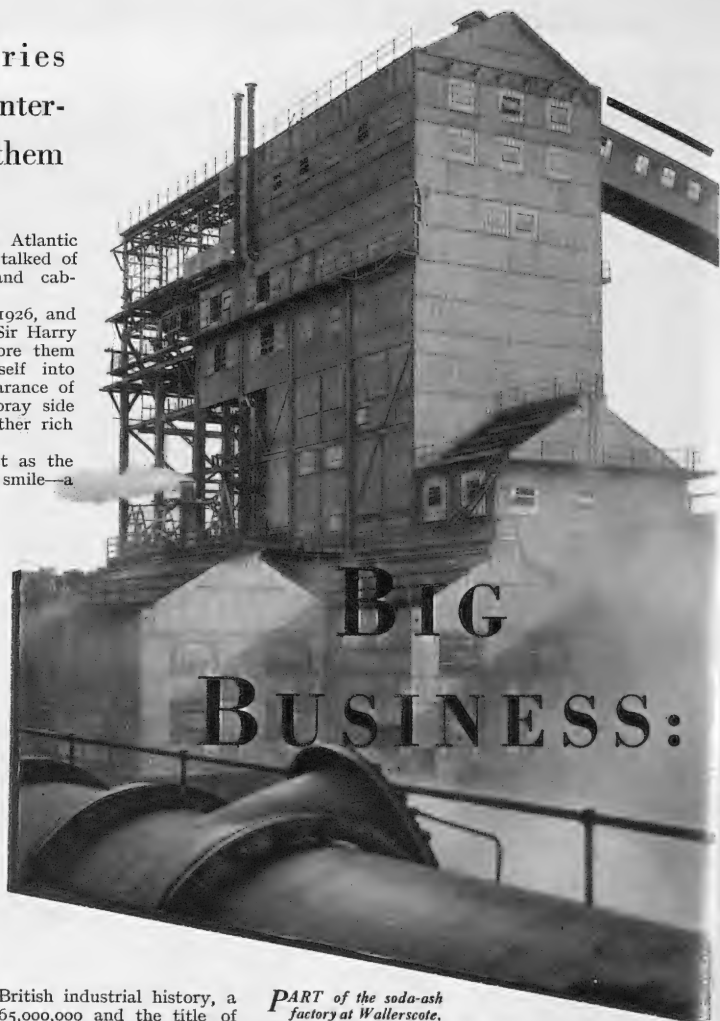
Not that the man—or woman—realises this: for Imperial Chemicals are not sold across the counter in pennyworths. They are sold—usually across the world—in vast bulk; and there is scarcely an industry, from rubber to glass and from soap to farming, that is not a customer of the company brought into being by the meeting of Sir Alfred Mond and Sir Harry McGowan on that liner six years ago.

Though Sir Alfred's father had long before laid the seeds of the merger by founding the firm of Brunner Mond and Co., in 1872, to manufacture soda ash by the Solvay process, it was Sir Harry who had, perhaps, the greater practical experience of industrial mergers.

He it was who had, during the war years, had amalgamated the explosive manufacturers of the country into Nobel Industries, Ltd. These two great companies—Brunners and Nobel's—were the platform around which Imperial Chemical Industries was built, though they speedily attached to themselves the United Alkali Company and the British Dyestuffs Corporation.

The last was an essential to any great chemical combine, because the manufacture of synthetic dyes provides the great field of research in organic chemistry. It is the field where discoveries are made.

On the other hand, the pro-



BIG BUSINESS:

PART of the soda-ash factory at Wallerscote, showing a view of kiln installation from kiln pipe bridge



IMPERIAL Chemicals House, Milbank, S.W., showing south-east aspect and main front

No. 5.

Imperial Chemical Industries—"Unlimited"!

By
Gordon Beckles

Below:
SECTION of a routine
laboratory at Ardeen

tion brought many advantages such as economy of operation, interchange of both technical and commercial knowledge. It also resulted in the building of the wonderful new central headquarters of the main administrative staff on the Embankment at Lambeth. Imperial Chemical House is fittingly situated in the very heart of the Empire, in the commercial life of which it is such a powerful influence. On the banks of the Thames, close to Whitehall and the Mother of Parliaments, a splendid white building has just risen out of the Pimlico slums.

Under the control of the men in this building are no fewer than twenty-four separate companies selling or manufacturing the products of over a hundred factories. It is these men who direct the export of these manifold products—chemicals indispensable to industry, fertilizers indispensable to agriculture, dyestuffs, ammunition, both military and sporting, paints and varnishes, leather cloth, the ubiquitous lightning zip-fasteners, motor-cycles, out-board motor boats, plastics, and soon probably oil from coal.

Of the various
commo-

SIR HARRY McGOWAN,
President and Chairman of
Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.

tection afforded by the combine was most welcome to an industry which, even with a measure of protection from Government, found it difficult to maintain itself, let alone develop, in face of the competition from its much older and more firmly entrenched German rival.

The formation of the company was, indeed, a great event in the economic history of the British Empire.

A world-wide organisation had come into being with thousands of employees working towards a common end. Unifica-

dities produced by this all-embracing concern, chemicals, of course, come first and foremost.

The company controls a large number of factories in various parts of the country for the manufacture of basic chemical products. These are the less picturesque but staple part of the business.

A selling organisation has been created which not only keeps customers promptly supplied with all

(Continued on page 126)

A PORTION of the immense factory where the zip-fasteners are made. The machines seen here form and attach the metal teeth to the tape





Heal and Sons

HERE is a bed-sitting-room furnished in weathered chestnut, wherein each piece is designed to fulfil several purposes and does so with restraint and dignity. The furniture shown can be had for, approximately, £31

Comfort *in* Miniature

THESE are some ways in which the largest measure of comfort can be extracted from the smallest furniture

By Winifred Lewis

SO much has been said and written in the matter of how much can be got into a small space that one might be suspected of monotony in re-hashing the subject were it not for the fact that so many homes, apparent masterpieces of ingenious concentration, have proved to be a mere delusion in the vital matter of *comfort*. Too many of us, committed by choice or circumstances to a toy residence, succumb to the delusion that large people can live with small furniture. Only the other day a gossip writer, not unknown for girth among other things, said, in expressing his ideal of the small flat: "... Everything would be carefully thought out, the chairs would be comfortable, which is rare, and the lights in the right place ..." all of which seems to support my theory that only the long-legged and those possessed of an immoderate circumference know the tortures of the bed that is too short and the chair into which one fits with embarrassing exactitude.

How not to sacrifice comfort to size in the small home is a subject well worth the studying. Elimination has much to do with comfort in small quarters, moreover, it is possible to add to the comfort by suggestion. Spaciousness—or an appearance of such—can be given to a

small apartment by discreet choice of colour and background, while the distribution of furniture has everything to do with the restfulness or otherwise of the room.

The value of a one-colour scheme has been tried and proved as a means of increasing the apparent size of a room, while the scheme can be rescued from monotony by the use of varying tones of the same colour, as in a bedroom I know of which rejoices in all the shades of violet from palest parma to the deeper colour of the wood flower.

The walls are pale, shading almost to white at the ceiling, and the woodwork of the deeper violet. Bed cover and curtains are again of parma violet, with the carpet in deeper tone and the day cushions every shade of the same colour. A very small touch, but one of importance in this room, is the bowl of flowers, vivid in contrast, on the window-ledge to which the eye is immediately attracted and thus to the green vista of the garden beyond. Adaptations of

this scheme in almost any colour could be used with equal success, if properly suited to the aspect and the dimensions of the room in question.

TO have mastered the secret of exploiting window space is to add a very great deal to the possibilities and to the general comfort of the small apartment. Square and round bay windows are the most simple to adapt, of course, but even the flat sash window or the small lattice type have possibilities, as an illustration on page 68 shows. It is important that curtains should be simple in design, planned to admit every ray of available light and to merge, neatly and inconspicuously, into the general scheme. Ambitious window treatments are not for small rooms.

Into the space between the bottom of the window-frame and the floor of a square bay, book-shelves and even drawers can be easily and inexpensively built. A jobbing carpenter will make these adjustments for a trifling outlay, while

THIS adaptable weathered oak dining-table is photographed showing the folding top, which extends to 2 ft. 6 in. wide. Underneath, shelves are conveniently fitted for books or china and glass. Price £4 10s. from Wolfo and Hollander, Limited



Helen Macgregor

it is a matter of personal choice as to whether the shelves should be painted to match the general scheme and attractively arranged with books and pottery or, with a view to purely practical purposes, concealed with a curtain. The window bench is another means of providing more seating accommodation without fresh

danger for the toes of the unwary. This also is a method which has its decorative features if handled with care and a certain restraint.

Unit furniture, of which we see so much just now, has its particular advantages in the small room, adapting itself as it does to the smallest corners with good-humoured grace. Corner book-cases are made in units with cupboards attached, and solve many problems of accommodation leaving space as well for furniture of more generous proportions. Luxurious easy chairs, even if few in number, are infinitely preferable to lesser ones in greater numbers, for it is unlikely, after all, that the small room will be called upon, except on rare occasions, to accommodate more than a few people, at which times emergency measures should be adopted.

Occasional chairs and tables are the curse of small rooms and should be ruthlessly eliminated. If the sitting-room is the dining-room as well, dining-chairs that fold away are an inspiration worth considering, and the dining-table which can be removed to one side after meals, where it occupies the minimum of space with the maximum of usefulness, is quite indispensable.

In this manner space is left after meal-times to move with perfect ease, free from the irritating necessity of negotiating tables and chairs at every turn. When extra seating accommodation is required for a large gathering one can do worse than bring the humble deck-chair into commission. With woodwork painted to match the general scheme and the original fabric replaced with a coloured repp or canvas, these familiar chairs become the rich relations of the garden variety, and have the inestimable advantage of folding away into a cupboard when not in use.

Generally speaking, the conventional high-back settee is unsuited to the small sitting-room, and a divan occupies less space, though either would be far better omitted than left, in the name of comfort, to crowd the room and to deprive it of the very restfulness it is there to provide.



A WALL BUREAU designed to occupy the smallest space is certain to meet with approval in a small room. This one, in weathered oak, costs 52/6 from Wm. Spriggs

Right:

DIM blue is the colouring of this graceful decanter and glasses, specially chosen for the beauty of their appearance with weathered oak. Decanter 24/6, hock glasses 3/9 each, and liqueur glasses 2/7½. From Lawleys

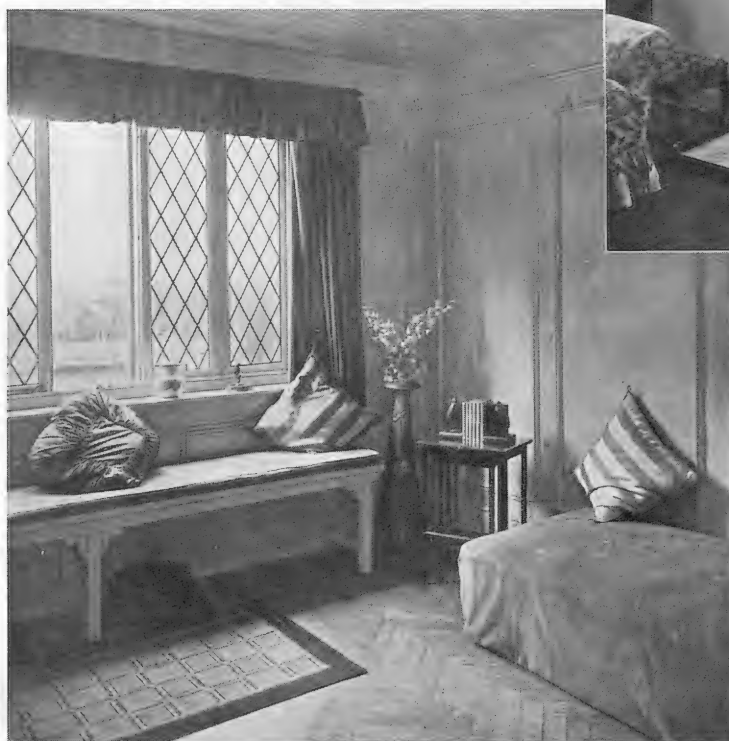




***GAIETY** is the special feature of this pottery tea set, which might be chosen to supply the design necessity omitted elsewhere in very small rooms*

Below :

***HOW** window space, even the smallest, can be utilised with advantages both of comfort and appearance is shown in this photograph, where a simple window seat is seen*



Comfort in

WHEN planning furniture for the very small house or flat one would be well advised in almost every case to avoid period furnishing. In most cases its proportions are out of place in restricted quarters, and demand a setting properly suited to the dignity of its character. Moreover, the accommodation provided by this type of furniture is hardly ever sufficient for one's needs in the small home where cupboard and drawer space is at a premium. On the face of it, a massive period sideboard may appear to have advantages of accommodation, but unless it is of precisely the right kind one is as far as ever from a perfect solution. Modern furniture of the



***THE** small fireplace which is a decorative asset to a room as well as a vital comfort is rare, though the one photographed is a notable exception and worthy to be remembered. By Bratt Colbran*

more restrained type is unquestionably best suited to the small home. The admirable economy of its design is an obvious advantage no less than the ingenious devices of cupboard and shelf room it provides. It would be hard to improve upon some of the pieces illustrated on these pages, all of which combine features of striking utility with the comfort of furniture specially designed for small rooms.

A dining-table, as illustrated on page 67, which is solidly constructed and adequate in every way as such, must add enormously to the comfort and appearance of the dining-room lounge when its possibilities include that of a useful and accommodating side table as well.

Miniature: *continued*

And surely a dressing-table as small yet as ingeniously planned as the one illustrated on this page is a great asset in the small bedroom? In the angle at each side of the mirror lights are concealed and softly illuminate the glass as well as the small shelves where creams and other toilet necessities can be conveniently housed. In addition to three table drawers there is a useful shelf immediately beneath them, and a space for shoes below. The proportions of the dressing-table as a whole are so small that it is quite a miracle to have achieved so much accommodation at the same time. Indeed, the same can be said of the remaining pieces which complete this lined oak bedroom suite.

Even those not committed to a bed-sitting-home must be interested in the admirable planning of the room shown on page 66. Most bedrooms are so oppressively conscious of the fact that they *are* bedrooms that one would hardly ever dream of using them as anything else but such. At the same time, what a happy solution the bed-sitting-room is in the very small house where a common sitting-room is almost invariably the rule and possibilities of a personal sanctum strictly confined.

THE room illustrated on page 66 has, of course, been designed to fulfil the purpose of living-room and bedroom, but there are features easily adaptable to other rooms. The wall secretaire is one of them and would occupy the smallest space, projecting only five inches when closed. It is fitted with electric light, pigeon-holes and a partitioned cupboard and is, in fact, a perfectly



ECONOMY of space with ample accommodation is achieved in this dressing-table, which accompanies a compact lined oak suite. Lights are concealed in the angles at each side of the mirror, and there is a compartment for shoes as well as a shelf and three table drawers. In lined oak, price £6 13s. 6d.

Left:

MADE to match the table photographed on page 67, this weathered oak bureau bookcase measures 3 ft. 6 in. wide, and is fitted with ten shelves as well as a flap front and interior pigeon-holes. Price £3 19s. 6d. from Wolfe and Hollander, Ltd.

adequate receptacle for all the paraphernalia of one's personal correspondence. The book-case to the right of it has two deep shelves, and a cupboard underneath which could be used for shoes, and measures 2 ft. 9 in. long.

A general view of this room suggests that one could live there in perfect comfort free from the irritating restriction of the bed-sitting-room as it is generally known. The box-spring mattress on feet is a comfortable bed and an attractive lounge by day, while the sideboard has ample cupboard space as well as shelves which, though designed for books, are perfectly adequate to hold china if necessary.

On the whole there is a lesson in planning to be learned from this room. Very little design is there to disturb the general utility of the ensemble, though monotony is defeated by the gay colouring of the walls, the carpet and the few carefully chosen pieces of pottery, which set a final seal upon a scheme of comfort in miniature!



THE PAGEANT OF THE SEASON AND



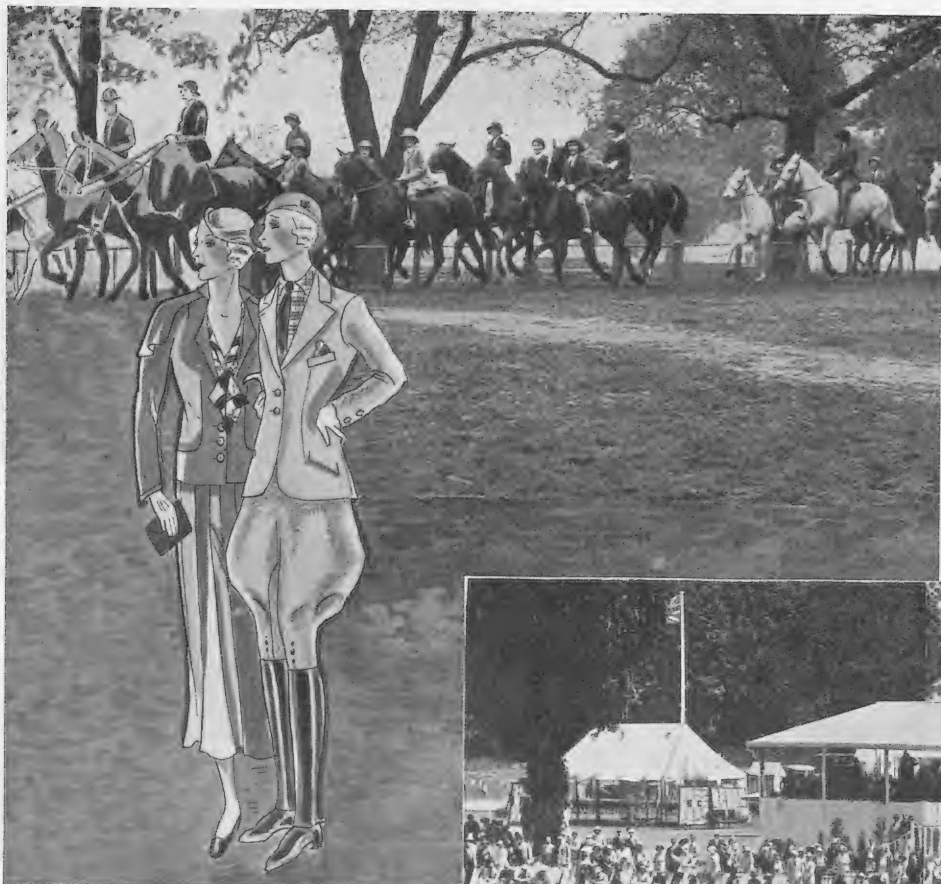
Ranelagh and Cowes

THE left-hand figure in the picture above is wearing a well-cut dress from Marshall and Snelgrove which is made of flame coloured crêpe de Chine, but can also be obtained in other colours. Next to it is seen an attractive coat and skirt from Woollands of navy blue and white spot crêpe de Chine which has a pointed scarlet hip yoke and long scarf. The white blouse is fastened with five cut-glass buttons.

THE seated figure on the yacht has on a smart suit from Lilleywhite. This consists of a skirt of white herringbone linen, a white high-necked jumper and a coat of navy blue jersey. The white linen hat is made to match the skirt. The standing figure is wearing a red jersey suit from Richard Sands which has long fitted cuffs, is fastened with round metal buttons and has a gay red and white striped scarf.



THE FASHIONS WHICH ACCOMPANY IT



The Row and The River

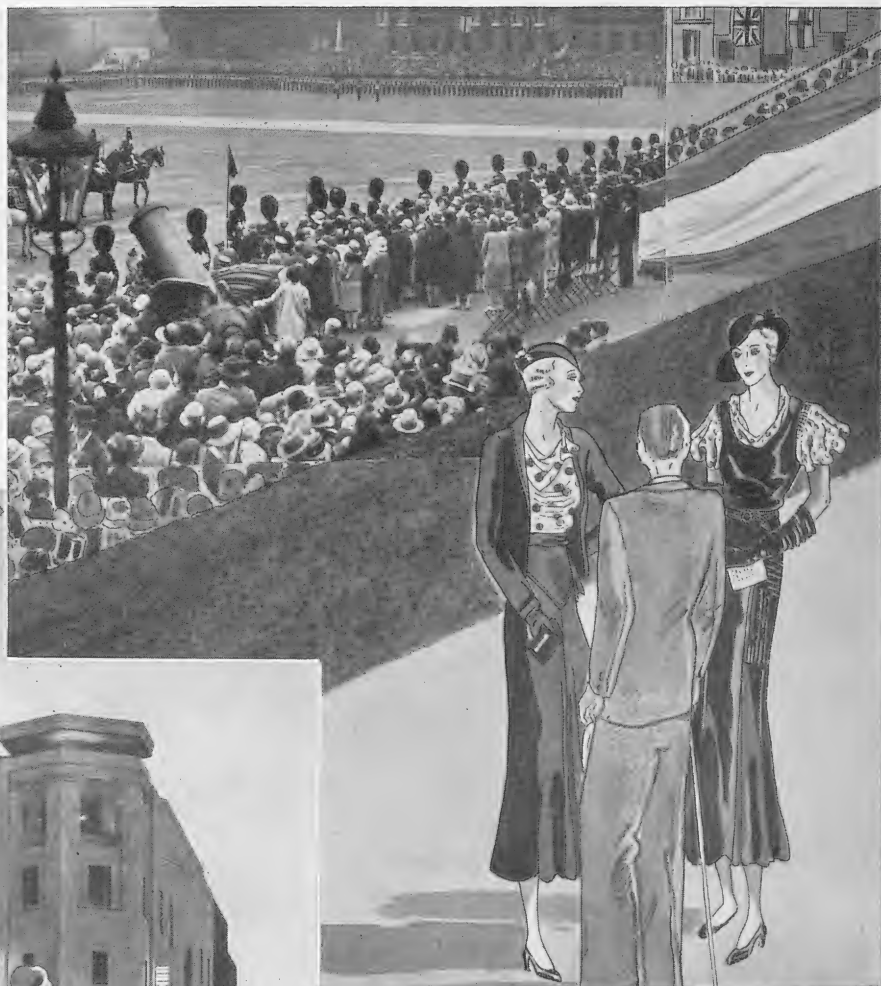
FOR those who like to walk in the park there is a smart costume from Vanité made of a light-weight scarlet woollen material which has a scarf of red, grey, black and white crêpe de Chine. The coat has flared shoulder capes and is fastened in front with three buttons. For those who prefer to ride, nothing could be smarter than a well-cut costume from Kenneth Durward.

THE seated figure in the punt is wearing a crêpe de Chine dress from Gorringe which is accompanied by an amusing little half-jacket. The dress is of black and white spot crêpe de Chine and the coatee is of red and white. The standing figure is wearing a coat and skirt from Richard Sands made of white shantung which has a broad scarf of red and white patterned crêpe de Chine.



SOME SMART CLOTHES SEEN AGAINST

BELOW are sketched two enchanting costumes for summer evening wear. The left-hand figure is wearing a pale rose coloured satin gown and a cape to match edged with ostrich feathers from Marshall and Snelgrove. The right-hand figure is wearing a gown of white satin from Corot which has no trimming other than a cape of the material embroidered with crystal beads in an openwork design.



The London Season by Day and by Night

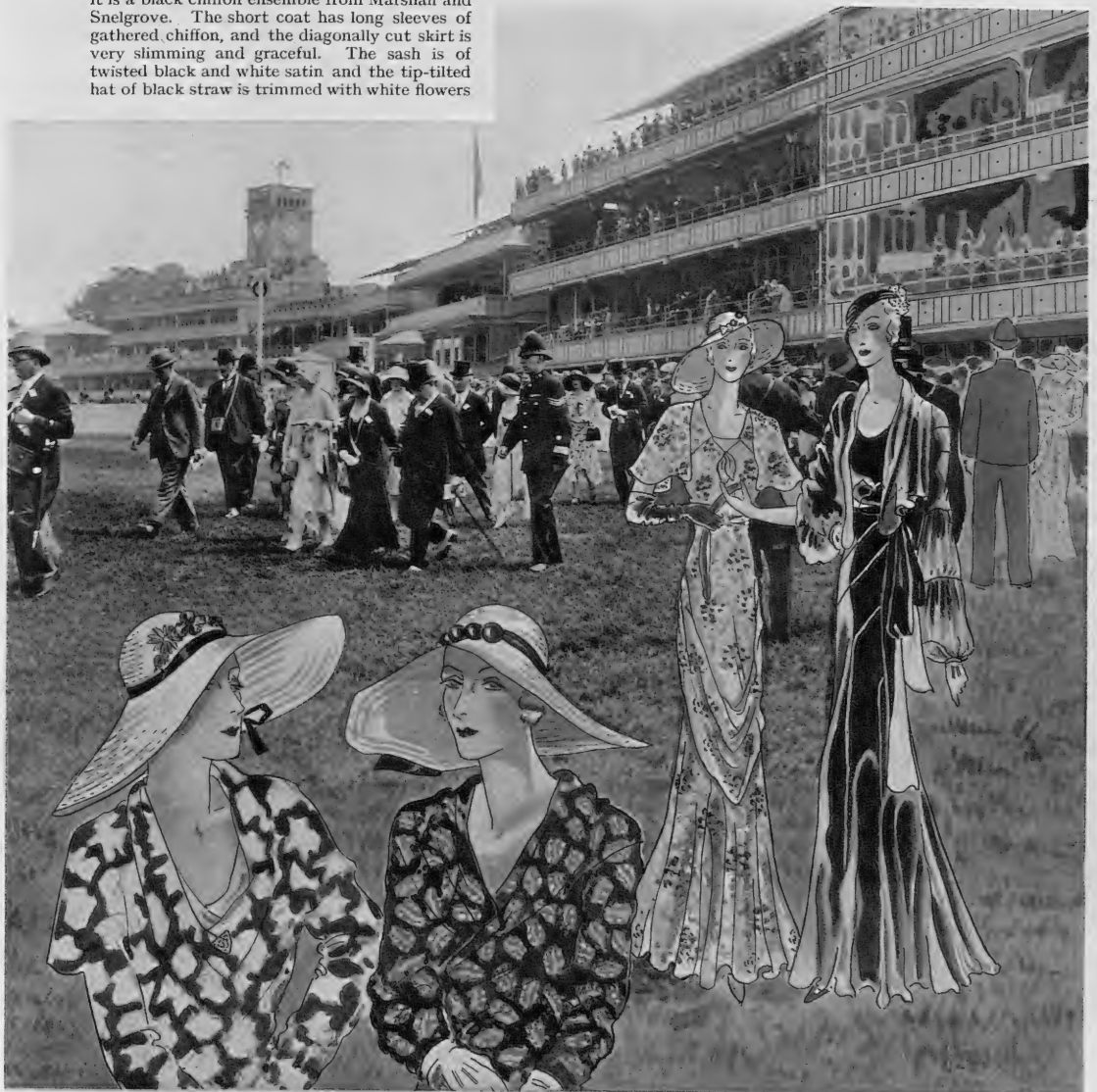
ABOVE are seen two smart young women watching a parade at the Horse Guards. The right-hand figure is wearing a charming dress from Goringe which consists of a black satin slip and a blouse of printed crêpe de Chine with puff sleeves and a draped neck line. The other figure is wearing a smart three-piece costume from Woollands. This is made of black marocain and has a well-cut skirt mounted on a pointed yoke. The accompanying blouse is of black and yellow spotted crêpe de Chine.



THE BACKGROUNDS THEY WILL GRACE

NEVER have the fashions been more propitious to the woman who wants to choose her Ascot gown than they are at present. The vogue for flowered and spotted chiffons, crêpe-de-Chines and organdies, the full sleeves, the short coats, the fluttering capes and picture hats of the moment, are enough to make even a woman who does not care for racing decide to go to Ascot, where her exquisite toilette may be seen to its best advantage and duly admired. Sketched below on the left is a wide-brimmed hat of leghorn from Debenhams which is trimmed with a spray of flowers lacquered in brilliant colours and tied with a black ribbon. Beside it is a picture hat from Harvey Nichols around which is tied a green velvet ribbon and a spray of shiny green cherries. The flowered crêpe-de-Chine gown from Corot is cut on unusual lines and has a draped apron effect and short shoulder capes instead of sleeves. Beside it is a black chiffon ensemble from Marshall and Snelgrove. The short coat has long sleeves of gathered chiffon, and the diagonally cut skirt is very slimming and graceful. The sash is of twisted black and white satin and the tip-tilted hat of black straw is trimmed with white flowers

The green lawns of Ascot make a perfect background for the patterned crêpe-de-Chines and Chiffons of this year's gowns



Open Letters to the "Would-be's"

Continuing a Series in which aspiring
Managers, Backers, Authors, and other
Hopefuls are offered a Guide
to Knowledge of the Stage

nothing can be done—live in Rowton House. The Americans do not call on me. They stay at the Ritz. I am supposed to call on them. I don't.

When George Gershwin comes here, he mixes with the lordly and the great. Parties are staged in his honour in the most costly mansions near Park Lane.

When Jerome Kern grew tired of his library of first editions, a few years ago, because he could not stay in New York guarding them and travel on his yacht around the coast of Florida at the same time, my friend, Mitchell Kennerley, sold the collection for £345,892!

Owen D. Young, inventor of the Young Plan, was there to buy. Rosenbach, the great collector, bid valiantly.

Even the catalogue, specially compiled, is a prized possession.

Irving Berlin, wealthy enough to call himself

DEAR JINGLE,
Yes, of course you write songs. I know you do. So does the man next door. So does everybody.

What you mean by it, I know, is that you scribble a lot of silly words, thinking that because "dove" rhymes with "love" and "heavens above" that means the whole earth, and that you will soon be able to ride in a Rolls-Royce.

The way before you is easy. All you have to do is to answer one of those advertisements which say, "Lyrics wanted," send in your so-called lyrics—"heart," "part," and "Cupid's dart," you know, and "hold you" and "enfold you"—and then there will come back a most polite and encouraging message asking you for 15 guineas. You pawn your watch, and you add to it some of your dole, and then the publisher buys another motor-car. You have paid not only for your song, but his wife's diamonds.

For months now, my letter bag has been full of letters from such people as you. They have come from miners, from unemployed clerks, and from people in the very humblest walks of life, nearly all of whom have sent in 15 guineas in order to have their songs published, only to discover that the Rolls-Royce still stood outside the publisher's front door and not their own.

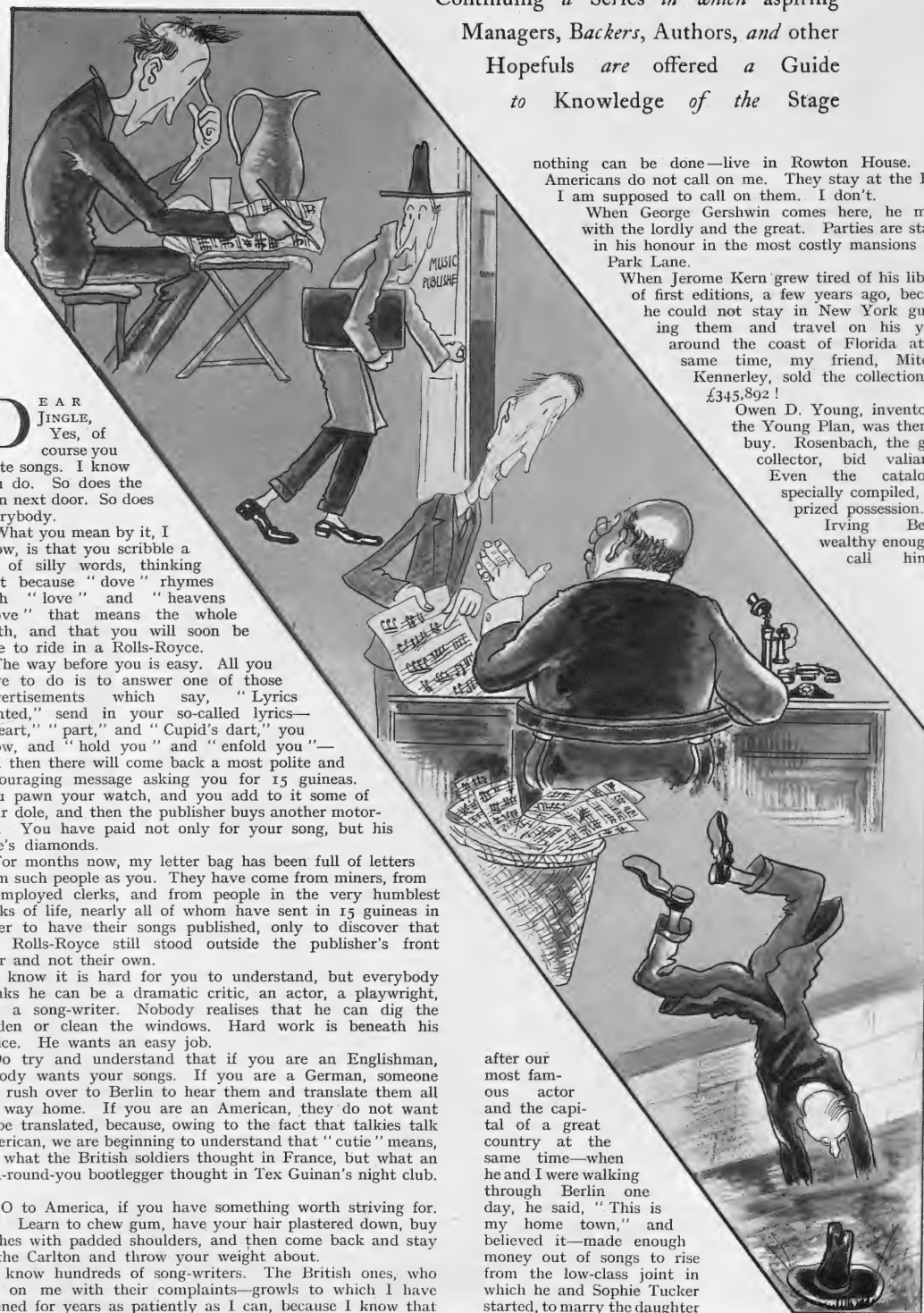
I know it is hard for you to understand, but everybody thinks he can be a dramatic critic, an actor, a playwright, and a song-writer. Nobody realises that he can dig the garden or clean the windows. Hard work is beneath his notice. He wants an easy job.

Do try and understand that if you are an Englishman, nobody wants your songs. If you are a German, someone will rush over to Berlin to hear them and translate them all the way home. If you are an American, they do not want to be translated, because, owing to the fact that talkies talk American, we are beginning to understand that "cutie" means, not what the British soldiers thought in France, but what an arm-round-you bootlegger thought in Tex Guinan's night club.

GO to America, if you have something worth striving for. Learn to chew gum, have your hair plastered down, buy clothes with padded shoulders, and then come back and stay at the Carlton and throw your weight about.

I know hundreds of song-writers. The British ones, who call on me with their complaints—growls to which I have listened for years as patiently as I can, because I know that

after our most famous actor and the capital of a great country at the same time—when he and I were walking through Berlin one day, he said, "This is my home town," and believed it—made enough money out of songs to rise from the low-class joint in which he and Sophie Tucker started, to marry the daughter



of the Theatre: No. 6.—The Song-Writer

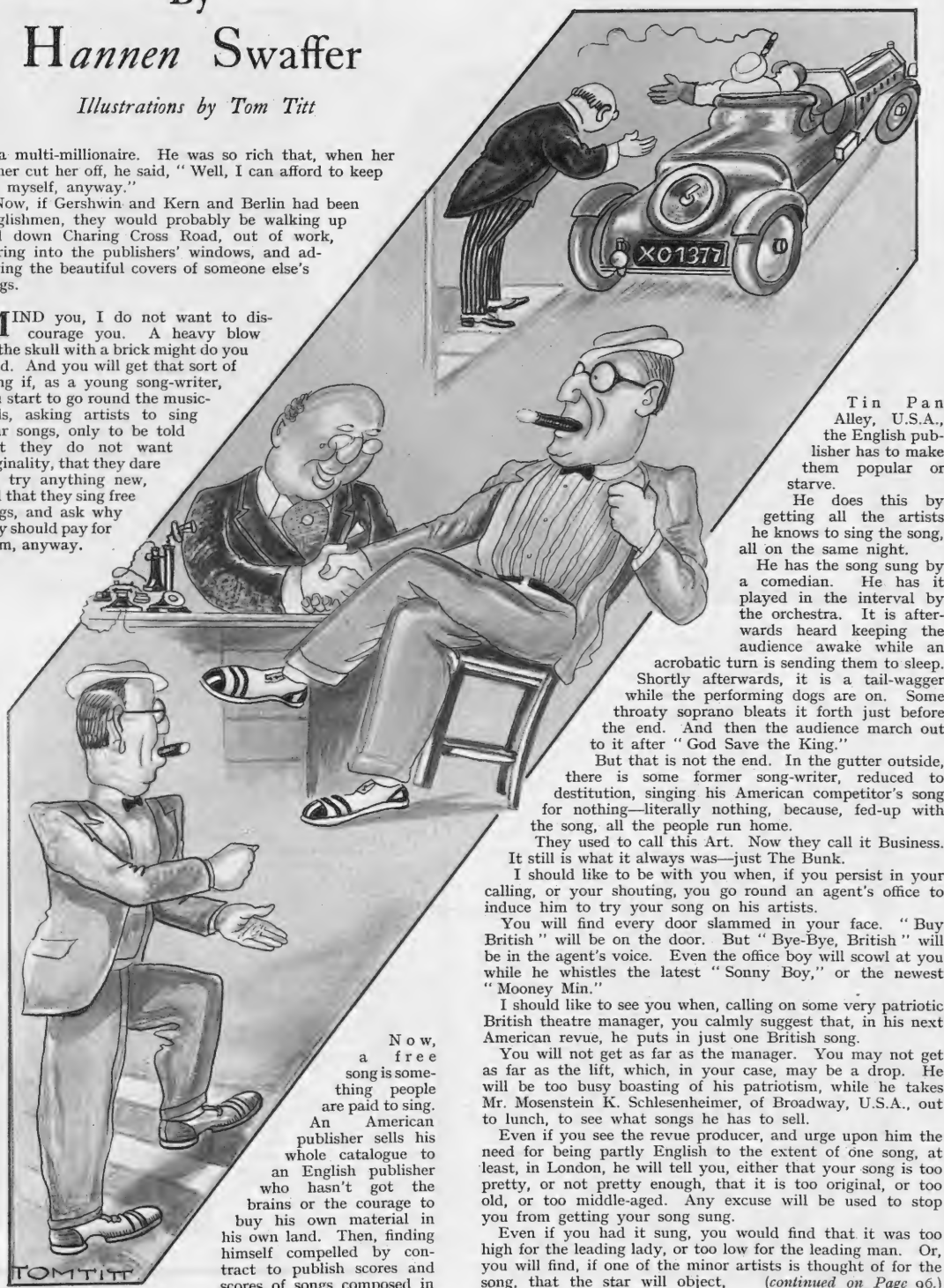
By
Hannen Swaffer

Illustrations by Tom Titt

of a multi-millionaire. He was so rich that, when her father cut her off, he said, "Well, I can afford to keep her myself, anyway."

Now, if Gershwin and Kern and Berlin had been Englishmen, they would probably be walking up and down Charing Cross Road, out of work, staring into the publishers' windows, and admiring the beautiful covers of someone else's songs.

MIND you, I do not want to discourage you. A heavy blow on the skull with a brick might do you good. And you will get that sort of thing if, as a young song-writer, you start to go round the music-halls, asking artists to sing your songs, only to be told that they do not want originality, that they dare not try anything new, and that they sing free songs, and ask why they should pay for them, anyway.



Tin Pan Alley, U.S.A., the English publisher has to make them popular or starve.

He does this by getting all the artists he knows to sing the song, all on the same night.

He has the song sung by a comedian. He has it played in the interval by the orchestra. It is afterwards heard keeping the audience awake while an

acrobatic turn is sending them to sleep. Shortly afterwards, it is a tail-wagger while the performing dogs are on. Some throaty soprano bleats it forth just before the end. And then the audience march out to it after "God Save the King."

But that is not the end. In the gutter outside, there is some former song-writer, reduced to destitution, singing his American competitor's song for nothing—literally nothing, because, fed-up with the song, all the people run home.

They used to call this Art. Now they call it Business. It still is what it always was—just The Bunk.

I should like to be with you when, if you persist in your calling, or your shouting, you go round an agent's office to induce him to try your song on his artists.

You will find every door slammed in your face. "Buy British" will be on the door. But "Bye-Bye, British" will be in the agent's voice. Even the office boy will scowl at you while he whistles the latest "Sonny Boy," or the newest "Mooney Min."

I should like to see you when, calling on some very patriotic British theatre manager, you calmly suggest that, in his next American revue, he puts in just one British song.

You will not get as far as the manager. You may not get as far as the lift, which, in your case, may be a drop. He will be too busy boasting of his patriotism, while he takes Mr. Mosenstein K. Schlesheimer, of Broadway, U.S.A., out to lunch, to see what songs he has to sell.

Even if you see the revue producer, and urge upon him the need for being partly English to the extent of one song, at least, in London, he will tell you, either that your song is too pretty, or not pretty enough, that it is too original, or too old, or too middle-aged. Any excuse will be used to stop you from getting your song sung.

Even if you had it sung, you would find that it was too high for the leading lady, or too low for the leading man. Or, you will find, if one of the minor artists is thought of for the song, that the star will object,

(continued on Page 96.)

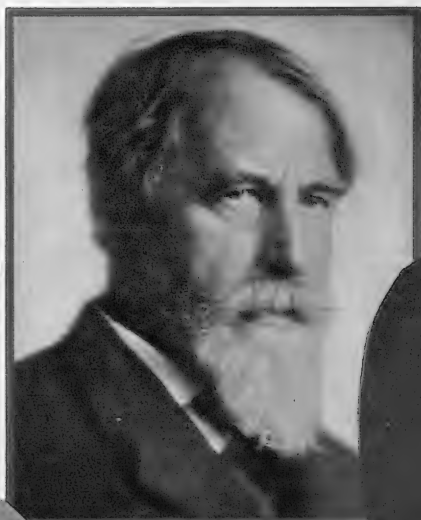
Now, a free song is something people are paid to sing. An American publisher sells his whole catalogue to an English publisher who hasn't got the brains or the courage to buy his own material in his own land. Then, finding himself compelled by contract to publish scores and scores of songs composed in

BOOKS: *Reviewed*



STELLA BENSON,
whose "Christmas
Formula," a book of short
stories, is reviewed here

MISS PHOEBE
FENWICK GAYE,
who has hitherto written
historical novels, has
changed to new pastures,
and in "New Heaven:
New Earth" has written
a very readable novel



ARTHUR SCHNITZ-
LER, the Austrian
writer and dramatist, who
died last year. The last
book, "Flight into Dark-
ness," is reviewed by Arnold
Palmer in this article

THEY look so beautiful in their tight-fitting jackets, pressed, uncrumpled, fresh from the tailors—they look so beautiful, these new books, that one selects one at random. It doesn't seem to matter. They are like the girls at a party; at first glance, on arrival, all seem young and fair and graceful. It is not until later, and then slowly, that one begins to notice that some of them talk too much, and some have nothing to say, and some aren't so very young; and one is conscious of a chilling fear that this is no extraordinary party after all, but just a sample of an apparently endless series which has been going on and will go on for ever. We go on, too, although it is seldom enough that we make a new friend. We go on because we must. To turn our backs on the hope of new friends is to die.

The start was good. *Christmas Formula*, by Stella Benson (Joiner and Steele; 10s. 6d.), consists of three very short stories only. It is one of the charming series known as the Furnival Books, which accounts for its rather stiff price. The story which gives its name to the slim volume is, in my opinion, the weakest of the three, though it might seem better if it had not made its appearance so soon after *Brave New World*. Of the others, one is a comedy and one is the record of a dream. Mr. Geoffrey West, in his Introduction, votes this last to be the least individual of the three. I should have said it was the most characteristic. The charm of Stella Benson is not easily pinned down. It consists of flashes of lightning which illuminate a whole country. In the last story, for example, a woman about to undergo a serious operation remarks: "The doctor—Mary—the nurse—they all suddenly stopped being on my side." That seems to me to hold, in thirteen words, all the horror and secret fears of disease. Here is another of her flashes, taken from the description of an American in a Chinese province: "Whenever he moved he was followed about by incredulous crowds, as though time were turned round, and he were a kind of dinosaur of to-morrow, surviving into yesterday."

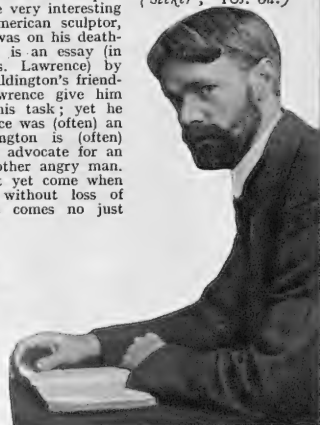
After Miss Benson, Miss Eleanor Farjeon seemed to be lacking in the art of spontaneity. *The Fair of St. James* (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.) will give exquisite pleasure to some people, I am sure. It struck me as a little too deliberately whimsical; and the moment that suspicion enters a reader's

Revelations: "Apocalypse."

THIS is the last work Lawrence completed—though it did not receive the author's final revision. For frontispiece there is a reproduction of a photograph of the very interesting portrait bust done by the American sculptor, Jo Davidson, when Lawrence was on his death-bed. For introduction, there is an essay (in the form of a letter to Mrs. Lawrence) by Mr. Richard Aldington. Mr. Aldington's friendship and sympathy with Lawrence give him undeniable qualifications for his task; yet he is not the ideal man. Lawrence was (often) an angry writer, and Mr. Aldington is (often) an angry writer, and the best advocate for an angry man is not, surely, another angry man. The time, apparently, has not yet come when Lawrence can be discussed without loss of temper, but until that time comes no just critical estimate of his work is likely to be made.

Apocalypse, a long essay on the last book of the Bible, has the strength and weakness of Lawrence's other subjective, religious writings. It is a mixture of logic and emotionalism. The logic is convincing, the more rhetorical passages are at times magnificent; but the two do not mix satisfactorily on paper. They cannot really be blended except in the pulpit or on the platform.

By
D. H. Lawrence
(Secker; 10s. 6d.)



D. H. Lawrence

by *Arnold Palmer*



**Kipling,
Schnitzler,
and the
Meaning
of
Mastery**

*RUDYARD KIPLING,
whose latest book of
short stories is entitled
"Limits and Renewals"*

mind, the spell is broken. Miss Farjeon depends, even more than most authors, on spell. So I turned to *New Heaven: New Earth* (Secker; 7s. 6d.). Hitherto Miss Phoebe Fenwick Gaye has written historical novels only. She has written them very well, but . . . one always wonders about historical novelists. As Auber said of Felicien David, "I'll wait until he gets off his camel." Miss Gaye has got off her camel, and her stature is still respectable. Whether her more enthusiastic admirers will be satisfied, I do not pretend to say. Some of the claims made for her were on the extravagant side, and it is possible that, as a result, her new and very readable novel will get less than its deserts. There are crudities in it, and the characters are not particularly vital or present to us. But it has movement, and it is never dull.

No man is likely to be hailed as a master unless he has sureness of touch; and when he has been so labelled, his touch naturally becomes more firm than ever. From the first, Mr. Kipling's hand has never been known to tremble, and if his sureness has at times been indistinguishable from cocksureness—well, to some people that is part of his authority. No famous and important writer, with a career extending over an equal number of years, can ever have changed as little as Mr. Kipling. The stories in his new volume, *Limits and Renewals* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), might have been written any time during the last thirty years—just as the title is precisely the title he might have chosen in 1912, or 1902, or 1892. Only the astonishing technical knowledge has grown—not the technical knowledge of his art, since he has always had that, but the technical knowledge of how things are made and done. Of how things grow he is perhaps not so well informed. He is subtle rather than sensitive; and in that distinction may lie the reason why I, like so many other people, do not read his works as often as I used to do. But he knows what he knows, and his craftsmanship is astounding, and he does most supremely well what he sets out to do. I have been profoundly impressed—often in spite of myself—by his latest tales.

(Continued on page 92)

A Portrait Gallery

**"Men and
Memories"**

Vol. II.

*By William Rothenstein
(Faber & Faber; 21s.)*



William Rothenstein

SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN'S memoirs form one of those rare works in favour of which I am prepared to put all other reading on one side. Many people, I should say, feel as I do; my copy of the first volume holds an exceptionally representative collection of the thumb-prints of my friends. The ordinary man or woman is interested

in painters, even in painters whose works are not for the ordinary public. Du Maurier is probably responsible for this; but artists, instead of blessing him for a valuable commercial asset, ignore, when they do not actually revile, him.

A good deal of the first volume was taken up by Sir William's description of Paris in the 'nineties. In Volume Two, which covers the years 1900-1922, the scene is laid in England. There are visits to India and to the Western Front, and the Indian trip is significant of the author's awakened interest in Indian art—an interest which takes personal form in a close friendship with Tagore. Tagore is the dominant figure in a volume which seems less thronged than its predecessor. The author's pen-portraits are as brilliant as ever, and one could not give them higher praise; but they are not quite as frequent. He meets as many people as before—perhaps more—but the years have brought an inner harmony, and no longer does he find himself in chime with every newcomer. That is only to be expected; and it results in a graver, slower tempo. The new volume ends with Sir William's appointment to the Royal College of Art, which means that the next volume may well be the most interesting of the three. The present instalment is pervaded by a faint air of disappointment. In spite of the record of accomplishment of much fine work, one feels that a good man is not being fully utilised. This impression will now, surely, be removed, for the author is about to describe the most influential and fruitful period of his career.

Lives of the Poets

"Byron and the Need of Fatality"

By Charles Du Bos (Putnam; 10s. 6d.)

THIS work is translated from the French by Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne. There was a time when admiration of Byron was left almost entirely to foreigners, but (thanks in no small measure to Miss Mayne's own book) the tide is now flowing the other way. The particular point of Monsieur Du Bos's book and of its somewhat formidable title is that Byron's best work was his later work, and that it was the fruit of remorse for the blacker sins in his life. The theory is not absolutely irrefutable, but its exposition is admirable. A very interesting study.

"Chaucer." *By G. K. Chesterton. (Faber & Faber; 12s. 6d.)*

THIS also is a good and timely volume, compiled with all the enthusiasm and freshness that Mr. Chesterton never seems to lose. In Mr. Kipling's book (reviewed elsewhere on this page) there is

a story about a Chaucer expert, and here is a whole book about the poet himself. Are we on the edge of a Chaucer revival? Hardly that, since for the mass of contemporary English men and women, Chaucer has not yet lived. There are obstacles, it must be admitted, to the easy enjoyment of his verse, but after reading Mr. Chesterton many people will surely be anxious to make the effort. He is a very good man to plead such a cause, because he does understand his fellow-countrymen.



Charles Du Bos

LORETTA YOUNG, a fair, fresh, vivacious American girl, converted into a static, black-wigged, tragic Chinese figurine for her part in "The Honourable Mr. Wong," and Edward G. Robinson, the gangster specialist, likewise disguised



GEORGE ARLISS and Bette Davis in "The Silent Voice." In this film Arliss seems to be growing a little sententious, but he carries the part, and his individuality ensures a big success for the picture

HOLLYWOOD is suffering from a slump. It has nothing to do with the general financial depression. In times of depression people turn more avidly to cheap distractions. They will give up necessities before their luxuries and pleasures. In towns where unemployment was highest, the cheap seats were crowded from the hour of opening, six months ago. If the film industry, the most publicised in the world, is not selling its goods, it is because it is not giving the public what it wants.

However much it may have been criticised, it was the "star system" which made fortunes in Hollywood. The public worshipped Valentino, Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick, the Gish and the Talmadge sisters, Chaplin, Pola Negri, and the rest. They were thrilled by actors like Jannings, Conrad Veidt, and Lon Chaney. But where are the stars of yesteryears? They have passed or are passing, and who is there to take their places?

Greta Garbo, threatening retirement, Marlene Dietrich, whose contract Para-

If Hollywood Tramples the Individuality of Actors, Directors and Writers under its Plutocratic Feet it will Commit Suicide. The Make-up Man cannot Replace the Casting Director, and the Public will not be Satisfied with Masks instead of Faces

mount cancelled when she refused to be directed by anyone but von Sternberg, are the only blazing lights among the women in the film firmament; with Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Jeannette Macdonald, and Janet Gaynor, who cannot remain an ingénue for ever, some way behind. (Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are in a class by themselves.) Of the men, Ronald Colman and George Arliss, with significantly different appeal, stand alone.

We hear that a new star has been discovered, that so-and-so is being "groomed for stardom," that such-and-such is "the world's boy friend," but this is only an attempt to "put them over on the public." The reason it does not succeed is that these young people, who, no doubt, have potentialities, are never allowed to develop or display individuality and personality: they are standardised — Hollywoodised — out of existence.

Clark Gable has been advertised as the surest box-office draw among male

Paucity of Plots and Personalities

By
Sydney Tremayne



AMONG the younger stars who seem to be developing definite personality is the younger Fairbanks. In his latest picture, "It's Tough to be Famous," he plays the part of a submarine officer

stars, but when, in a recent article, I proclaimed him as a woman's idea of what a man and a lover should be, I was beset by dissentient correspondence. What struck me was the discrimination and critical faculty of my correspondents. One astute little fan, whom I judge to be young as well as emphatic, wrote: "... He would not be at all popular with English girls. Gable is all 'bull' and no 'gay.' He is the screen's perfect bully and very coarse, both in looks and ways." The same critic advanced the claims of Francis Lederer, who, she says, is as popular as Chevalier abroad: "He has, like Valentino, a personality which appeals to all the world." In her opinion, he is a much better screen than stage actor, as he overloads his parts after a time and goes from the "logical to the zoological." Comments like this from the lay public show how the film magnates under-rate the fans. The public pays and the public "knows what it likes." Hollywood cannot afford to bully, standardise, lose or destroy personalities who alone make brilliant, world-beating stars, nor to alienate the great directors who have an æsthetic argument.

WHATEVER may be thought about von Sternberg's supposed ascendancy over Marlene Dietrich, he has made her into a world-famous film star from being an obscure artiste in Berlin. Her refusal to be directed by anyone else was surely as much loyalty to herself as to him. He has studied her personality, her special beauty, and her capacity. As incidental evidence, those who have followed her pictures will recall that she nearly always, at some point,

A "SHOT" from "The Honourable Mr. Wong," in which Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young are the stars

assumes male attire or headgear. In "The Blue Angel" she sang the famous "Falling in Love Again" song with an opera-hat jauntily perched on her golden curls; in "Morocco" she was in man's evening clothes for her cabaret turn; even in "Shanghai Express" she took Clive Brook's staff cap from his head and put it on her own. Someone who knew her well in Berlin told me that Dietrich has always loved dressing up in male clothes—for a "turn" or a fancy-dress party. Therefore, these momentary male impersonations in her films, in which she always looks so charming, are actually a form of self-expression and must lend a touch of realism and content to the characterisations.

The proof of von Sternberg's rightness in his exploitation is that Dietrich is, after Garbo, the most individual, recognised, and admired star in the world. It is not surprising that he should have refused, on artistic grounds, to be dictated to about the scenario of "The Blonde Venus," but it is surprising that Paramount should have risked the destruction of a partnership not only so

artistically, but also so commercially, successful.

When the personality of an actor or actress dictates the matter and the manner of a picture, there is merit and public approbation. We need not labour the acknowledged facts about Chaplin and his creations. We have the example of George Arliss before us at present. He takes all his parts in his own inimitable way, and, I believe, insists on reading and approving a scenario before he starts work on it. Success like his should give an artiste some sort of regency.

IN Arliss's last picture, poorly re-titled "The Silent Voice," he seems to be growing a little sententious, but he carries the part and the picture. The story is adapted from a magazine story written many years ago by Gouverneur Morris, at that time a short-story writer who looked like stepping into O. Henry's shoes. It was memorable; more dramatic, I think, in the original than in the film story. The deaf man who learned lip-reading and (Continued on page 98)

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

Two
evening gowns
which reflect
the diversity of
the present
mode, but
which are
exceptionally
easy to make

325
THIS charming evening gown for a young girl is made in crêpe-de-Chine and spotted net, but would look equally pretty in roman and tulle or in the new thin piqué voile and spotted organdie. It requires 4 yards of 38" material and 2 yards of spotted material for the bodice top and the puff sleeves. Price 1/6

326
ONE of the crinkly and uncrushable crêpes which are so fashionable this season would look charming made up in this manner, but the gown would look equally well in satin or marocain. The bodice has an asymmetrical décolletage and ties in a bow on one shoulder, and the flared skirt hangs from a pointed hip yoke. This model requires 5½ yards of 38" material. Price 1/6



325

326

TWO SIMPLE DESIGNS FOR THE AMATEUR DRESSMAKER

Cape collars or detachable
capas accompany both our
morning and afternoon dresses

327.—This attractive tub frock in check
gingham or Macclesfield silk has a
trimly fitting bodice fastened with six
buttons and a deep cape which does
service for both collar and sleeves.
The skirt is made in four shaped
sections and 4 yards of 36" material
are required. Price 1/6



328.—For town wear nothing
could be more sensible than
this frock of black crêpe de
Chine with its separate bodice
of contrasting colour and
detachable cape. The bodice
is supported by shoulder
straps and the skirt is slightly
flared. The cape ties in front.
4½ yards of black material
are required, and 1½ yards
of light colour. Price 1/6

The high waist and short puff sleeves of this model make it both up-to-date and practical

HERE the design is worked up most successfully in Paton & Baldwin's pale yellow 2-ply wool

12 sts. Casting off 36 sts altogether. There are now 56 sts on the needle.

Continue in dropstitch till armhole measures 7 ins. on the straight. Then K 18 sts for shoulder, casting off the next 20 sts for the neck, leaving 18 more sts for the other shoulder. K 2 more rows of dropstitch on each shoulder. Cast off.

The Right Front

With No. 11 needles cast on 82 sts. Work in P 1 K 1 rib for 5 ins., working into the backs of the sts on the first row.

Change to dropstitch and No. 10 needles. Casting off 10 sts at intervals along the first row. Leaving 72 sts on the needle.

Continue with dropstitch till work measures 12 ins from the beginning. Then start shaping the armhole by casting off 6 sts at the beginning only of the next row. Then 1 st every row for 6 rows. Then 1 st every other row for 6 rows, casting off 6 more sts. Casting off 18 sts altogether.

K 15 rows of dropstitch (about 4 ins. in depth) from the beginning of the armhole. Now K 2 sts together every st except the first and last sts, leaving 28 sts on the needle. This is for the gathering across the front.

K 10 more rows of dropstitch. Cast off.

The Left Front

Cast on 82 sts on No. 11 needles and work 5 ins. of P 1 K 1 rib.

Continue this front to match the first, with all armhole shapings at opposite edges.

The Sleeves

Using the No. 11 needles cast on 82 sts. Work in K 1 P 1 rib for 1½ ins., working first row into back of stitch.

Change to dropstitch and the No. 10 needles, casting on 10 sts at intervals along the first row. Making 92 sts on the needle.

Work on for 12 rows of dropstitch. Then cast off 1 st at each end of every row till 18 sts remain on the needle. Cast off the remaining 18 sts. Work another sleeve in the same way.

The Band

Cast on 10 sts on No. 11 needles. Work in K 1 P 1 rib for (Continued on page 102)

Materials

4 ozs. of Paton and Baldwin's 2-ply wool, in pale yellow.

6 yellow, or yellow and white, buttons.

A pair of No. 10 and also No. 11 knitting needles.

Abbreviations

K.—Knit. P.—Purl.
st.—stitch. oz.—ounce.
in.—inch.

Measurements

Length from the top of the shoulder 18 ins.

Width all round—at waist (without band), 29 ins.

Width all round—at underarm (without band) 36 ins.

Length of sleeve underarm seam 4½ ins.

Length of sleeve from neck (without band) 12 ins.

Tension

For the main part 7 sts to 1 in. in width.

The Back

To make the back use No. 11 needles. Begin at the lower edge by casting on 92 sts. Work 5 ins. in K 1 P 1 rib, working into the backs of the sts on the first row.

Change to No. 10 needles and start the dropstitch, i.e., * K the first row winding the wool twice round the needle at each st. 2nd row P back as if there were only one strand of wool on the needle letting the second strand drop.

Continue working in this manner—

from the *—until work measures 12 ins. in depth from the beginning.

On the original there were 26 rows of dropstitch.

Then cast off 6 sts at the beginning of the next P row and 6 sts at the beginning of the next plain row.

Then K 2 sts together at the beginning and end of the next 6 rows. Taking off 12 more sts.

Then K 2 sts together at the beginning and end of every other row for another



An Attractive TENNIS Coat

LONG drinks of barley water are made even more appetising if the child is allowed to help itself

Summer Wisdom for Small People

itself from little dishes, or pour out its own milk.

Nursery menus at this time of year should include salads, and fruit tart, fruit jelly, milk jelly, fish, gravies, vegetables, and bone and vegetable soups. We have no excuse for dull meals at

THE Intelligent Care of Children during the Summer Months can prevent many ailments and much discomfort

A KNITTED pullover should always be available for after the bathe or when the sun goes down

By
**Len
Chaloner**

WE need special understanding of the summer days for little children unless they are to be among that pale, rather wilting little group that is described as "feeling the heat," and proportionately in need of fresh, invigorating country air.

In the first place it is important to look over the diet sheet. Modify the soft cereals, the pappy foods, such as the too frequent rice puddings and cornflour, and instead let the breakfast menu have jolly crisp cereals, and fruit and biscuits or toast with honey and so forth.

In every nursery a covered carafe of water should be within reach of its small occupants, so that they may help themselves. Self-help is the rule of the very best nurseries at all times, and it is important that Nanny should have other things to do and be interested in than saying "Don't."

Meals are twice as interesting out of doors, when possible, and half their charm lies in the informality which gives even the small child the opportunity of helping to carry out mugs or dishes, and the independence and importance which this gives. If appetite flags, the best tonic very often is to allow the child to serve



SUN-BATHING is excellent, but must be indulged in with discretion. Over-indulgence can do much permanent harm, and a child should be taught that a hat is of real value and should be worn, not thrown away. (This picture, by the Rev. J. V. Haswell, won the first prize of £100 in the "Children's Class" of the British Isles section of the Kodak International Competition)

this season, or the monotony that so often leads to nursery finickiness.

Rest is sometimes a source of trouble in warm weather, but a delightful little stretcher bed—such as is used in the open-air nursery schools—is quite inviting when the small owner carries it out and plants it in some suitable place for his own siesta. He has the added sense of freedom and safety in that it is low and easily got out of. Rest is every bit as important in summer as in winter and should be taken in the hottest part of the day. Should it become really very hot—a contingency that seems remote at the time of writing—children may sometimes be cooler indoors than out. Gravel or paving, however, can be made much cooler if watered.



WHAT should children wear during the summer, and are cold baths and sun-bathing good for them? These are the first and inevitable questions that every parent asks at this time of year. Probably the summer will be like most others in this country, very uncertain, so that the wisest plan is to have very light clothing, or even the traditional bathing suit or sun suit, for the children, but with the knitted pullover always available. It is not in the least useful to overdo the value of exposure in the hope of hardening the children. In the same way the fashion for sun-bathing should be treated with discretion, and a doctor's discretion is the best of all. Moreover, no matter how much our particular youngster seems to thrive on a maximum of sunshine and fresh air, without sun-stroke or chill, in the interest of his eyesight alone we should provide large hats and make him understand that they are of real value and to be worn.

A cold bath does not suit all children, but if a seaside holiday is being planned it may be a real help in preparing children to give them their bath with an open window and a final cooling off of the water.

Fruit Cocktails

*The cup which cheers
but also cools....*



PRICK peaches and similar fruits before placing them in the syrup



THE Pitman express fruit squeezer fits onto a graduated tumbler, and costs only 2/6 complete

By Mrs. Robert Noble

Below:

FRUIT juice for cocktails must be kept very cool, and sliced fruit should be handled with a silver fork. Notice the little decorative grapes

imparted by lemon or orange juice or by the juice extracted from a few grapes or a slice of fresh pineapple.

There are no standard measures for mixing cocktails, and the amateur "bar-

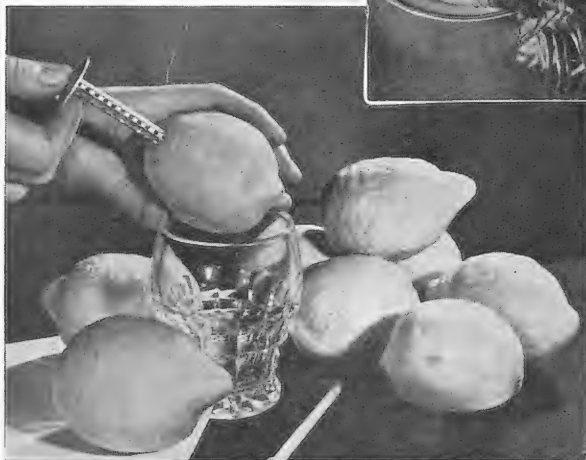
tender" can allow himself a good deal of latitude about quantities. It is, however, wise to be exact about bitters. The average cocktail recipe specifies gaily "one dash" or "two dashes" as the case may be, and the phrase seems to suggest a fine disregard for accuracy. But in the language of cocktail mixing the word "dash" has a clearly defined meaning. "One dash" of bitters is one-third of a teaspoonful, neither more nor less. The novice might be excused if he concluded (wrongly) that a dash would be the quantity that escaped when he sprinkled from the

bottle recklessly a dash that would be a lot or a little according to the heaviness of his hand!

For a fruit cocktail practically any fresh fruit juices can be used. The fruit must be kept cool in order to preserve its freshness, and the juice should always be strained to free it from particles of pith and from seeds. To sweeten the cocktail sugar syrup is preferable to powdered sugar. The cocktail will taste softer and the syrup mixes much more readily than the undissolved sugar, which is apt to settle at the bottom.

To cool the cocktail you can stand the mixer in an ice-pail for a few minutes or put a little crushed ice into the shaker. The second method naturally dilutes the cocktail, and this must be taken into account when mixing. To crush the ice you can either use an ice-shave or place it in a small lump in a clean cloth and pound it with a weight until it is almost the consistency of snow. Whether you put the ice or the other ingredients in first matters but little, but what does matter vitally is the shaking. This must be thorough to blend the ingredients well.

Each season can provide its (Continued on page 102)



WHEN this little gadget is plunged sideways into a lemon or orange the clear juice flows out at the other end

ORANGE cup salad looks very decorative and appetising, particularly when it is served on small plates of coloured glass



(Right)
WHEN the apples are vividly coloured and well polished this salad, which combines cheese and nuts, is as delicious to look at as to eat

TO most people a salad means lettuce, tomatoes, a few radishes, some spring onions, generally more to be feared than liked, and a little watercress. But to the gourmet there are a hundred and one additions that make salads the joy of a cold-meat-and-baked-potato Sunday.

An ordinary London window box can yield nasturtiums, for instance, and what could be nicer in a salad than the leaves and some of the seeds, soaked first in a little tarragon vinegar? Then the flowers, too, are decorative and add a sweetness to the salad. Mint, when crushed and put into the most ordinary salad, gives it an additional flavour and rarity. People who add dandelion, sage and thyme to their mixture run the risk of being thought eccentric. But no matter, you try them; they are very good.

Try, too, the grated heart of a young cabbage, soaked with the juice of a really juicy lemon, and a good sprinkling of castor sugar. Over this grate a young-old carrot (the really young ones are too wet), and, if you like them, chop up four to six spring onions. You will find the mixture delicious.

Capers added to any fish salad, with a good quantity of watercress and chopped chives, greatly add to the flavour.

Half the secret of making good salads is to remember that a delicately flavoured vegetable will not be noticed among the more strongly flavoured ones. For instance, it is unwise to add asparagus to a salad containing onion, chives, or even the rubbing of garlic round the bowl. But lettuce, watercress, potatoes and carrots may be used with asparagus without any ill resulting.



MELBA salad is specially recommended after a light meal, for both the nuts and figs are rich in nourishing properties

they are an extremely decorative addition to any salad. Used with cream cheese they are excellent.

HERE are some of the lesser known vegetables and herbs that make more exciting dishes:

Sorrel.
Horseradish (must be used sparingly).
Fennel. Use either raw or cooked.
Endive.
Corn salad.
Chicory.
Green artichoke. Cooked.
Thyme. Mint. Marjoram (bruised, leaf). Sage.

And some fruits that are rarely used in salads: Pears, Plums, dried Apricots (soaked overnight, and cooked before adding to salad); Ginger, pre-

served and stem; Olives, both Spanish and French; Coconut, shredded and used sparingly.

A few last words of advice. *Never* forget to season your salads; if you like a lot of salt, add it *before* the final garnishing. Chop the yolk of a hard-boiled egg over individual salads for a change. *Never* make a salad and let it stand for an hour or two. Try to serve it at once. In summer stand the salad in a refrigerator until you are ready to serve it. If raw apples are used, pour over them the juice of a lemon and so preserve their whiteness.

Melba Salad

Ingredients.—1 tin of half-peaches, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of figs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of pecan nuts, lettuce, Heinz Salad Cream or Heinz Mayonnaise.

Instructions.—Chop the figs and nuts fairly finely. Drain the peaches, let them get very cold. Mix the figs and nuts with Heinz Salad Cream or Mayonnaise. Arrange the peaches on crisp lettuce leaves,
(Continued on page 116)

Raw greens are essential to health during the warm weather: here are some pleasant methods of preparing them

Salad Days

By Olive Rinder

By using the best of the outside lettuce leaves and placing the mixture, dry or wet, on them an attractive effect is produced, and by splitting radishes, celery, and half cutting down tomatoes, extra decoration is obtained. The shells of grapefruits make excellent cups for salad, and look attractive.

Young and very small vegetable marrow, boiled without removing the tender skin, cut in half, the small seeds and a little of the centre taken out, can be used to hold a Russian salad; the whole can be eaten either hot or cold.

Don't forget grapes when you next make a salad, and prunes, used with discretion and in conjunction with chopped nuts, are a good standby.

Pimento and mint have an individual taste, and many people dislike the former intensely, but for those that like them

FRUIT PRESERVING AND JAM-MAKING

By

C. E. HUGHES HALLETT

THE Jam-making Season has come round once again, and this year more than ever it is desirable to make the most of our home-grown fruit.

When making jams and jellies the setting qualities depend largely on the amount of "pectin" contained in the fruit. Fruits such as strawberries, which are deficient in pectin, have to depend on outside sources for their jellying substance—one of the most satisfactory being a commercial pectin—an Empire product called "Certo." This simplifies jam-making considerably, and within a short space of time and with little trouble a beautiful jellied preserve is obtained. The first two recipes will help to illustrate this fact.

Strawberry Jam

INGREDIENTS.—4 lb. strawberries; 6 lb. sugar; 1 bottle "Certo."

METHOD.—Purchase ripe strawberries and crush them one layer at a time. Measure the berries and sugar into a large preserving pan, mix well and bring to boiling point over a hot fire, stirring constantly before and during boiling. Boil briskly for 2-4 minutes, remove from the fire and stir in the "Certo." Stir and skim alternately for about 5 minutes to cool slightly, and prevent floating fruit. Dish quickly into warmed pots, cover the hot jam with waxed circles, and when cold cover with jam-pot covers.

An alternative method of making strawberry jam.

INGREDIENTS.—6 lb. strawberries; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint red or black currant juice; 6½ lb. preserving sugar.

METHOD.—Carefully wipe and pick the strawberries. Put the sugar and the fruit juice into a preserving pan and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Add the strawberries and stir gently until boiling. Skim and allow to boil steadily for about 30 minutes, then test a little on a saucer—if it firms, pot and cover in the usual way.

Raspberry Jam

INGREDIENTS.—6 lb. raspberries; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint rhubarb juice; 6½ lb. preserving sugar.

METHOD.—Prepare and make like strawberry jam, but 20 minutes' boiling is generally sufficient.



MANY fruits lack sufficient quantities of pectin to ensure the proper setting of jam or jellies, but if "Certo" is used according to directions there can be no failures

Rhubarb Jam

INGREDIENTS.—2 lb. crushed or chopped fruit; 3 lb. sugar; 1 bottle Certo; 1 teaspoonful ground ginger (if desired).

METHOD.—Wipe and cut the rhubarb into short lengths and put through the mincer. Measure the rhubarb into the preserving pan, add the sugar and ginger and mix well. Stir constantly over a hot fire, bring to the boil and boil briskly for 3 minutes. Remove from the fire, stir in the "Certo," skim and pot quickly, then cover in the usual way.

A PIECE of muslin will do as well as a jelly bag for straining the fruit for a jelly. For red currant jelly measure the juice and allow 1 lb. of sugar per pint

Black Currant Jam

INGREDIENTS.—To every 3 lb. black currants allow 1 pint rhubarb juice and 4 lb. preserving sugar.

METHOD.—Pick and wash the currants. Put them into a preserving pan with the rhubarb juice. Bring to the boil and simmer for about 15 minutes. Warm the sugar and add it, again bring to the boil and boil 20-30 minutes, stirring constantly. Test and pot.

WHEN making rhubarb jam, first wipe and cut the rhubarb into short lengths and then put them through the mincer

Red Currant Jelly

INGREDIENTS.—6 lb. red currants; 1 pint water; 1 lb. sugar to each 1 pint juice.

METHOD.—Wash the currants and put them in a preserving pan with the water. Bring to the boil and simmer till the fruit is reduced to a pulp, then allow to drip through a jelly-bag or a clean piece of muslin. Measure the juice into a pan, and add the sugar, allowing 1 lb. per pint. Bring to the boil, skim well, and test after 10 minutes' boiling; if it is becoming firm, then pot and cover.

WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH

A WELL-KNOWN firm which sells china and glass determined to produce hand-cut crystal at a price which was to be not only standard but the keenest possible value. I discovered this bit of knowledge when I asked why the water set illustrated would cost only one guinea, for it is English crystal and the design is hand cut. Apparently they went to many factories with the idea and compared innumerable prices, so that they do feel at last they are putting on the market low-priced articles which are really good value. It is an interesting experiment to make and they have yet to prove whether the profit will be worth while. In any case from the shopper's point of view it is an opportunity which should not be missed. The set consists of one jug and six tumblers.

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on these pages can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2



THE decoration on this firescreen is handpainted on a separate piece of wood, so that it has a raised effect which is very attractive. The colours used on this painting as well as on the numerous other designs which can also be bought are really charming; in fact, the whole thing is charming as only artist-made things can be. The screen costs one guinea, which includes the cost of carriage. Among other designs is one which shows a ship; this is especially pleasing. All the paintings are signed and the artist, Mary Cruickshank, also paints other wooden articles such as panels, mirrors, etc. Another point of interest is that she will carry out one's own suggestions without extra charge.

THIS unbreakable bowl for bath dusting powder would make a very delightful bathroom accessory. It can be bought for 5s. 6d. in a most attractive shade of pink, lavender or blue. If you are thinking of making a gift of one, you can pay 7s. 6d. and buy one filled with bath salts. The pink bowls are filled with Tudor Rose perfumed bath salts, the blue with eau-de-Cologne, and the lavender with lavender. A puff to fit the bowl can be had for 5s. 6d. By the side is a make-up mirror; it gives an enlarged reflection so that make-up can be seen quite clearly, thus ensuring that the right amount of cosmetic is applied. The mirror costs 3s. 6d., and in the handle is a space for tweezers and nail file.

GIVEN the sunshine, there is everything this year at a reasonable price to make tea in the garden a pleasant occupation. Cushions are among the most essential things for garden comfort, and happily these are also included among those things which need not cost much money. If it is gaiety you want in your

garden cushions, gaiety combined with durability, then you should have some of the striped cushions which are shown in the photograph. These cost only 4s. 11d., and the colours are fast. The long cushion in this striped material folds over for travelling, and it has a waterproof covering on the outside. It.



A FIRESCREEN to hide a desolate and empty fireplace adds to the gaiety of a room, and this attractive one of hand-painted wood costs only one guinea



AN unbreakable bowl for powder will save many mishaps. This one can be obtained in pink, lavender or blue and costs 5/6

HAND-CUT crystal has hitherto been considered a luxury, but a well-known firm now produces it at a very moderate cost. This set costs one guinea



CUSHIONS are essential for out-door as well as indoor comfort, but for garden use they must be hard wearing. All those pictured above are covered in fadeless materials, the striped ones cost 4/11 and the "Gay Nineties" 11/9

costs 8s. 9d. The cushion in the photograph, which has an all-over design, costs 4s. 11d. The "Gay Nineties" is one of an amusing series of cushions which costs 11s. 9d. The designs are made out of various materials appliquéd on; linoleum cloth is used in part of the designs with great effect.



HE begins to think about himself and fear sets in

IT may seem strange that a doctor should suggest mental depression as one of the contributory causes to the present financial depression. This doctor, a general practitioner with a large practice and wide experience, who is an observant and thinking man with an unusually deep insight into psychological as well as physical conditions, argues that men who should be in the prime of life are occupied with their symptoms of physical degeneration, and are therefore not conducting their business with the necessary energy and enthusiasm.

It is only of recent years that doctors have acknowledged the power of mind over matter, possibly because mind has become a more important factor of life. Most of our pleasures must needs be imaginary, or at least imaginative, rather than material. In the past the doctors bled their patients; to-day the prevalent maladies need sustenance, prescribed nutrition, enforced repose.

The truth is that life to-day, with its anxieties, physical, mental and financial expenditure, leaves us at low ebb. If we allow ourselves to give way we may become victims to the most prevalent and virulent of contemporary ailments—neurasthenia, which so often has its origin in fatigue.

If a man feels slack, is no longer able to run upstairs two at a time, and cannot play two rounds of golf on Saturday without feeling "done," he imagines that his arteries are hardening, his liver becoming enlarged, or his kidneys are not doing their job efficiently. He begins to think about himself and fear sets in. The real cause is probably that he has been over-working and over-worrying.

The cure is, first, to organise your life so that you do not waste time: so that your working hours are limited and constructive, and there is leisure left for relaxation and repose. The second is to organise your mind so that in business hours you are concentrated on your job,

DON'T GET DEPRESSED

Anxiety is injurious not only to industrial and mental conditions, but also to physical health

but when you leave work, you cease thinking and worrying about it.

Your relaxations should be regulated, almost dedicated, and, above all, you should cultivate self-confidence. The consciousness that you have done your job to the best of your ability is the foundation, and the physical ability to do this depends on your capacity to play judiciously as much as on your capacity to work systematically.

My doctor friend's theory is that it is the men in the fifties and sixties, probably in big and responsible positions, who become conscious of the encroachment of age, and therefore lose confidence in themselves and their abilities, become depressed and less ready to venture in affairs, and that this reacts on the whole world of industry and finance and is in some degree responsible for the universal depression.

When one thinks of the past generations, the two-bottle men, whose blood pressure must certainly have been high (only there was no fascinating appliance to prove it then), whose arteries were probably hardening, but the family physician did not include this diagnosis in his jargon, and one remembers that these men enjoyed their lives and lived to ripe old age during the greatest industrial prosperity that England has ever known, one must think that there may be something in it.

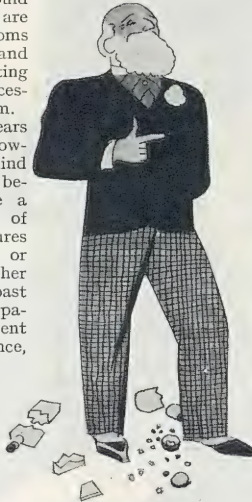
What applies to men applies also to women: what is true of the middle-aged may be true about the young. The moral and mental effect of depression, hypochondria and anxiety is infectious as well as self-destructive. The statistics about suicides show that this insidious depression is a widespread and malignant disease.

If anyone is ill they should consult a doctor and find out the real cause of their malady and the best remedy to apply. But no one should be persuaded into discovering symptoms for themselves by reading a list of ailments in a medical dictionary.

I have not space to deal with the subject of the power of mind over matter: it can scarcely be disputed at this period of the world's history. Many people will tell you that if they have a mental or emotional disturbance they will have a definite physical reaction, such as abdominal pain or sickness. In the same way

elation and happy emotions will produce a sense of well-being. It therefore behoves us not to dwell on the possibility of illness, which may produce the dreaded symptoms, to live sanely and bravely and make the best of the good things in life, including our own health, to accept natural physical phenomena such as a slight slowing up of one's physical energy and mental enthusiasm, combat it by means of fresh air, fresh interests, exercise and diet and, if desirable, with tonics and elixirs, but not to dwell on "symptoms" and construe them into the manifestation of baleful disease. The best tonic in the world is a cheerful mind.

I would like to remind my readers of the answer Sir James Crichton-Browne gave to a reporter who sought an interview on the subject of when a man felt old. Sir James is ninety-two and probably the most alert and alive man physically and mentally of his age; he said he had determined never to discuss the symptoms of old age again as he really had no experience of them. That's the spirit. Take the pills and mixtures which suit you, but first of all take heart and do not feel too old at forty, too bored at fifty or too "stuffy" at sixty. Then, when you are ninety, you can save money on medicines and amuse and interest yourself and your descendants.



WILL not discuss old age; he has no experience of it



WHY not be a powerful man, physically and mentally?



In a Class by Itself



HOW TO MAKE *Strawberry Jam*

THAT ALWAYS "SETS" PERFECTLY

This is the Recipe

2-lbs. Strawberries 3-lbs. Sugar
½-bottle Certo

Use only fully-ripened berries. Crush the berries, one layer at a time, and then measure berries and sugar into a large preserving pan, mix, and bring to a full, rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in Certo. Then stir and skim by turns for five minutes to cool slightly to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Cover hot jam with waxed paper circles—highly recommended for an airtight seal, or with refined paraffin wax. When jam is cold, cover with large tops of parchment, greaseproof, or gummed transparent paper. Makes 5-lbs. jam. Please use the quantities and follow the instructions exactly; they are based upon experience.

Yes, it's true. Here is a new, quick, easy way of making strawberry jam that is certain to "set" properly. Just follow the Certo recipe above.

Think of it! Just one minute's boiling as against half an hour's. The jam made, complete, in 15 minutes instead of an hour! And you save all the luscious juices that used to steam away. That is what gives more jam from a given quantity of fruit; actually, you get almost half again as much jam as you used to—*that's economy!* And the short boil keeps the original colour, as well as the flavour, of the fresh fruit. The jam is perfectly "set." *That's satisfactory strawberry jam! That's the Certo way.*

Certo does not add to the cost per pound of your jams and jellies. Price 1/6d. a bottle. Instructions with every bottle.

FREE Special All-the-Year-Round Jam and Jelly Recipe Leaflet on request if you send a postcard to Dept. B1, Grape-Nuts Company Ltd., 38, Upper Ground Street, London, S.E.1.



CERTO

is pure fruit pectin

Pectin is the natural jelling substance of fruit. Certo is this pectin, extracted from the fruits in which it is most abundant, then concentrated and bottled. No preservatives—no gelatine, no chemicals of any kind—guaranteed.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Certo send P.O. for 1/6 to Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 38, Upper Ground Street, London, S.E.1, and we will send you a bottle post free. Give name and address of your grocer.

A man of science applies himself to the study of cosmetics and produces a medicine which clears and rejuvenates the skin

Beauty and Youth in a Tablet

By
"Chrysis"



Miss Anita Page, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, is famous for her lovely colouring and youthful grace. On the right she is seen in her boudoir, which is equipped with a vast array of perfumes of every description



OUR study of the cult of Beauty has always been directed towards finding methods to keep the skin clear, healthy and youthfully supple rather than to ways of disguising defects and, while I have tried to advise my readers about the best preparations to use and the most scientific treatments, I have always emphasised the fact that the real basis of a beautiful skin and the preservation of youth is general physical fitness, hence my divagations and expatiation on the subject of exercises, fresh air, antacid baths, etc.

One of the most interesting developments in what we call beauty culture is the way in which it has come to be taken more and more seriously by the medical profession and men of science. The beauty specialists called in the chemists and established laboratories, electrical treatments were developed and applied: the war and the wonderful work done by the plastic surgeons for facially mutilated men established cosmetic surgery, and then some of the greatest experimental scientists began to apply their knowledge of serums, glandular conditions and so on to the rejuvenation of the human body.

Voronof's "monkey gland" treatment is the best known to the general public, but there are a number of other scientists who have been working on similar principles and I have already, in these columns, described a rejuvenating treatment based on Steinach's, Bloch's and others' experiments in this direction which is given by one of the well-known cosmetic surgeons in this country and which has the advantage of obviating all necessity for

operative treatment, is applicable to women and is not costly.

NOW come particulars of a medicament available in tablet form, the result of fifteen years' experiment by Dr. Kapp of Leipzig, which, it is claimed, not only cures skin troubles but by its action on the blood and by increasing subcutaneous circulation and nourishing the cells, actually rejuvenates the whole constitution; and naturally, the most patent manifestation is the youthful appearance of the skin, which becomes smooth and clear, all discoloration and pigmentation disappear, the colouring is improved and even deep and long-standing wrinkles are smoothed out.

These facts are vouched for by a number of doctors who have prescribed this preparation to their patients and report not only the rejuvenating and beautifying effect but the fact that the preparation has cured obstinate cases of acne, eczema, psoriasis, etc., etc.

The preparation appears to be a combination of a drug called Novipithel with silicates and gland hormones. It is guaranteed harmless. There are two kinds of these tablets, one for men and one for women, and they are now available in this country.

The medical reports appear to be unquestionable and Dr. Kapp himself is well known and respected not only in his own country but throughout scientific circles. Having studied under Professor Unna, of Hamburg, and in the St. Louis Hospital in Paris, he practised in Berlin and was one of the first medical men in Germany to devote himself to the cosmetic branch of the medicinal treatment of the skin. Over thirty years ago he was performing plastic operations and in 1916 published a book *On Premature Ageing*, and was subsequently director of the Wasserman Corporation in New York.

One of Dr. Kapp's theories with which we most heartily agree is that beauty and the retention of youth—that is to say, the

prevention or postponement of physical degeneration—has a vital and universal importance not only æsthetic but also economic and psychological. One doctor reports the case of a professional dancer of twenty-seven who had developed deep lines which she attributed to the fatigue occasioned by her strenuous occupation. At the end of three months the wrinkles had completely disappeared and she looked like a girl of seventeen and consequently obtained a very good engagement.

There are equally striking testimonies of the results of this treatment from other doctors in the cases of patients ranging in age from eighty and through the difficult middle years. This skin-rejuvenating serum is undoubtedly a revolutionary and inestimably valuable contribution to the science of beauty culture and dermatology.

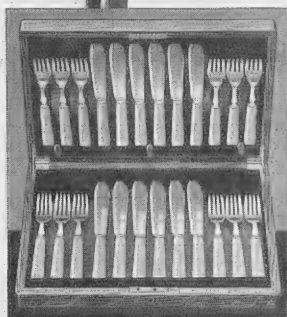
Wedding Presents



The desire to give something that is both useful and unusual can be achieved by a selection from our exceptionally wide range of presents—each an example of the fine craftsmanship and good value always offered by The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company.

CABINET, IN POLISHED WALNUT, CONTAINING REGENT PLATE "OXFORD" PATTERNS SPOONS AND FORKS AND OVAL XYLONITE-HANDLED CUTLERY WITH RUSTLESS STEEL BLADES; STANDING ON TABLE TO MATCH, CONTAINING 97 PIECES. £32

CANTEEN CONTAINING 12 REGENT PLATE FISH KNIVES AND 12 REGENT PLATE FISH FORKS. £4.2.6



PORCELAIN CASSE-ROLE DISH IN REGENT PLATE STAND. £2.0.0



3 PIECE REGENT PLATE CONDIMENT SET. PEPPER POT 7/6, SALT CELLAR WITH SPOON AND BLUE GLASS LINING 10/6, MUSTARD POT WITH SPOON AND BLUE GLASS LINING 16/6

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY • LTD

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. the King
112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
(Corner of Glasshouse Street) No other address

Queer Tales of Long Ago

No. 18 (Continued from page 61)

like a Zeppelin! Asking his friends round, he ushered them into the room adjacent to that in which were the bellows, mentioning that the room was empty save for the "innards" of a sheep. Their amazement at finding the entire room practically filled by the distended organs can be imagined.

Commenting upon his experiment—which conceivably might have had some bearing upon his aeronautical theories—he remarked that virtue had much in common with the bowels of a sheep: out of very little one can make so much!

On another occasion he decorated a lizard of rare species with the same consummate artistry that went to the creation of his every work of art. Already something of a freak, the lizard was embellished with horns, beard and ghoulish and terrorising eyes. The whole was enhanced by the addition of silver wings. This fantastic and fabulous monster, which seemed the nightmare of a herald come to life, he exhibited to his friends—or such of them as had sufficient strength of character, or sufficient abstemiousness of habit, to survive the sight of it.

No. 19 (Continued from page 63)

experiences in Scotland make strange reading in view of the part the Celtic race has played in the civilisation of the world.

Most startling of all his revelations is the fact that in the fifth century A.D. the Scots, as the invading Irish were known, disregarding the abundant cattle—for the habit of the age was an almost purely carnivorous diet—were not averse to adding human flesh to their repasts, and, in fact, considered it a great delicacy.

Girolamo recounts, indeed, that young girls formed the quarry of a hunt that their virgin breasts might grace the orgiastic table of the Northerners.

Books

(Continued from page 77)

Memoirs of Other Fronts (Putnam, 7s. 6d.) is an anonymous novel, graced with a wrapper by Paul Nash in which the Arc de Triomphe is seen through the gateway of Dartmoor Prison. The author is plainly an admirer, even a disciple, of Mr. James Joyce. I do not know why he hides his name, for he is a highly skilful writer and this can hardly be his first book. But, while admitting that he is dealing with intimate and painful experiences, I cannot help feeling that he is guilty of what Willa Cather has called the prevailing fault of contemporary fiction—of forcing the note. I never become sufficiently convinced of his mental attitude to be able to share it. I regret this, for I am sure that he has written a good book which I should like to get inside. I am left with the unsatisfactory sensation of having failed to establish contact with an interesting acquaintance, and of being not quite sure whether the fault is his or mine.

This anonymous author is an intelligent and earnest student of psychology; but he is still a student and he explains his meaning only with difficulty and at length. It is the mark of a master that he can express himself simply, swiftly, surely. If that test is reliable, and I believe it is, then Schnitzler was a master. His last work, *Flight into Darkness* (Cassell, 6s.), is a marvel of compression and lucidity. It is the story of a man going mad. The theme is a painful one, and it is not new—Andrejev, for example, used it, and, like Schnitzler, he gave it an additional twist by leaving us in doubt whether the subject of his tale did actually suffer from a diseased brain or merely imagined that he did, and whether a man is mad if he worries himself into madness by thinking about it. The man who wrote this little book must have completely assimilated all principles of psychology, all principles of art.

Summer Shell petrol is specially blended to
give the best results under Summer conditions

*this one was...
he was "Sure of Shell"*



*This poor chap
wasn't sure of his petrol but...*

Van Dongen Discovers the Modern Eve

(Continued from page 39)

fresh red beets, golden paniers of carrots. He was not paid to have an aesthetic interest in his wares. Undoubtedly, however, he got his first lessons in colour from these glowing vegetables. All the day long he carted colour about, and, when the fatiguing work was done, he went home to his garret and dreamed colour, painted colour, all the evening through.

But also at the central market Van Dongen encountered people. There is no place in Paris where one can meet so many different types of character, so many small dark men from the Midi, so many voluble Bretons, so many tall, blond, silent peasants from Normandy. Van Dongen made the central market his studio. He drew portraits of his employers, of his colleagues, of the fashionable people who descended upon Les Halles between midnight and 6 a.m. He drew portraits of every model whom he could obtain, and finally, with his way of life decided, he dared to quit his drudgery for others in order to drudge over his easel for himself.

Van Dongen worked. He wanted to defeat the years. When times were hard he took a portfolio under his arm and walked from one art store to the other. He received as much as twenty francs for a bundle of his drawings. But that was rare.

Once a dealer gave him twenty francs for a large parcel of drawings. His friends envied him. He himself set to figuring and calculated that the paper and pencils had cost him only about ten francs, so that half the price had been pure gain. A hundred per cent. profit! The reward of several months' hard work. Van Dongen gave a party to celebrate. Already he was giving parties. Between times he gave himself unstintingly to the business of making a living.

Femininity, languid-eyed and wasp-waisted, already fitted across Van Dongen's canvases when he lived on Montmartre, and had not taken for himself a place in the social and eclectic life of the Etoile and the Avenue du Bois. He climbed fast. Women found irresistible his manner of painting.

AFTER Montmartre, he moved at last into the ranks of the artists whose works really sold. He had his first showings with Druet, who, after having been a photographer and a restaurant proprietor, was beginning to capitalise a large acquaintance among artists and sculptors by opening a shop on the Faubourg Saint-Honoré where they might exhibit. Druet, Van Dongen and society moved hand in hand, the middleman dropping out of the association only when the artist decided to sell his portraits and impressions direct to the consumer. Van Dongen is never tired of explaining just why he sought to abolish the middleman. With his self-made technique he felt quite capable of shaping a self-made career. Above all he did not wish to be pushed or deformed by the dealers.

Van Dongen is bigger than his work. He is a sturdy figure moving deliberately. So well-proportioned is the athletic body that one has an impression of height which is perhaps exaggerated. Van Dongen is of medium stature. Usually he is dressed all in brown as if to match the tan of his cheek and forehead. Summers at Deauville and winters on the Riviera have given him a skin a permanent bronze, from which the cold gleam of his eyes awakens contrast. His facial bones are big, giving to his jaw power and to his eyes bulky and prominent protecting buttresses.

Van Dongen is daring. He has been daring at every phase of his character. He dared to leave Holland and to launch himself upon that maelstrom which is Paris. He dared to relinquish his first means of livelihood in Paris to support himself entirely by his brush. Once a painter, he dared to paint exactly what he saw and to express on canvas exactly what he felt. He dared use his own technique, he dared make his

own critical annotations, he dared suggest what he surmised to be behind the pictured face. It is this liberty which he has given himself that makes his individuality such a vital thing. It appears in every one of his paintings. Van Dongen's personality is Van Dongen's art. His whole career is an experiment in personality.

VANDONGEN'S home reflects the man. It is large, roomy, comfortable and daring. As one enters the vast hall which serves as reception room the walls seem to recede. White and plain they are, unbroken save for broad coloured patches, which resolve themselves into Van Dongen canvases—his works. The vigorous forward movement of their colour and line has thrown back neutral wall spaces until one seems to be standing in a void set round with huge pictured women who leer, and dance, and flirt. There are low couches and low chairs with one broad and squat modern table standing alone beneath its load of albums. But furniture, like the mere walls, does not count. Caught in great rectangles and perilously suspended, Van Dongen's figures live with so intense a life that one expects them to break through, step like Galathea from art to life.

Van Dongen likes to keep a gallery of his



THE importance of a really well-cut undergarment increases as the vogue for thin *crêpe* and *organdie* gowns becomes more and more in evidence. Many women prefer the all-in-one type of corselet, and Twifit have a wide variety of this style. The one sketched above is made of good quality pink artificial silk and has a needle-run lace top, lined with pink satin. It is cleverly reinforced over the diaphragm and is only lightly boned. This garment costs 12s. 11d., but there is a large selection from which to choose, and many corsets of this well-known make cost as little as 6s. 11d., while girdles can be obtained for 4s. 11d.

One mistake which many women make when buying a corset is to omit the trouble of fitting it. They buy it according to measurements, but forget that the proportions of each figure vary immensely and that only careful fitting can result in a perfect garment. There is one firm in London which makes a speciality of fitting their clients by experts who take into consideration every idiosyncrasy of their figures, and the result is not only an increase in good looks, but a definite increase in health, for an ill-fitting corset may often press on the organs of the stomach and cause considerable trouble.

sitters. Over a mantelpiece in Dutch tiles and renaissance proportions stands the *Baigneuse* who brought Van Dongen such acclaim and notoriety in the salon of 1920. Besides her is a green-gowned lady who has gone off into a *réverie* beside Anatole France's *Révolution des Anges*. The artist's portrait of France himself is nowhere to be seen, for its famous subject has called it forth for wider destinies.

Anatole France was Van Dongen's most famous sitter. Every time that he came to pose he was fêted. He climbed easily on the model table, installed himself comfortably in an armchair and gossiped—gossiped as only France himself could gossip. Several friends were always there. When news got about that Van Dongen was painting the dean of French letters, everyone wanted to come.

After posing, France crossed to his own home. In the little salon beneath Van Dongen's studio there were always curious persons just waiting for his exit. Wrapped in his cloak and wearing his hat, he would make a great bow all round, a salute so histrionic that the greatest actor could have done no better. There was a vacuum when he had left. No one knew what to say.

At this time Van Dongen and France were neighbours in the Villa Saïd. The two lions exchanged visits and amenities. Both were fashionable. Van Dongen was beginning to give the magnificent entertainments which have built legends round his name. He launched the fashion for midnight private showings where everyone could come smartly dressed and where indeed his portraits of jewelled and half-nude women seemed in their natural setting. His parties are always the most cosmopolitan that Paris affords. He alone is not in evening clothes. His guests come dressed as if for Longchamps and the Grand National. Sometimes he shows them landscapes and native studies brought back from a trip to Africa. Sometimes he shows them a glittering galaxy of nudes, or poetesses, or society matrons. Now it is Edmonde Guy, the revue star. Now it is Madame the Comtesse de Noailles, the lyricist. Always the drinks are of the best and the entertainment which precedes or follows the showing is twentieth century!

"Our age is the age of cocktails," Van Dongen has said, "of eclecticism, of mixtures."

A Negress dances. A Japanese does the Samurai Dance of Death. A singer recites French ballads so old as to be *à la mode*. But through it all the real spectacle is given by the spectators.

Van Dongen knows art as it is appraised to-day. He regards himself less an immortal, less a genius, than as a producer of wealth. It is the modern manner.

"The men of our day bother less about fame than about money," he says. "Artists have every chance to strike it rich. Art-dealers multiply. Collectors swarm everywhere. They no longer need be wealthy. Thousands of people who are not at all well-to-do have learned to know the market value of pictures and now speculate in them just as they might speculate in stocks or in real estate."

But modern art? What chance of survival has modern art as pitted against the masterpieces of the centuries? Van Dongen is non-committal!

"At any rate," he says, "art makes a living for the merchants who sell colours and brushes, and even, if much less rich, for the art critics."

Van Dongen's irony is ever with him. It is his irony, his strength, and his daring which make him an ideal painter of women. He paints the luxury, the sadness and the vice of modern society, but he does not rebel. To the disillusionment of Toulouse-Lautrec and the verve of Matisse he has brought his own fresh Dutch good humour. Undoubtedly he has painted more beauties than any other brush in the salon.

END

LES
SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES
D'HOUBIGANT



A woman of refinement adapts her attire to morning, afternoon and evening wear; there should be a change of perfume, too.

In seeking to satisfy this new mode of expression, HOUBIGANT has evolved three new perfumes exquisitely appropriate to the hour: POUR LE MATIN POUR L'APRÈS-MIDI — POUR LE SOIR.

Arranged in a delightful Coffret, under the title of "LES HEURES CHOISIES" (Chosen Hours), these perfumes, composed of precious and lasting essences, acquire their full-virtue after a short period of evaporation.

They happily complete the series "LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT" which now comprises:

ESSENCE RARE ETUDE FESTIVAL
POUR LE MATIN — POUR L'APRÈS-MIDI POUR LE SOIR

Each of these six distinct perfumes can be obtained separately in standard sizes.

HOUBIGANT



PORTIA. "Spots" are popular. Here is a delightul ZARAMAC Waterproof model in spotted crepe-de-chine. White with blue spots, fawn with brown, brown with fawn, or black with grey. Rubber-proofed.

ZARAMAC

(Regd.)

WATERPROOFS

Recent Ascots have been wet to the ruination of expensive toilettes. Distinction and complete weather protection can be obtained by wearing a Zaramac model waterproof. Two are shown here, and many others are available at all West End stores. Insist on Zaramac for exquisite models.



LAURA. Something entirely new in Waterproofs. Scroll figured silk designs with contrasted inverts to skirt and capelet.

A ZARAMAC Rubberproof model for Ascot.

Please write to

ZAMBRENE LTD.,

3b, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4 (Wholesale only), for name of nearest stockist.

Open Letters to the "Would-be's" of the Theatre

(Continued from page 75)

because nobody must have any good numbers but herself.

Then, even if, by some weird mischance, because somebody drops dead, or something like that, your song is produced, you will find that, because the producer has not seen it done in America, it will be produced all wrong.

If, in spite of all that, it is a success, then you will find it will be cut out after the first night, because the hundred-per-cent. American composer objects to England being one-hundredth-per-cent. English.

LET me tell you a story which you will not believe, because, fortunately, people starting on new careers won't believe anything.

I was once asked by a leading London publisher to help a British song. He wanted it used as the rallying song by the Empire Crusaders. It had been written by an Englishman. Strangely enough, it had been composed by another Englishman. And, even more strangely, he, as an English publisher, wanted to help it, in spite of all that.

I called on him, to his surprise, and had the song played to me and sung to me. The English composer played the English music. The English author sang its English words. It was all about "We're a united Empire."

"We've always been an Empire." This struck me as strange because, just about that time, there were rows all over the Empire. India was threatened with flames. Ireland was on the verge of demanding a republic. Egypt had just insisted on more independence. The South Africans had got a flag of their own and were declaring "Africa for the Africans," while Australia was on the point of saying it would not pay its debts.

Besides, the words, "We have always been an Empire," was a strange exaggeration. All that really began when Queen Victoria was declared Empress of India.

I heard this blather bleated, and walked outside, only to find that the publisher's windows were crammed full of American songs, that we were not quite such a united Holborn Empire as all that, and that all down the Charing Cross Road, there were theme songs from the American talkies, scream songs from the American cabarets and dream songs sung by all the crooning American tenors in the Beverley Hills and the Rudy Valleges.

Not many years ago, outside that door, I used to see, in the days when the Leslie Stuarts were the rage, gutter merchants selling pirated copies for a penny a time. When British song-writers were at the height of their prosperity, they used to get only a guinea or two from the artists who sang their songs, and even then, when they had them published, pirates pinched them and sold them right outside the publisher's door.

Some of the most famous songs you ever heard were bought for 7s. 6d. and for half a guinea. Many of them were written in the public-house opposite, on the bar, by a man who scribbled the lyric on the back of an envelope, and another man who wrote a few bars of music on his cuff. Then they would call on Flossie Longsocks and sell it for a guinea. And the song would go round the world. It may be still going round.

"The Lily of Laguna" still enthralles every audience that hears it. You could play it after the National Anthem and people would stop to hear it and hum it, or whistle it, as they walked away.

CHARLIE COBORN, over 80, can still sing "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" and "Two Lovely Black Eyes," and princes will listen, and prime ministers, and publicans, and poets, and pork butchers.

In the days when those songs were written, whatever were their (Continued on page 98)

**Choose
your holiday
from**



Write for free illustrated booklets to The SWEDISH TRAVEL BUREAU, Dept. D5, 21 Coventry Street, London, W.1; or The British & Northern Shipping Agency, 5 Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.3; or leading travel agencies.

THE £ IS WORTH 20/- IN

SWEDEN



"YOU DON'T SAY SO..."

Mrs. Hesketh didn't like the idea of the telephone at first. She said so. You should hear her now—at her age—ringing up to arrange Bridge, ringing her dressmaker and her hairdresser, *and* her beauty specialist, ringing all her friends just to say how do you do, as she puts it, and going on to say a good deal more. What would she do without the telephone?... "and such a boon in wet weather, my dear!"

It was her eldest son who filled in that Inquiry Form. There's one alongside for you.

SEND FOR THE TELEPHONE BOOKLET—FREE

INQUIRY FORM

To the Secretary, General Post Office, London
Please send me, without any obligation on my part,
a free copy of the Telephone Booklet.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Town.....

30-P

An advertisement of the Post Office Telephone Service



MAPPIN & WEBB have manufactured Table Cutlery practically since its inception, and to-day their famous "Trustworthy" Cutlery embodies all the knowledge gained during this great experience. . . . Table Knives from 30/- per dozen. Cheese Knives from 26/- per dozen. Meat or Game Carvers from 15/- per pair. A catalogue will be gladly sent.

MAPPIN & WEBB
LTD.

172 REGENT ST., W.1. 155-162 OXFORD ST., W.1
2 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4 LONDON

Manufactory - - The Royal Works - - Sheffield

Open Letters to the "Would-be's" of the Theatre

imitations of tune and rhyme, England was English, and the music and the words came out of English minds and expressed English ideas. But to-day, if you want to make a fortune, you must be a nice little imitation American.

Rhyme the words "hooch" and "whoop-pee" and "goofy." "Ga-ga" is a good one for you to use. Be as "blue" as possible—not red, white and blue, but just blue-nose blue.

In the old days, men went out valiantly and battled with the world in order to lay their booty at the feet of brave women, who waited at home. Now, if songs are to be believed, they get "mooney" about them and moan and mump.

They are always "blooooo" when they think of "yooooooo," the poor gumps.

I do not wonder, sometimes, when I see the young men who write this sort of muck. They're so finicky. They move around as though they're training to be mannequins. They're precious, and they lisp. They're a mixture of "Vile Bodies" and evil spirits.

Do not, for heaven's sake, master your

job. Those days are over. Now, you must get into a gang, slide into a set, be seen around, cackle, take a gossip-writer out to tea, and know every band leader who is led by his band.

If he plays music on the wireless, send him some chocolates, or buy him a bun. He will send you back an account for orchestrating your music, this, although, of course, it was orchestrated weeks before, when the publisher published it. He will use the same orchestral parts. But he still wants his fiver.

This is a nice way of sending to sleep, in every obscure village in England, every old lady who listens-in. That is Fame, nowadays, the power of reducing to somnolence half the nation.

And, the next time you walk down Charing Cross Road, look in all the publishers' shops. Then you will realise that, even if America did not win the war, it is still winning nearly every musical piece.

Sing a song of sixpence! It isn't worth a bob.

Yours discordantly,

H. S.

Films (Continued from page 79)

found new and absorbing interest in life in watching the dramas which took place in the public park beneath his house and "playing God" anonymously to the little people in distress, in the original story, thus discovered that his own wifeloved someone else but would not desert him because of his infirmity and, to release her, killed himself. But this ending would not have fitted in with the moral developed in the film. Anyway, the originality of the theme and Arliss's individuality have ensured a big success for the picture.

Among the younger stars who seem to be developing definite personality is the younger Fairbanks. "It's Tough to be Famous" was shown in the West End only as a supporting picture to what was, in my opinion, a very inferior picture, "The Wiser Sex," another trite gangster arrangement, with Lilyan Tashman as the gangster's accomplice and Claudette Colbert, minus the erstwhile French accent, as a society girl who assumes a fair curly wig, and, far too convincingly, the manners and language of the underworld in order to learn the villain's secret and to save the man she loves from being found guilty of murder. "Oh, yeah!"

"It's Tough to be Famous" is a skit on American publicity methods. All young Fairbanks' recent films have had a humorous twist which suits his method. He is fun, a tall, loose-limbed, young man, with large hands and feet, a hereditary, loping walk and a nice smile and blue eyes. And he can act. In this story he plays the part of a submarine officer who, owing to an accident, becomes a "national hero." The publicity hounds buy and exploit him. Danger to his married happiness supplies romantic and humorous interest. When connubial bliss is interrupted by demands for his public appearance to welcome Brazilian fliers and the young wife shuts herself in her room and he, trying to appease her, says, "Darling, I'm sorry. . . I haven't done anything, but I'm sorry." The audience really laughed. Can you think why?

What is true of the artistes is true of the

plots. Hollywood searches the world for them and buys up the most successful authors, but, having got them, they stamp them under their plutocratic feet until they are all as flat and as same as dates in a box.

Just examine the plots of the films allotted to the two great stars, Garbo and Dietrich, in the last year.

"Dishonoured": Dietrich, "a woman with a past," turns spy, lures men to ruin, experiences one true and tragic love and is shot.

"Mata Hari": Garbo as same; identical plot.

"Morocco": Dietrich as "woman with a past"; gives up opportunity of advantageous marriage for love of a Légionnaire. Exit to desert.

"The Rise of Helga": Garbo as woman who acquires past during the picture. Ending as above except that exit is to fever-infested jungle instead of desert.

Then there is the question of casting, which seems to be a lost art. The place of the casting director has been taken by the make-up man. The lessons taught by the brilliant casting of some of the continental directors, Clair, Pabst and so on, who even choose their extras and crowd units with insight, has been entirely lost on Hollywood. Recently the publicity sheets and, consequently, the Press, had columns about the way in which the make-up man, with gum, fish fins, paint and wax, during a daily two hours' séance, transformed Loretta Young for her part in "The Honourable Mr. Wong." Loretta Young, a fair, fresh, vivacious American girl, capable of playing romantic comedy roles with grace and simplicity, converted into a static, black-wigged, tragic Chinese figure! Why? Were there not hundreds of "types" physically adapted to such a part whose technical ability would have been at least equal to Loretta Young and Edward G. Robinson, the gangster specialist, both handicapped by their unnatural disguises and uncongenial roles?

END

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

A quick afternoon treatment



DEMEYER

Preparations required in this treatment are:

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM . . . Melts into the pores of the skin, rids them of dust and impurities, and leaves the skin soft and receptive 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC . . . Tones, firms and whitens the skin and keeps the tissues healthy. Use it with and after Venetian Cleansing Cream 3/6, 8/6, 15/6

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM . . . Specially adapted for a quick treatment before going out in the evening 4/6

CLEANSING TISSUES . . . Lovely silky tissues that remove every trace of cream without stretching the skin. Roll 1/6. Box of 4 rolls 5/6

For complete instructions in the use of Elizabeth Arden Preparations, please write for "The Quest of the Beautiful" which Miss Arden will gladly send you

• There are occasions when faces simply must be transformed in a very few minutes, made fresh and gay for the evening, after a tiring day

• Elizabeth Arden has a concentrated treatment to accomplish this rapidly but thoroughly. First, a deep kindly cleansing with Cleansing Cream, followed by a refreshing patting with Skin Tonic

• Then, when the face is beautifully clean, it is ready for Anti-Wrinkle Cream—so rich and mellow that it is easy to understand why droopy lines and wrinkles disappear under its soothing influence

• If you have time to rest for ten minutes while Anti-Wrinkle Cream is doing its work, so much the better. After the cream is removed give your skin another quick patting with ice-cold Skin Tonic so that it feels fresh and tingling

• And now—feeling wonderfully revived—you are ready for the final flattering touch of make-up

ELIZABETH ARDEN
LONDON 25 OLD BOND

691 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
ELIZABETH ARDEN LIMITED
STREET W1

PARIS
Copyright reserved

BERLIN

ROME

An Exceptionally Sturdy Light Car



Ancient and Modern. The old gatehouse at Long Compton, with the new Hillman Minx saloon de luxe in the foreground

The Hillman MINX

*By the Earl
of Cardigan*

IT is some time now since the Hillman Company, which originally made its name with vehicles of 14 h.p. or less, has produced anything in the nature of a light car. It has of late been more concerned with building inexpensive cars of medium power. It is particularly interesting, therefore, to see what a return to light car production, necessitated no doubt by the general financial depression, has brought forth.

It does not, I think, require a great deal of imagination to detect in the 10 h.p. "Minx" the influence of the designer's 20 h.p. experience.

In many respects this new model gives the impression of being much larger and more powerful than it actually is. To take one instance, it is particularly roomy. Even when the driver's seat has been pushed well back to accommodate a six-footer like myself, there is still ample room for the legs of another six-footer in the back seat.

There is, perhaps, nothing very remarkable in this, but what struck me was that this roominess had not been obtained, as is often the case, at the expense of appearance. Commodious coachwork often makes a small chassis appear "overbodied," and the over-hang at the back looks ugly and makes for clumsy "lines." In this case, however, while plenty of space is provided, these faults are conspicuous by their absence.

Even more noteworthy is the way in which the engine contrives to disguise its diminutive size. When one has driven a great many small cars, one comes automatically to associate a specification such as R.A.C. rating 9.8 h.p., top gear ratio 5.625, with certain definite advantages and certain obvious defects. When I read these figures, and before I had actually tested the car, I made the following mental note: "Probably lively, with good acceleration; rather 'fussy' at 40 m.p.h. and over." This is what the figures normally portend.

The first part of my prophecy was certainly fulfilled. The car was certainly lively, and acceleration was excellent. Having got out of London, I then proceeded to speed up to 40 m.p.h. and over, in order to observe the degree of "fussiness." At 40 m.p.h., however, the engine was running with exceptional ease and smoothness, at 45 m.p.h. it was just

the same, and at 50 m.p.h. there was still no difference. If my calculations are correct, this 50 m.p.h. represented almost exactly 3,700 revolutions per minute, and it is really extraordinary that this engine speed should have produced no noise or vibration whatsoever.

The reason, no doubt, is largely to be found in the very up-to-date method by which the engine is suspended in the frame. Blocks of rubber are introduced between the metal surfaces, thus damping out what little vibration would otherwise be communicated to the chassis and thence to the driver.

MAXIMUM speed in top gear is something in excess of 55 m.p.h., and in second gear a good 30 m.p.h. I

had no difficulty in obtaining an honest 50 m.p.h. against a distinct uphill slope, from which it would appear that, under favourable circumstances, anything up to 60 m.p.h. would be possible. The performance on hill, incidentally, is definitely good, and the little engine pulls away in top gear with remarkable vigour on any ordinary main-road gradient.

Yet another feature which was more suggestive of a large than a small car was the way in which the "Minx" sat down on the road. Even at or near maximum speed, there was no suggestion of "wandering" or side-sway.

For this the steering, which is excellent in every way, may be partly responsible, but an even more important factor is good weight distribution.

There was no fault to be found with the springing, which is assisted by double-acting shock absorbers. Once or twice I deliberately drove over bad holes in the road, and maintained a high speed over bumpy stretches, but bouncing and jarring were almost negligible. The only component which I could not test was the braking system, owing to the fact that a too-zealous garage hand had washed three out of the four drums with paraffin, thereby temporarily upsetting the adjustment. I do not doubt, however, that, under normal circumstances, the brakes are perfectly efficient.

The driving position I found very comfortable, the three-speed gearbox was easy to manipulate, and the controls were all conveniently placed. A small point which a great many owners will appreciate is that the bonnet is made for quick opening, and under it are located the tools, pump, jack, etc., so that roadside repairs and adjustments can be carried out without inconvenience or waste of time.

With prices ranging between £150 and £200, the "Minx" should undoubtedly be a popular addition to the Hillman range of cars. There are two models, one a saloon, at £159, and both have a very pleasant leatherette upholstery with very full equipment. Indeed, within the limitations of 10 h.p. and £200, it is difficult to see how the makers could have produced a sturdier little car, or one better qualified to appeal to the ordinary family motorist with a relatively straitened purse.

This Month's Motoring Hint Planning a Summer Tour

THE title of this "hint" is perhaps misleading, if it implies that a motor tour should be carefully planned. What is really important is that it should not be mis-planned. It is a great mistake, for instance, to attempt to cover too much ground. For most cars 200 miles is a very good day's run, and 100 miles per day is quite a fair average if one wants to "take it easy."

Average speeds also should not be over-estimated. An average of 40 m.p.h. demands an exceptional road, 30 m.p.h. represents fair main-road running, and over country roads it is often not advisable to reckon on averaging more than 25 m.p.h.

Where long runs are contemplated, I believe that it pays to study the map before, rather than during, the run. If the driver has roughly memorised the "lie of the land," he will seldom find it necessary to pull up, either to enquire the way or to examine signposts.

Women can be First-Rate Drivers

By The Earl of Cardigan

TO state that women can be first-rate drivers is, I fear, to invite two rather obvious retorts. Many women readers will loftily reply, "Of course they can!" whereas the average man, from the depths of his armchair, will grumble, "Well, then, how is it that they never are?"

Let us consider for a moment the plaint of the disillusioned male. When he says "How is it that they never are?" he really means "How is it that they seldom are?" If he will think for a moment, I believe that every man will be able to recall at least one or two women of his acquaintance whose driving may be termed first-rate. Personally, I know of two whom I consider really good. Both are capable of driving any car of any make at any moment, without having to ask a string of questions. Both understand the terribly neglected art of driving fast, smoothly and safely. (How rarely, by the way, does one see these three

both sexes wishing to become really expert, a fair number of men succeed in becoming so, and only a small number of women.

A GREAT many indifferent women drivers are not, I am convinced, indifferent by choice. I was recently driving with a woman who confessed that she was unable to "change down" cleanly. I asked if she would like to learn how it was done, and she replied that she would. It did not take her long to pick up the general idea, and very soon we were rewarded by a perfect gear-change. Her comment on this was, I think, very instructive. She said: "But this is great fun! I love the way the gears slip in when one gets it just right!"

Now, if this seemed to her "great fun," why was it that she had been driving for ten years without being able to do it before? The answer is that some miserable man had originally taught her,

not the correct method of performing this operation, but the one which seemed likely to involve least trouble for himself. His method worked—after a fashion—but it had deprived her of any chance of making clean, efficient changes.

I came across an even more glaring example of this a little time ago. A certain woman driver had been, I imagine, rather a slow learner, and her teacher—a supposedly qualified instructor—had found her liable to stall her engine when bringing the car to a standstill. He had, therefore, given her this amazing rule: "When you apply the brakes, always de-clutch!" This, by the way, was in the days of rear-wheel brakes. . . .

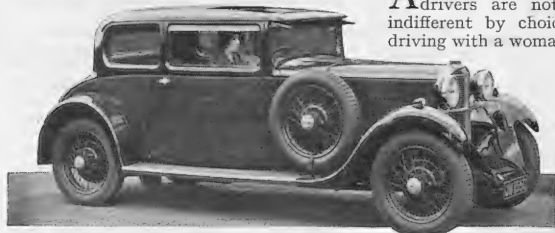
The result was that, if she was going at 40 m.p.h. or more—if she was on a steep hill—if the road was wet and skiddy—she always withdrew the clutch the moment she applied the brake. Apart from wearing out clutch and brake linings at twice the normal rate, she was lucky not to have had a serious accident.

I am sure that the same procedure is often followed with regard to reversing. A husband will teach his wife to drive—again, after a fashion—but when it is necessary to back the car into the garage, he will say: "Leave it outside, my dear; I will back it in for you." This is, no doubt, easier for him than teaching her to perform this evolution for herself, but is it not rather a mistaken form of kindness?

WOMEN themselves are, of course, partly to blame for permitting, and perhaps encouraging, this sort of thing. Nevertheless, men have condoned an attitude which is no longer typically feminine. It is doubtful whether a woman pupil would thank her teacher at the time for more thorough-going instruction in the ways of motor cars, but she would almost certainly be grateful to him afterwards.



Teaching her young. Wendy Shipwright, the five-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Captain Denis Shipwright, the racing motorist, at the wheel of a racing car on Brooklands track



Woman at the wheel of this 16 h.p. Sunbeam four-seater coupe with sliding roof

qualities combined, even among the most experienced performers!)

It is a fact, however, that women drivers of this calibre form a very small minority. As compared with these two women, I suppose that I have met quite a dozen men, apart from acquaintances connected with professional motoring, whose driving satisfied my notion of what driving should be. In other words, the really good man driver is unusual; the really good woman driver is exceptional.

Why is this? My own belief is that, with fifty per cent. of the indifferent women drivers, it is a case of "cherchez l'homme." In plain English, I believe that a man, be he instructor, husband or brother, is primarily responsible.

I say "with fifty per cent." because I imagine that about half the drivers of both sexes have no real desire to become first-rate performers. They merely desire to get from one place to another without doing active damage to the car or to themselves. We may leave them outside our calculations. The point is that, with the remaining half of



Public favourites. Mr. Bobby Howes, the centre of attraction in "Nothing but the Truth" and a star in the film "Lord Babs," admiring, together with his wife, their latest friend—an Austin Twelve-Six de luxe saloon

There are none
so good-

Ginger Nuts

Huntley & Palmers
Ginger Nuts are world
famous. There are none
so good. See the trade
mark figure "John
Ginger" on all packages
1/2d. per lb.

BUTTER FINGERS

Ideal with morning tea.
Delightful for children
1/5d.

OSBORNE

Welcome always. Just
delicately sweetened
1/4d.



John Ginger

The Trade Mark of
Huntley & Palmers famous Ginger Nuts

BREAKFAST BISCUITS

Crisp and crunchy.
For use at all times
instead of bread or
toast . . . 2/od.

RUGBY WAFERS

The aristocrat of the
tea-table. Chocolate-
wafered, chocolate-
coated . . . 2/5d.

HORLICK

Rich and sweet. Con-
taining Horlick's
Malted Milk. 1/2d.

Prices quoted are usual
"pound" prices loose.

- as HUNTLEY & PALMERS Biscuits

H.P.L.



Beauty adorns Beauty



To avoid
imitations,
see that
the word
"BRIT-
ANNIC"
is engraved
inside the
bracelet.

THE "BRITANNIC" Expanding Watch
Bracelet has secured an unrivalled world-
wide reputation for its high finish and remark-
able durability. The "Britannic" is fully
guaranteed for five years, during which time
the springs will be renewed, should the need
arise, free of charge, through any Jeweller.
The "BRITANNIC" has frequently been
tested by opening and closing a bracelet by
machine 100,000 times. The bracelet and
springs have stood this test perfectly. The
"Britannic" is made in many designs and
widths, complete with watches in various styles
from £4:15:0, also "Britannic" expanding
bands alone, with hooks to replace straps.

The
BRITANNIC
The Queen of WATCH BRACELETS

LONDON MADE.

If your Jeweller does not stock them,
please send a postcard addressed
BCM/BRITANNIC, 52, LONDON,
requesting name of nearest Jeweller.

Fruit Cocktails

(Continued from page 84)

special fruit cocktail. Here are a few sug-
gestions that invite you to turn the available
fruits now on the market to a satisfactory
cocktail account. First there is amber-cocktail,
as limpid as its lovely yellow jewel namesake.
Cut a few white grapes in halves and remove
the seeds. Cut two slices of ripe pineapple
into dice; also peel and slice a ripe juicy
apple. Tasmanian apples, now plentiful, are
invitingly crisp and sweet. Place these
ingredients in the shaker together with the
juice of two lemons and an equal quantity
of sugar syrup and a bit of crushed ice.
Shake well and then strain into the glasses,
decorating each with a few little pieces of
pineapple.

ANOTHER refreshing cocktail of this class
is the Florida. Half-fill the shaker with
crushed ice and add the juice of a lemon, the
juice of half an orange, three dashes of
Angostura bitters and one dash of sugar
syrup. Shake well and strain before serving.

There are several delectable Pussyfoot
cocktails; among them this recipe is well
worth a trial. Take the yolk of a fresh egg, one
teaspoonful of grenadine, the juice of half a
lemon, and the juice of half a juicy South
African orange would be a wise choice at
the moment. Shake well and then strain
into a cocktail glass. Note that these pro-
portions provide but one cocktail, so multi-
ply the quantity by the number of your
guests, doubling if they are susceptible to
appetisers.

END

An Attractive Tennis Coat

(Continued from page 82)

9 rows, then cast off 3 or 5 sts, according to
the size of the buttons—3 sts were cast off
in the original—for the buttonhole. Cast off
these stitches in the centre of the row, and
cast them on again in the next row, to make
the buttonhole. K 6 more rows and cast off
for the next buttonhole. Do this 6 times.
After the last buttonhole K on till band
measures 38½ ins. from the last buttonhole.

Before casting off measure the jacket
round to see if band fits exactly.

Press out the work, after the band has
been sewn on, on the wrong side with a hot
iron over a damp cloth. Take care not to
stretch the knitting.

END

Triumph

(Continued from page 47)

chance." Anne Graham lit a fresh cigarette.
"A bit mad, but seemed the only thing to
do. I'd just one point to cling to. . . .
People like her are usually vain."

"Well?"

"That evening I met her, she seemed terri-
bly pleased with herself and I watched her
hide that Marel thing in a sponge bag and
I nearly collapsed. . . . I must have taken
her in well. . . . And then I behaved just
like a schoolgirl and went into sheer raptures
over her luggage. . . . I'd a very clear
hunch about it. And, if you please, she
herself gave me the clue I wanted."

"But, surely—"

Anne Graham rose a little wearily.

"Of course, she never said a word. . . .
But I asked her what the things were made
of. . . . She told me it was some funny
combination. . . . She used the word three
times and—"

"Well?"

"And each time her own hands betrayed
her. . . . She would caress that funny
nickel knob in the middle of the lock and I
saw the sides move."

END

**Look in the Mirror the very first morning after
you have started my treatment**

I can promise you a clearer lovelier skin—

"If you were to use my Special Lotion to-night, you'd see a difference *to-morrow morning*. You could look in your mirror—in the most candid morning light—and see your skin clearer, smoother, actually *fairer* than when you went to bed. And if you followed my simple routine faithfully for two or three weeks you would see that difference *every day*—until you'd got your skin back to the utter clarity, the flawless *natural* loveliness it had when you were a child.

"I know my way is different—revolutionary even. But I believe—and I have proved it in a lifetime of study and experience—that *real soap-and-water cleansing*, with specially prepared soap, is a very big beauty secret. Nothing else really removes grease; and it is grease that attracts so fatally all the dust and germs and dangerous irritants in the air. Cyclax users massage with Skinfood night and morning; but, in the morning, after the bracing nourishing cream has done its work, they always wash it away with warm water and the rare rich-lathered Cyclax soap. Instead of greasy vanishing cream they prepare their skin for the day with a special liquid *non-greasy* powder-base; and they add the final subtle finish with powder and perhaps also cosmetics, specially prepared neither to harm the skin nor to artificialise its quiet natural charm.

"So—scientifically, methodically, Cyclax brings your skin back to perfection; cleansed *within* with Special Lotion; protected *without* by perfect daily care; made and kept lovely always by these simple means."

Frances Hemming.

Cyclax Preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers throughout the Country.

cyclax

CYCLAX LTD., 58, SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.1. PARIS . BERLIN . NEW YORK.

service advertising.



CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION draws acid waste from the skin. 5/6. 10/6.

CYCLAX SKINFOOD nourishes and braces. Special "O" Skinfood for dry skins. Special "E" Skinfood for relaxed throats. Cyclax "Baby" Skinfood for super sensitive skins. 4/- . 7/6.

CYCLAX COMPLEXION MILK (slightly astringent). Prevents open pores and eradicates lines. 4/- . 7/6.

CYCLAX SOAP. Has exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes Skin Food. Softens and whitens the skin. 3/6 per tablet.

CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION. A non-greasy powder base. For dry skins Cyclax Sunburn Lotion is more effective. 4/6. 8/6.

CYCLAX CLEANSING LOTION. Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. 4/- . 7/6.

CYCLAX POWDER. In seven shades or you can have it specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6. 6/6.

CYCLAX IS ENGLISH ALL THROUGH

Cyclax specialities are made in my own laboratories.

FREE BOOKLET. Please let me send you—quite free, of course—my own book, "The Art of Being Lovely," which I have just re-edited and reprinted. It shows you how to use Cyclax and outlines my treatment for special skin difficulties.

FREE ADVICE. If you are able to come to the Salon at 58, South Molton Street, either I or one of my personally trained experts will be delighted to advise you, but if you cannot, please write and ask any questions.

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY



REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no external application can charm it on to the face. As you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to retain and regain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world.

A skin specialist of great repute in the scientific world—Dr. J. F. Kapp—made a discovery which created a sensation in medical circles. After sixteen years of research Dr. Kapp evolved a preparation, now known under the name of W-5 brand tablets, which is the first and so far the only one to regenerate the skin—rebuild it from within. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this process of regeneration.



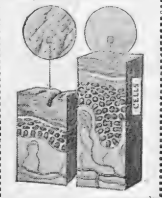
Price 21/- per box.

A most interesting and absorbing book, beautifully illustrated, explains this important discovery in the most comprehensive manner. This book should be in the hands of every woman. It will be sent gratis and post free.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK which tells you everything about the skin and its REJUVENATION by W-5 BRAND TABLETS.

From: John Bell & Croyden, 50 Wigmore St.; Savory & Moore, Ltd., 143 New Bond St.; Heppells: Lewis & Burrows; also obtainable through all branches of Boots, and from Harrods, Army & Navy, Barker, Whitley, Lewis's (Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester), Squire & Sons, Ltd., 413 Oxford St., W., and from all first class Chemists, Or direct from distributors: GELTY DISTRIBUTING CO., 162a, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows. Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



Are You Wise about the Weather?

*"Regenbogen am Morgen
Macht dem Schäfer Sorgen;
Regenbogen am Abend
Ist dem Schäfer labend."*

WHEN the sun is in happy mood he goes to rest flaunting a mighty pageantry of colour in the western sky. His gaily coloured robes are far-flung across the heavens. The barometer will rise, the wind go to the east and blow steadily from that point for two or three weeks. The barometer will generally rise, and although it may at times drop a little, and there is frequent early morning mist, the omens are all for a long, settled spell of good weather.

A halo about the sun betokens rain. "The circle of the moon never filled a pond; the circle of the sun wets a shepherd." The wider the circle the nearer the rain.

The old legend about six weeks' rain if there is a fall on St. Swithin's Day is absurd! It is based on the seasonal change from the drier half of summer to the more moist half, with a greater tendency to westerly winds. There are many fallacies about the moon and its phases in relation to the weather. They have scant substantiation. On the other hand, rain does follow when the moon rises pale and sickly. When it rises red the outlook is for wind. Prolonged storm follows when two or three more or less distinct and spotted rings encircle the orb. "The moon with a circle brings water in her beak." ("Lune encerclée, pluie prochaine"—Haut Rhin.)

Clear moon, trimming her mellow lantern in the eastern sky, is the inspiration of the farmer, the poet, peasant and the lover.

*"When the moon shows a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field;
But when she rises haloed round,
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground."*

When stars are steady and do not flicker appreciably the outlook is promising; but if they do flicker and appear to be larger and closer together than usual there will be rain, or wind, or both. Thunder and heavy rain generally follow the phenomenon of many falling stars on a fine and hot summer evening.

A mist in summer after sunset, brooding over brooks and meadows, is a good omen.

It is difficult to be infallible in weather forecasting, but intelligent observation of omens in bird and beast, in earth and sky, cloud and wind, will provide an insight that has not only a fascination that increases the greater the knowledge becomes, but also provides a weather-instinct that will be accurate in five instances out of six.



EVERYBODY agrees that the maximum of light and sunshine is of value to health, and the tendency to decorate our houses in pale colours with varnished and washable surfaces is gaining in popularity. But how many people realise that a brightly polished floor is one of the best possible reflectors, and that, properly treated, it can act as a mirror and diffuse and distribute sunlight to every corner of a room? This result is easy to obtain if Mansion polish is used, for this wax polish gives a really brilliant finish to stained and parquet floors and to linoleum. This polish, used in collaboration with Min cream for the furniture, will do much to make your house a sun-trap.

"Beauty Sleep" EVERY NIGHT

These charming helmets are scientifically shaped to fit the head. This is the secret of their success. Avoid imitations, which stretch and displace the waves.

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED AFTER A WAVE SET.

The "Lady Jayne" is a Registered Design.

From Hairdressers and Stores, including Harrods, Selfridge's and Boots, Ltd.

WEAR A
'Lady Jayne'
SLUMBER HELMET



Cotton Net from 1/-. Silk Net 2/6
Nottingham Lace from 3/11 to 6/6

ASK ALSO FOR THE NEW
"EIGHT POINT" HAIR CLIP.

Jarrett, Rainsford & Laughton, Ltd.
BIRMINGHAM.

Let your bread be

CRISPBREAD

Let your crispbread be

WHOLE-WHEAT CRISPBREAD

Let your whole-wheat crispbread be

BRITISH WHOLE-WHEAT CRISPBREAD

—i.e., Peek Frean's *Vita-Weat*

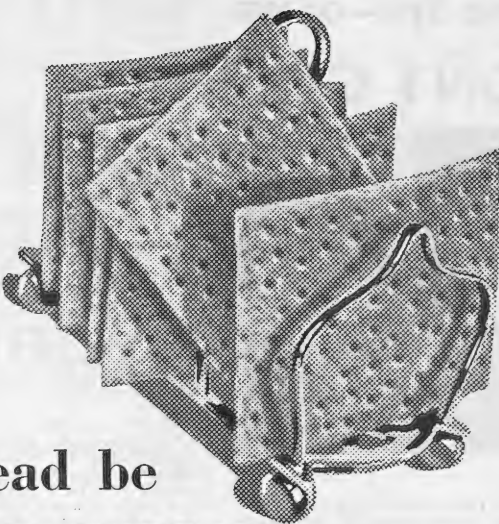
REGD.

Of a most fascinating and appetising crunchiness, Vita-Weat offers you all the nourishment of the whole wheat berry, so perfectly cooked that all the precious vitamins are conserved and every atom is readily assimilated. Because it is free from unconverted starch, it cannot clog your system or run to fat. Result—perfect fitness !

Wheat is the staff of health, the prop of Empire. Vita-Weat is made entirely of *British* wheat, British-milled and baked by British labour. Put it on the table at *every* meal.

Cartons 1/6 and 10d. Packets 6d. and 2d.

Made by PEEK FREAN, Makers of Famous Biscuits



"CLEAN those lips—or we DON'T GO!"



"JUST think—Jack breaking out like that with the door open and the Briggs waiting right there in the car! I nearly died of shame . . . but when I looked in the glass my lips did look painted."

That painted look is one thing men simply cannot stand! You don't notice it—but others do. Colours you have grown used to look cheap and tawdry to your friends.

End painted lips! Forget your present lipstick. When you make up, TANGEE your lips.

Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It's a new discovery that changes on your lips to the colour that looks best on you! Tangee brings new charm and loveliness to your make-up.

Tangee is permanent—waterproof. Its special cold cream base sinks into the pores. It won't cake or chap. Get Tangee at your druggist or cosmetic counter. It costs no more than ordinary lipstick.

CHEEKS MUSTN'T LOOK PAINTED, EITHER



Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee changes on your lips. It gives the colour most becoming to you.

Tangee Rouge keeps your cheeks from looking painted.

. . . When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Sold at all Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores
LUFT TANGEE LTD., LONDON

TANGEE

BRITISH MADE

Flight and Pursuit (Continued from page 36)

deep in Caroline was something that had become directionless and purposeless, that no longer cared. There was no love—she sat next to many men at table, appreciated compliments, courtesies and small gallantries, but the moment something more was hinted, she froze, almost sweetly, but very definitely.

At first it had been Helen O'Connor who urged her to go out—now it became Caroline herself for whom no potion was too strong nor any evening too late. There began to be mild lectures from Helen.

"This is absurd—after all, there's such a thing as moderation."

"I suppose so—if you really want to live."

"But you want to live—you've got a lot to live for—if I had that skin of yours, and your hair. Why don't you look at some of the men that look at you?"

"Life isn't good enough, that's all," said Caroline. "For a while I made the best of it, but I'm more aware every day that it isn't good enough."

"Why don't you marry Lahaye? He has money and position and everything you could want."

There was a pause.

"I've tried men. To hell with men!"

Afterwards she wondered at Helen's solicitude, having long realised that the other woman cared nothing for her. They had not even mutual tastes, mutual choices in things and people; often they were openly antipathetic and didn't meet for days at a time. Caroline wondered why she was kept on, but she had grown more self-indulgent in these years and she was not inclined to quibble about the feathers that made soft her nest.

One October night on Lake Maggiore things changed in a flash—the blurred world seen from a merry-go-round settled into place—the merry-go-round suddenly stopped.

They had gone to the Hotel in Locarno because of Caroline. For months she had had a mild but persistent asthma and they had come there for a rest before the gaieties of the fall season at Biarritz. They had met friends and with them Caroline had wandered to the Kursaal to play mild boules at a maximum of two Swiss francs. Helen had remained at the hotel.

Caroline was sitting in the bar. The orchestra were playing a Wiener Walzer and suddenly she had the sensation that the chords were extending themselves, that each bar of three-four time was bending in the middle, drooping a little and thus drawing itself out, until the waltz itself like a phonograph running down became a torture. She put her fingers in her ears; then suddenly she coughed into her handkerchief.

"Oh God," she gasped.

The man with her asked: "What is it? Are you ill?"

She leaned back against the bar, her handkerchief with the trickle of blood clasped concealingly in her hand. It seemed to her half an hour before she answered. "No, I'm all right," but evidently it was only a few seconds, for the man did not continue his solicitude.

She must get out, Caroline thought. What was it? Once or twice before she had noticed tiny flecks of blood, but never anything like this.

After a long while the trickle stopped and someone wound the orchestra up to normal time. Without a word she walked slowly from the room, holding herself delicately as glass. The hotel was not far away; she set out along the lamplit street. After a minute she wanted to cough again, so she stopped and held her breath and leaned against the wall. But this time was no use—she raised her handkerchief to her mouth and lowered it after a minute, this time concealing it from her own eyes. Then she walked on.

In the elevator another spell of weakness overcame her, but she managed to reach the

door of their suite, where she collapsed on a little sofa in the antechamber.

Had there been room in her heart for any emotion, except terror, she would have been surprised at the sound of an excited dialogue in the salon, but at the moment they were voices in a nightmare and only the shell of her ear registered what they said.

"I've been six months in Central Asia, or I'd have caught up with this before," a man's voice said. Then Helen answered: "I've no sense of guilt whatsoever."

"I don't suppose you have. I'm just cursing myself for ever having picked you out."

"May I ask who told you this tale, Sidney?"

"Two people. A man in New York had seen you in Monte Carlo and said for a year you'd been doing nothing but buying drink for a bunch of cadgers and spongers. He wondered who the hell was backing you. Then I saw Evelyn Murdock in Paris and she said Caroline was dissipating night after night; she was thin as a rail and beginning to look like a courtesan. That's what brought me down here."

"Now listen, Sidney. I'm not going to be bullied about this. Our arrangement was that I was to take the girl abroad and give her a good time, because you were in love with her or felt guilty about her, or something. You employed me for that and you backed me. Well, I've done just what you wanted. You said you wanted her to meet lots of men—"

"I said men."

"—I've rounded up what I could. In the first place she's absolutely indifferent, and when men find that out they're liable to go away."

A chair moved as if he had sat down.

"Can't you understand that I wanted to do her good, not harm. I wanted her to have two years of pleasure. I wanted her to learn not to be afraid of men and to have some of the gaiety she was cheated out of by me. With the result that you plunge her into two years of dissipation—" He broke off.

"What was that?" he demanded.

Caroline had coughed again irrepressibly. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing in little gasps as they came into the hall. Her hand opened and her handkerchief dropped to the floor.

In a moment Caroline was lying on her own bed and Sidney was talking rapidly into the phone.

The doctor made a preliminary examination and then nodded firmly at Sidney. He said that by good fortune one of the greatest Swiss specialists on tuberculosis was staying at the hotel at the moment; he would ask for an immediate consultation.

The specialist arrived in bedroom slippers. His examination was as thorough as possible with the instruments at hand. Then he called Sidney into the salon.

"So far as I can tell without an X-ray, there is a sudden and widespread destruction of tissue on one side—sometimes happens when the patient is run down in other ways. If the X-ray bears me out, I would recommend an immediate pneumothorax, which is an artificial collapse of the left lung."

"When could it be done?"

The doctor considered.

"The nearest centre for this trouble is Montana-Vermala, about three hours from here by automobile. If you start immediately and I telephone to a colleague there the operation might be performed to-morrow."

In the big springy car Sidney held her across his lap surrounding with his arms the mass of pillows. Caroline hardly knew who held her, nor did her mind yet grasp what she had overheard.

Past Domodossola, a dim, murky lighted Italian town, past Brig, where a kindly Swiss official saw his burden and waved him by without demanding his passport, down the valley of the Rhone, where the growing stream was young and turbulent in the moon-

light. Then Sierre and the haven, the sanctuary in the mountains, two miles above, where the snow gleamed. The funicular waited—Caroline sighed a little as he lifted her from the car. In another forty minutes now he felt she would be safe.

THE operation was a success. After three weeks she sat up, in a month her fever had decreased and she took short walks for an hour every day. When this began, the Swiss doctor who had performed the operation talked to her seriously.

"There's something you ought to know about Montana-Vermala; it applies to all such places. It's a well-known characteristic of tuberculosis that it tends to hurt the morale. Some of these people you'll see on the streets are back here for the third time, which is usually the last time. They've grown fond of the feverish stimulation of being sick, they come up here and live a life almost as gay as life in Paris.

Caroline's observations confirmed his remarks about the environment. The village itself was like a mining town—hasty, flimsy buildings dominated by the sinister bulk of four or five sanatoriums—chastely cheerful when the sun glittered on the snow, gloomy when the cold seeped through the gloomy pines. In contrast were the flushed pretty girls in Paris clothes whom she passed on the street, and the well turned-out men. She was conscious of death around her too, but she felt her own strength returning day by day in the high vibrant air, and she knew she was not going to die.

After a month came a letter from Sidney: "I stayed until the immediate danger was past," it said, "but I knew that feeling as you do you wouldn't want my face to be the first thing you saw. So I've been down here in Sierre at the foot of the mountain, polishing up my Central Asia diary. If it's any consolation for you to have someone who cares about you within call, I'd like nothing better than to stay on here. I hold myself utterly responsible for what happened to you, and many times I've wished I had died before I came into your life. Now there's only the present—to get you well. Every bulletin from the doctors encourages me."

The letter depressed Caroline. She saw herself sinking into a bondage of gratitude to this man—as though she must thank an attacker for binding up her wounds. Her first act on coming out would be to earn the money to pay him back. It made her tired to even think of such things now, but it was always present in her mind, and when she forgot it she dreamed of it.

"Dear Sidney," she wrote, "It's absurd your staying there, and I'd much rather you didn't; in fact, it makes me uncomfortable. I am, of course, enormously grateful for all you've done for me and for Dexier. If it isn't too much trouble, will you come up here before you go to Paris, as I have some things to send him."

"Sincerely,
"Caroline M. Corcoran."

He came a fortnight later, full of a health and vitality that she found as annoying as the look of sadness that was sometimes in his eyes. He adored her, and she had no use for his adoration. But her strongest sensation was one of fear—fear that since he had made her suffer so much he might be able to make her suffer again.

"I'm doing you no good, so I'm going away," he said. "The doctors seem to think you'll be well by fall. I'll come back and see for myself. After that I'll never bother you again."

If he expected to move her, he was disappointed.

"It may be some time before I can pay you back," she said.

"I got you into this."

"No, I got myself into it. . . . Good-bye, and thank you for everything you've done."

The winter passed. Toward the end she skied a little, and then spring came sliding up the mountain in wedges and spearpoints of green. She was safe now—her affected lung had again expanded; it was scarred but healed; she had no fever, her weight was normal and there was (Continued on page 108)

How to be smart though married

It isn't going to be easy. Young married moderns could tell you why. A little mistake in choosing clothes seems to matter more than it did. Silk stockings that were just a nuisance became a nightmare. Begin the battle of life with 24 pairs of Aristoc and you've made a flying start. Long after you'd expect a stocking to be on its last legs, Aristoc are still fresh and fit and lovely.



ARISTOC PURE SILK STOCKINGS ARE
MADE IN ENGLAND :: 4/11 to 12/6

•Sole Distributors to the Trade: W. L. ARBER LTD., Portland House, 4 Gt. Portland St., Oxford Circus, London, W.1

"HERE'S MY COMPLEXION HINT..."



"It's not powders and creams that make my complexion so good. It's following Nature's own plan of cleansing the skin thoroughly and keeping it free from blemishes. And I find Wright's Coal Tar Soap invaluable for the purpose, because it does more than cleanse. It protects. Its soft, rich lather is antiseptic—gets right down into the pores and kills germs and prevents ugly blackheads. You can keep all your cosmetics: Wright's has been my stand-by since I was a child and—well, my complexion tells you the rest!"

WRIGHT'S

COAL
TAR
SOAP

6d. per tablet.



DOCTORS USE AND
RECOMMEND IT

British
Made

Flight and Pursuit

a bright mountain colour in her cheeks. A wire came from Sidney in Tibet that he was starting for Switzerland, and almost simultaneously her condition took a sudden turn—she lost her appetite and fainted one day at dinner.

They put her to bed, but in a week she was again losing weight.

Lying pale and listless in her room she heard a scrap of their conversation outside the door.

"She doesn't want to live. She seems to have no hope of any future. You'd better wire Lahaye to come at once."

Raising herself on her elbow she called them in.

"Lahaye means nothing to me," she said vehemently, "Nothing. I think it was the news he was coming that made me sick again."

Next morning the floor nurse looked in to toss her a copy of the *Paris Herald* and she ran her eye listlessly down the columns. Then she sat up suddenly in bed.

AMERICAN FEARED LOST IN BLACK SEA.

SIDNEY LAHAYE, MILLIONAIRE AVIATOR, AND PILOT MISSING FOUR DAYS.

Caroline sprang out of bed, ran with the paper to the window, looked away from it, then looked at it again.

"The Black Sea," she repeated, as if that was the important part of the affair, "in the Black Sea."

She stood there in the middle of an enormous quiet. The pursuing feet that had thundered in her dream had stopped. There was a steady singing silence.

"Oh—h—h!" she said.

Caroline began to talk to herself in an excited voice.

"I must get dressed," she said, "I must get to the telegraph and see whether everything possible has been done. I must start for there." She moved around the room, getting into her clothes. "Oh—h—h!" she whispered. "Oh—h—h!" With one shoe on she fell face downward across the bed, "Oh, my lover, my lover," she cried, and then again in terrible protest "Oh—h—h!"

She rang for the nurse.

"First I must eat and get some strength—then I must find out about trains."

Suddenly she was grown, her broken girlhood dropped away from her and the startled nurse answering her ring was talking to someone she had never seen before.

"It's all so simple. He loved me and I loved him. I must get to the telephone—we must have a Consul there somewhere."

Living or dead she was with her love now, held close in his arms. The moment that his footsteps stopped, that there was no more menace, he had overtaken her. Caroline saw that what she had been shielding was valueless, only the little girl in the garden, only the dead burdensome past.

The doctor, alarmed by the nurse, came hurrying in. "Now Mrs. Corcoran you're to stay in bed. No matter what news you've had—you—look here, this may have some bearing on it, good or bad."

He handed her a telegram, but she could not open it, and she handed it back to him mutely. He tore the envelope and held the message before her.

"Picked up by coaler *City of Clyde*—all well—"

The telegram blurred, the doctor too. A wave of panic swept over her as she waited to see if the old armour would clasp her metalically, search through herself for a touch of the old fear. She waited a minute, another minute, the doctor sat down.

"Do you mind if I sit in your lap a minute," Caroline said suddenly, "I'm not contagious any more, am I?"

With her head against his shoulder she drafted a telegram with his fountain pen on the back of the one she had just received.

"Please don't take another aeroplane back here," she wrote, "we've got eight years to make up, so what does a day or two matter? I love you with all my heart and soul."

END

*Nothing
takes precedence
over pearls
nor shares equality with
them as ornaments of
feminine loveliness*



MISS NORA SWINBURNE

*chooses Ciro Pearls
for their beauty's sake
and her own*



A PARADISE OF PEARLS

Ciro Pearls have never been more to the fore of fashion than they are to-day. Long ago accepted as the beautiful equal of fabulously costly Oriental Pearls, Ciro Pearls are now a strict vogue with the smartest Parisiennes. Their emergence as a vogue is due most to their mergence with the modes. The inspiration of every fashion salon seems to have centred on the beauty of pearls.

Oriental Pearls for cost and beauty—Ciro Pearls for beauty and thrift. Let them be Oriental Pearls if you are prepared to pay that price. Yet remember that you are only multiplying cost a hundred—a thousand times!—and multiplying beauty not at all. Remember, too, that fashion's writ runs for pearls as pearls, and Pearls to-day mean Ciro Pearls!

Ciro Pearls

48 OLD BOND ST. & 178 REGENT ST., W.
120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

There are Ciro Pearl Necklets to suit every toilette and personality. Necklets of two or three strands of pearls are now ultra-fashionable, and you cannot choose amiss if it is one of the new Ciro Necklaces enriched with a delicately wrought diamond motif. And Ciro's crowning gift is this—you can wear any of these lovely Ciro Jewels at home, compare it with real, and see in your mirror if it does not give the final touch of chic to your day or evening gowns. Write for a Ciro Catalogue No. 8 and this Unique Ciro Offer will be explained to you. *There is no obligation to purchase.* The famous Ciro Pearl Necklet, with platinum or gold clasp, still costs only one guinea.

"BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES

Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Clarke's Win
at St. George's Hill

By ELEANOR E. HELME

POETIC justice is a thing often talked about, less often seen. To achieve it is not for mortals, but now and again it happens, and then all concerned rejoice.

That seems one explanation of the genuine and intense pleasure which every couple's win at the 1932 Spring Medal Foursomes seemed to give to every other couple. Various grudges against the fates seemed wiped out by the day's play, and when that was not the case the winners were so eminently deserving on their own merits that their wins could not help being popular.

The day before, of course, was the International Meeting at Ranelagh, when the elements had chosen to produce such appalling weather that the Committee had declared the course unplayable and scores already returned null and void. That meant that there had been no reward for Lady Alness's magnificent 67 scratch; no recognition of the lowest score for Wales, returned by their youngest player, Miss Rieben, an extremely good 74. So when Lady Alness and Miss Rieben came up to receive prizes from Mrs. George Rice at St. George's, the assembled company clapped with additional vigour. Then, too, Miss Raworth, who had been the centre of so much sympathy last Autumn Foursomes, when her partner's other engagements had meant their scratching inside of playing off the semi-final—what could have been more pleasing than that this promising young golfer should be a winner, on her home course into the bargain? Poetic justice was served with a vengeance.

To begin thus at the prize-giving is to set the cart before the horse, and leaves out for the moment the really outstanding thing of the whole day, which was the amazing morning round of Mrs. Percy Garon and Mrs. M. N. Clarke, 70 gross on the New Course, of which the par is 72. Such a score deserved so emphatically to win the Cups that it would have been little short of a tragedy if the pair had gone to pieces in the afternoon.

They were shaky—that cannot be disputed; for though the



MRS. P. GARON making a chip shot when she did, with Mrs. M. N. Clarke, the remarkable score of 70 at St. George's Hill in the BRITANNIA AND EVE Spring Medal Foursomes. They were popular winners of the cups

THE next month's issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE will contain the Girls' Championship conditions and entrance form and intending competitors should enter at once

weather was unkind in patches, and the Old Course has a par of 76, those were not quite sufficient reasons for 87 round it. But the almost frightening brilliance of the 70 was excuse enough for anything. The very checkers in the clubhouse grew apprehensive about that card; checked it, each and all of them, partly so that each might study its figures in detail for themselves, partly for fear that after all it was too good to be true, and that they would enter it up wrongly on the recording sheets which told how the day was going.

Mrs. Garon is a very good foursome player indeed; that is obvious when you study the plinths of those Spring Medal Foursomes cups and see that she and Mrs. Guedalla won them in 1928 at Wentworth and at St. George's Hill in 1929. Nobody can find one word at any time against Mrs. Garon's golf except a whisper that she lacks physical strength. That is a quality Mrs. M. N. Clarke can supply in goodly measure,

and not strength alone, but fine control. She did not win last year's Hampshire championship for nothing, have such a good record in this year's county matches, nor reach the final of the Camberley Heath Inter-Club Mixed Foursomes, without something besides her outstanding length. The rigid economy of shots over the short holes was their greatest asset. The New Course at St. George's has five short holes. The pair had a two at the first of them, threes at all the other four, and added another three to it by Mrs. Clarke putting a brassy tee shot on at the sixth for which par actually allows a four!

If the conditions had not ordained that no pair could take more than one award, Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Clarke would also have carried off the handicap aggregate with their 157-6=151; scratch on the New; and handicap on the Old. As it was, the handicap aggregate went to the two Miss Urwicks from Brockenhurst Manor, who had 81 on the New Course, less 8½, and 9 less 8½ on the Old, making 171-17=154 in all. Then Lady Alness and Miss Leatham—a famous pair this, who won the Autumn Foursomes in 1928 and the Scottish in 1930—came in for the scratch on the New with 76; and Miss Fraser, of Banstead Down, and Miss Rawlins, of Betchworth Park, for the handicap there with 84-13=71.

It was only on the Old Course that there were other winners than Mrs. Garon's side outright. In the morning Mrs. R. O. Porter, the English championship runner-up of 1930, and Mrs. Dudley Charles, started brilliantly, were actually two under par for the first four holes, out in 39, and, though they fell away coming home, led the field with 82 for that course and were not beaten all day. Nor did anybody better their 76 net, though Miss Raworth and Mrs. Gow handed in 85-9=76 to tie with it, and won the tie. That, however, did not quite finish the prize list this year, EVE brooches forming consolation prizes for three couples. For the last nine holes scratch on the Old Course there was a tie at 41 between Miss Lyall and Miss Mordaunt and Miss Wethered (making a most welcome return to competition golf) and Mrs. J. Bell, the tie going to the first-named pair. Then the last nine on the New went to an excellent 36 from Miss Rudgard and Miss Cotgrave. And for the gross return nearest to



THE winners and others. The group includes Miss Worsley, Mrs. Hudson and her mother, Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. P. Garon (winners)

the par of either course returned by a pair of sisters or a mother and daughter there was a very excellent 77 on the New from Mrs. Rieben and her daughter, Miss Isabella Rieben. This young golfer will be eligible for one more attempt on the Girls' Championship this autumn, and if she can keep up her form of this spring she may well give a fright to a good many of considerably lower handicap than she has at present.

Altogether this was a very distinguished gathering, though not all the greatest distinguished themselves. Miss Diana Fishwick, for example, fresh from her triumphant 66 gross on the first day at Ranelagh, and Miss Dorothy Pearson finished uncomfortably far down the list; the holders, Miss Rudgard and Miss Cotgrave, could not find their form of the year before, for Miss Cotgrave is distinctly short of practice; Miss Barbara Pyman, who was one of the twelve nominated for the British team, was without her intended partner; so was the ex-Scottish international, Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery; Miss Pim, Miss Rabbidge, Miss Garnham—the list of unsuccessful internationalists shows that everybody cannot always be on the top of their form. Which is extremely comforting for normal mortals.



MISS JOYCE WETHERED returned to competitive golf in the BRITANNIA AND EVE Spring Medal Foursomes at St. George's Hill. She is making a chip shot to the third green

THE WELSH CHAMPIONSHIP

A GREAT additional interest will be added to this year's Girls' Championship (of which the entry form will appear in BRITANNIA AND EVE next month) if Miss Isabella Rieben, the new Welsh champion, should compete. This she is eligible to do, as her nineteenth birthday does not come until after the Girls' will be played, and if she should reappear in it, all the southern girls must indeed look to their laurels.

Her play at Aberdovey when she won was really good. Welsh golf may not have reached the exalted standard of English or Open Championships, but there was plenty of sound play, and in the final Miss Rieben was up against Miss Jestyn Jefferies, who won in 1930 and 1931, over

36 holes. That is a stern test for anybody playing in her first grown-up championship, particularly on a day of wet and difficult conditions, but Miss Rieben stood up to it splendidly. She was down for the first part of the match, then after getting a lead of two by lunch time she quickly lost it all, got up again to three up, only to be squared again, so that her eventual 2 and 1 win was a triumph of pluck and calmness as well as of good golf. All the rest of the Girls will wish to send her hearty congratulations.

"Britannia and Eve" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(9th Year) at Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire, JUNE 14 to 17, 1932
HOTEL AND RAILWAY FACILITIES

The BRITANNIA AND EVE Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be The Cruden Bay Hotel, Cruden Bay, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive of room, attendance, breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner, baths, and after-dinner coffee. *Kilnmeach Arms Hotel, Cruden Bay*: Similar inclusive terms, 12s. each per day. *Special cheap railway fares* (a single fare and a third for the return journey) will be available from June 11th to June 27th or intermediately for parties of not less than four travelling together. Apply to the Passenger Traffic Superintendent, King's Cross (L.N.E.R.), London.

The "Britannia and Eve" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the APRIL Monthly Medal Competition

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely:—18 and under in the Silver division: 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name	Club	Gross Score	Handicap	Net Score	Scratch Course	Strokes of above or below S.S.
Miss B. Meredith	Ross	81	17	64	74	10 below
Miss Joyce M. Turnbull	Saltburn	77	17	60	70	10 below
Miss E. M. Davies	Heasall	85	15	70	74	4 "
Mrs. P. Durkin	Stanton Carow	87	17	70	74	4 "
Mrs. E. A. Cooper	Wollaton Park	86	16	70	74	4 "
Mrs. M. Vickens	Hazel Grove	87	15	72	76	3 "
Miss Sutherland	Ashted	89	14	75	79	3 "
Miss M. Dixon	Saltburn	82	15	67	70	3 "
Mrs. J. Whitaker	Wigan	84	15	69	72	3 "
Mrs. R. B. Graham	Fulford (York)	90	16	74	78	2 "
Miss Wooding	Northamptonshire	91	14	77	78	1 "
Mrs. R. V. Atkinson	South Shields	94	14	80	78	1 "
Mrs. C. O. Remfry	Tollygunge	90	18	72	73	1 "
Mrs. D. F. Harris	Henbury	84	12	72	73	1 "
Mrs. W. A. Higgins	Ashted Manor	89	12	77	77	equal
Mrs. Edmeston	Worsley	86	13	73	73	3 "
Mrs. G. Lightfoot	Huyton	87	13	74	73	1 above
Mrs. Grounds	Runcorn	84	10	74	73	1 "
Mrs. H. Jayes	Nuneaton	89	17	72	70	2 "
Mrs. Harold Nelson	Foston	88	18	75	73	2 "
Mrs. Playford	Thonock	92	9	73	70	3 "
Mrs. O. Platt	Thonock	84	11	73	70	3 "
Miss Eve Heris	Exmouth	91	11	74	71	3 "
Miss Parker	Cowes	90	14	76	72	4 "
Mrs. D. Cadman	Arbroath	98	18	80	74	6 "
Miss P. Tale	Tanworth	104	18	74	74	6 "
Miss Hunt	Wallingford Barrecks	97	15	82	75	7 "
Miss M. D. Bell	Langholm	97	17	80	74	6 "
Mrs. Rose	Thonock	91	13	78	70	8 "
Mrs. Wright	Thonock	104	18	86	70	16 "

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Mrs. C. K. Pearce	Swinton Park	99	35	64	77	13 below
Mrs. S. Lightfoot	Catcliffe City	94	31	63	75	12 "
Mrs. J. Brown	Tollygunge	96	33	63	73	10 "
Miss Ada Jones	Harton Moor	99	36	63	72	9 "
Miss W. Brown	Old Manchester	82	19	63	70	8 "
Miss Ruth M. Brown	Chislehurst	98	35	63	71	8 "
Mrs. N. B. Stratford	Tollygunge	93	27	66	73	7 "
Miss M. Lamb	Fulford (York)	94	24	70	70	7 "
Miss W. Newhouse	Middlebrough	95	29	66	72	6 "
Mrs. G. Marston	Olton	104	36	68	74	6 "
Mrs. A. Gallagher	Caude Down	105	36	70	73	6 "
Mrs. E. Stead	Green Drive	103	36	67	73	6 "
Miss J. Fleming	Heasall	105	36	69	73	6 "
Mrs. R. B. Broughton	Huyton	104	36	68	73	6 "
Mrs. N. A. Gordon	Tollygunge	104	36	68	73	6 "
Mrs. Eason	Northamptonshire	102	36	66	72	5 "
Miss A. Allen	Doncaster	94	27	67	72	5 "
Mrs. E. Edwards	Doncaster	101	34	67	72	5 "
Miss Duley	Dalefield	102	32	70	72	5 "
Miss S. White	Cowes	89	21	68	72	4 "
Mrs. E. R. Beamish	Tollygunge	105	36	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Blake	North Berwick	108	34	74	74	4 "
Mrs. M. Whyatt	Northenden	93	22	71	75	4 "
Miss Mayo	Caude	106	36	69	73	3 "
Miss E. Jenkins	La Moye	103	33	70	73	3 "
Mrs. Thompson	North Hants	95	23	72	75	3 "
Mrs. Wardrop	Tollygunge	99	29	70	73	3 "
Mrs. Woodhouse	Doncaster	88	19	69	72	3 "
Mrs. Hrefa M. Lane	Lilwin	103	30	73	75	3 "
Mrs. Humphreys	Stonham	93	30	73	75	3 "

The "BRITANNIA AND EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Leading Results for April

Club	Member No. of ship.	No. of Cards.	Per centage.	Club	Member No. of ship.	No. of Cards.	Per centage.
Thonock	80	74	92.50	Exmouth	45	1	1.53
Tanworth	70	68	92.85	Northamptonshire	133	2	1.50
Langholm	88	47	69.11	Wigan	87	1	1.49
Cowes	88	18	27.58	Northampton	144	2	1.39
Huyton	104	3	2.88	Old Manchester	80	1	1.25
La Moye	73	1	2.22	Hockley	80	1	1.03
Datchet	60	1	1.67	Ashted Manor	98	1	1.09
Saltburn	127	2	1.67	Hazel Grove	100	1	1.00

Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club	Per centage.	Club	Per centage.
Langholm	69.48	Tollygunge (India)	5.41
Tanworth	48.21	Hockley	1.87
Thonock	59.37	Northampton	1.87
Cowes	20.09	Datchet	1.25
La Moye	4.08		

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes In One

BRITANNIA AND EVE has much pleasure in congratulating the following players on holes in one.

Miss Marion Campbell	12th at Gedra Course, Egypt
Miss W. A. Wieg	5th at Stanton-on-the-Wold
Mrs. Hugh Paterson	18th at Whitley Bay
Mrs. C. Stronach	10th at North Hants

All entries for BRITANNIA AND EVE's Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE for the current month. Coupons must be attached to the Cards and addressed to the Golf Editor of BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, W.C.2. The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" GOLF COUPON

JUNE

Name { Mrs. Miss
Address

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of of which I am a member.

ABBOTT
and Eve

There is no forbidden fruit at Abbotts, no apple of discord in their array of exclusive models with which to tempt you. What daughter of Eve could resist these inspired creations, at once demure and sophisticated?

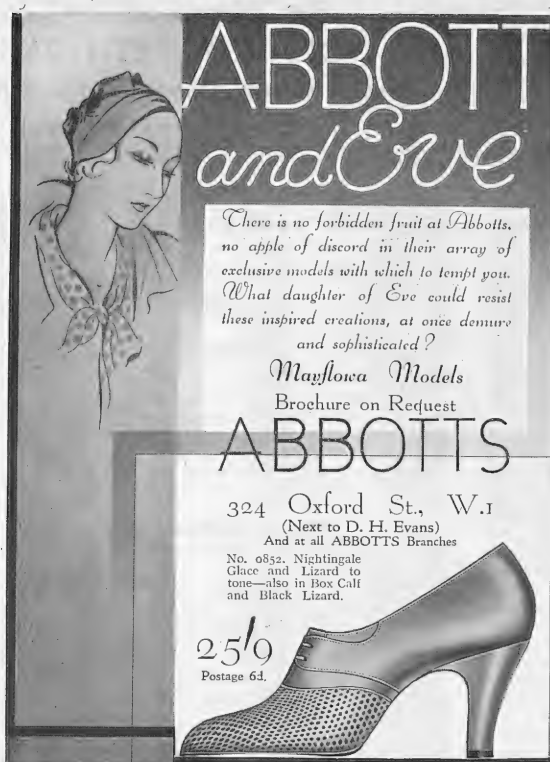
Mayflower Models
Brochure on Request

ABBOTTS

324 Oxford St., W.1
(Next to D. H. Evans)
And at all ABBOTTS Branches

No. 0852, Nightingale
Glaze and Lizard to
tone—also in Box Calf
and Black Lizard.

25/0
Postage 6d.



Here is the secret of Youthful Beauty . . .

Natural Beauty is a frailty—it relies on the cunning art of the specialist to defy the ravages of time. The preparations and treatments of Eleanor Adair, based on exclusive formulae, are admittedly unrivalled, and thousands of women, the world over, owe their beauty to her expert science of Beauty Culture.

GANESH CHIN STRAP keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep, also removes double chins. 10/6, 15/6, 21/6

DIABLE SKIN TONIC tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores and ensures a complexion of the finest texture. 4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 17/6



EASTERN MUSCLE OIL. There is no other preparation like this in the world. It contains wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth out and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. 4/6, 8/6, 17/6, 27/6

GANESH LILY LOTION. Is a well-known doctor's prescription. It cools and whitens the skin, making it most inviting and fair; it is made up in soft and fair; it is made up in different shades to suit all skins. Can be used as a liquid powder. 4/6, 6/6, 8/6

GANESH CLEANSING CREAM. For thoroughly cleansing the skin, invaluable for motoring or when travelling. 2/-, 5/-, 7/6

GANESH EASTERN SKIN FOOD Nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue builder and specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/-, 5/-, 8/6

Ask for these famous Beauty Preparations at your usual Hatdresser's, Chemist or Stores. Beauty Booklet free on request.

ELEANOR ADAIR GLADLY GIVES FREE HELPFUL ADVICE ON ALL MATTERS RELATING TO THE TREATMENT OF THE HAIR, SKIN AND EYES

Eleanor Adair
(Dept. B.E.) 30, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
PARIS: BRUSSELS: NEW YORK

Women Dominant

(Continued from page 31)

In her were combined all the elements which together formed what was probably the most dominating female character that ever wielded influence over the affairs of a great country.

She commenced life as the youngest child of a country gentleman with small estates; she ended as the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough and a millionairess. Her career was, indeed, truly amazing. Given a post at an early age in the court of the Duchess of York, she became the bosom friend of Princess Anne, who was four years her junior, and when that rather dull young lady succeeded to the throne, Sarah, who had long learned to dominate her, automatically became the power behind the throne.

She had married the handsome, dashing John Churchill. Theirs was a love match, and Sarah all through her married life expected and received the most ardent protestations of affection from her husband. She liked to keep him metaphorically always on his knees, and never allowed him to forget that she expected perpetual obeisance if not actual obedience from him. But the great soldier was well content, for he loved her dearly, in spite of her tantrums and her dictatorial manner, and she was to him always "my dearest soul."

Not long after Anne's accession the Churchills received the highest honours that it was in the power of Her Majesty to bestow upon them, and while John was given the Garter and appointed Captain-General of the Forces and Master of the Ordnance, Sarah was made Groom of the Stole and Mistress of the Robes, to which offices were added the management of the Privy Purse and the Rangership of Windsor Forest. In addition they were raised further in the peerage and became Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

With increased power the Duchess became more domineering than ever. She was freely spoken of as "Queen" and "Viceroy" Sarah alternatively, and, as a highly placed member of the Court has recorded "all things were managed by the sole authority of this one woman." The quaint mode of addressing one another, which she and Anne had long adopted, continued, but the letters of Mrs. Freeman to Mrs. Morley became more and more dictatorial. In speech, also, Sarah did not mince matters. "Lord, Madam, it must be so!" she would irritably exclaim when her Royal Mistress hesitated, as she so often did, over making a decision; and Anne would quickly agree.

The truth is that Sarah soon became intolerant of the Queen's rather slow working brain, and grew to dislike playing the part of funkey to her Royal Mistress. It was observed by onlookers that when holding the Queen's gloves or presenting them to Her Majesty, Sarah used to turn away her head "as if she had an ill smell under her nose," while on one famous occasion, when she was accidentally wearing a pair of the Queen's gloves herself, she said, on discovering the fact, "Oh! have I put on anything that has touched the odious hands of that disagreeable woman," and drawing them off threw them on the floor, exclaiming angrily, "Take them away!" In addition she began to absent herself from Court for longer periods than was wise, and to quarrel with the Queen over both religion and politics. The way was gradually opened for a usurper and it was taken advantage of by a poor relation of her own, one, Abigail Hill.

The beginning of the end was in sight and the downfall of the imperious Duchess was but a matter of time. In 1710 she fell from grace, while a year later the Duke was also dismissed from his employments. Thus the most remarkable combination of power ever wielded by husband and wife on the affairs of England came to an end.

But Sarah lived on for thirty-four more years, surviving her husband, all her children except one, and many of her grandchildren.

Her will remained dominant to the end. When her physicians (Continued on page 114)

SPORTSWEAR AND COUNTRY KITS

Depot for Leathercraft (of Malvern)

The Ideal Clothes for

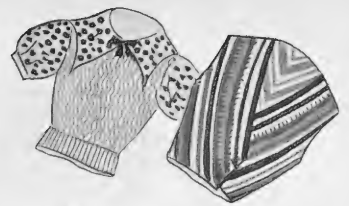
PLEASURE CRUISING

169, Sloane Street, London, S.W. 1

Piccadilly Arcade, New Street, Birmingham



Bathing suit with double knicker Sunbathing suit.



Handknit jersey. 32/6.
multi coloured waistcoat.



Canvas shorts suit 1gr.
Jersey 17/6 Pyjamas 25/6

White corduroy velvet 'Bell Top'
coat; cloth skirt 4½ grs. Cap 10/6
lime green lightweight shorts.
suit 6½ grs. Other colours.



Coloured fleece
coat 4½ grs.



Carotex coat from 5½ grs.
Waterproof velvet cord
suit in all colours 5grs



Kaffir silk pyjamas 2½ grs.

THE SALT OF LIFE



Cerebos SALT

Adds flavour to food and zest to life.
SEE HOW IT RUNS!

The All-Purpose Wagon

Reg. Design 708353.

When the flaps are down, flanges prevent china and glass from slipping off. Made in two heights: ordinary table height, 2ft. 7in. high; lounge table height, 2 ft. 1 in. high, suitable for serving tea from a lounge chair or settee.

When opened as a Table the flanges fit into grooves in the top, leaving a smooth surface, 2ft. by 3 ft.



Prices, either height, mounted on rubber castors:

Oak - - - £2 5 0
Mahogany - £3 3 0
Figured Walnut £4 10 0
If with baize-lined drawer 15/- extra.

Carrage on Country Orders, 2/6 extra. Carriage to Scotland and North of Ireland, 5/- extra.

Write for our Booklet, "The Charm of Style"

Wm. SPRIGGS & Co. Ltd.,
Complete House Furnishers,
238, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1.



relieves Hay Fever

Just when Summer joys are most alluring, Hay Fever claims its victims. The intense irritation prevents any pleasure out of doors. Vapex gives relief, whilst its regular use affords protection. Put a drop on your handkerchief each morning so that you inhale the vapour during the day.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Women Dominant

told her in 1740 that she must be blistered or she would die, she called out "I won't be blistered and I won't die." And this indomitable woman, who has been well described as a "torpedo in petticoats," and who was the most outstanding female personality of her time, lived on for four more years.

SO far we have dealt with women who held sway in royal circles. Now we turn to one, slightly lower in the social scale, but none the less domineering. This is Elizabeth Vassal Fox, wife of Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, and known to that nickname-giving diarist, Thomas Creevey, as "Old Madagascar."

Married at an early age to Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart., of Battle Abbey, she soon ran away from him and eloped with Lord Holland, evidence of her somewhat impulsive nature, which always prompted her to say and do exactly what she wanted.

With Lord Holland she settled down at the famous house in Kensington, of which she was destined to be so distinguished a châteline for many years. Lord Macaulay, always a shrewd observer, has left on record the impression he gained of the Hollands. In a letter to his sister, after conceding that her ladyship was a woman of great literary acquisitions, he proceeds: "Yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all I had heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his servants in better order than she keeps her guests. It is to one, 'Go,' and he goeth; and to another 'Do this,' and it is done." Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay, 'Lay down that screen, Lord Russell, you will spoil it.'"

Many are the stories told about this extraordinary woman, who made for herself in London the position filled in the Paris of the eighteenth century by those society ladies who held "salons."

She once dismissed a certain doctor, whom she had engaged to live with her, for removing a chair, and after he had been reinstated dismissed him a second time because he had carved a leg of lamb badly. But once more he was re-engaged, and according to a contemporary witness, "He seems a mouse of a man, looks frightened out of his senses, but is said to be clever. I am sure he is to be pitied, for it must be poverty and not his will that makes him endure the endless variety of refined humiliation that his mistress is so skilful in inflicting."

For many years this remarkable woman kept open house for all who were prominent in politics, science, art and literature, and the rooms were so crowded that on one occasion a guest, being requested by her to "make room," wittily exclaimed, "It will indeed be to make it, for it does not exist." But, they came in spite of the discomfort. "Though everybody," wrote Greville, "who goes there finds something to abuse or to ridicule in the mistress of the house, or its ways, all continue to go; all like it more or less; and, whenever by the death of either, it shall come to an end, a vacuum will be made in society which nothing will supply."

OUR next picture might well be called "Portrait of an Aristocrat," to which would be added a footnote in the catalogue saying "Type now extinct."

It is that of an old woman, dressed in Oriental costume. A large turban surmounts a face of astonishing whiteness, of which the nose is the most prominent feature; her legs are enveloped in purple velvet trousers embroidered with gold; she wears a brocaded waistcoat, over which is a handsome pelisse. A couple of black slave girls lurk in the background, which is a Syrian landscape. The title of the picture is "Lady Hester Stanhope."

Born to command, Lady Hester had in her youth ruled over the household of her uncle, William Pitt, but on his death she found herself left with £1,200 a year and a house in Montagu Square. Such a change in her circumstances was not (Continued on page 116)

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

Ask for **Merrie England**
CANNED ENGLISH FRUITS



AT THE END OF THE RUN

when the moment arrives to rest and reflect in peace on the glories of the drive,
the fitting hospitality most in tune with the mood of driver and passengers alike is—

AS ALWAYS — HAIG



Tiller in hand with faces set to the wind . . . watch these girls with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks. Not a care in the world . . . and a day of days before them. Worry about health? Not a bit of it. Their personal problems are cared for by the scientific protection and comfort of Kotex.

The Kotex Soluble Sanitary Pad is the greatest scientific discovery ever offered to women. It is made under strict hygienic conditions. Its layer upon layer construction enables it to absorb away from the surface . . . 5 times as absorbent as cotton wool. Moreover Kotex is treated to deodorize and is instantly disposable.

Over 7,000,000 women have adopted Kotex because of its comfort and its safety. Kotex is the answer to their greatest hygienic need.

You can buy a box of Kotex for a shilling
Get it from your draper or chemist—in sealed boxes,
1/- (6 pads), 2/- (12 pads).

Write to Nurse Adams at Kotex Ltd., Room C2, 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, for further particulars—and a copy of the instructive booklet, "Preparing for Womanhood."

KOTEX

An Empire Product (Made in Canada)

THERE'S ABSOLUTE SAFETY WITH KOTEX

P & O CRUISES

SUMMER on the **BALTIC**



A
P & O
CRUISE
OF THREE WEEKS
From London July 30
From Leith Aug. 1
Fares from 34 gns.

NORWAY and the NORTHERN CAPITALS

Visiting the Fjords, Bergen, Danzig, Reval,
Stockholm, Visby, Copenhagen, Rotterdam

by the turbo-electric P & O ship

VICEROY of INDIA 20,000 TONS

the last word in luxurious ocean travel.

For all information apply to:—

P & O CRUISES

14, COCKSPUR ST., LONDON, S.W. 1
Or LOCAL AGENTS

Women Dominant

at all to her taste, and after an unhappy love affair she quitted England and finally settled in an empty monastery on the slopes of Mount Lebanon.

Here she queened it over the neighbouring tribes. She feared nobody. Once when warned that to enter Damascus unveiled and wearing man's clothes would be to court disaster, she rode into the city in broad daylight, which so surprised the inhabitants that everywhere she was fêted and hailed as a divinity. Again, when she decided to ride through the desert to Palmyra (at that time only visited by the most intrepid travellers, armed to the teeth and well bodyguarded), and was offered a military escort, she refused it on the grounds that she would sooner trust herself to the Bedouins. Such daring again met with success, and she was crowned with flowers under the columns of Zenobia's palace by the admiring populace.

England meant nothing to her now. She determined never to quit the East, and she kept her word. With increasing age she became more imperious than ever, wielding an authority which was little less than despotic, and claiming for herself magical powers of a quite peculiar kind—the very apotheosis of an English aristocrat with a strong vein of eccentricity and a nose "altogether in the air."

The scene of our last picture is London on June 22, 1897. The streets that day were thronged with people, packed close as sardines in a tin. Every building flew a flag, and triumphal arches had been erected at various points. It was the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and a long and gorgeous procession passed slowly from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, where a great thanksgiving service was to be held.

The eyes of the crowd were riveted on a tiny figure in black who carried a white sunshade and smilingly acknowledged their shouts of "God save the Queen."

The great little Queen was about to give thanks to God, but to many she seemed not far removed from a divinity herself.

Salad Days

(Continued from page 85)

fill them with the nut and fig mixture, and serve a jug or bowl of Heinz Salad Cream or Mayonnaise separately.

Apple and Cheese Salad

Apples are some of the best fruits to use for those salads which eliminate the necessity for separate sweet or cheese courses. They blend particularly well with cheese, with nuts, and with Heinz Salad Cream.

The first can be prepared long before it is needed and left in a very cool place until wanted.

When the apples are vividly coloured and well polished this salad is as delicious to look at as to eat.

Ingredients.—Red apples, cream cheese, walnuts or pecan nuts, lettuce, Heinz Salad Cream.

Instructions.—Wash, polish and core the apples, but do not peel them. Cut them across into slices a quarter of an inch thick. Rub the cheese to a still softer cream with a wooden spoon, chop the nuts, mix these with the cheese and plenty of Heinz Salad Cream, and place a layer of the mixture between each slice of apple. Arrange the apples on individual plates and add a little shredded lettuce or other green for decoration.

Orange Cup Salad

Ingredients.—3 large oranges (for 6 people), 1 grapefruit, 1 cupful tinned pineapple, ½ cupful castor sugar, Maraschino cherries, Heinz Salad Cream or Heinz Mayonnaise.

Instructions.—Peel the grapefruit, remove all membrane, and cut in smallish pieces. Cut the oranges in half and scoop out the pulp carefully; cut in as neat pieces as possible. Mix this with the grapefruit, sprinkle with sugar and a little of the fruit juice. Chill. Put the fruit in the orange cups, add Heinz Salad Cream or Heinz Mayonnaise, and decorate with two or three cherries.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A LEADER OF THE YOUNGER SET

Lady Marguerite Bligh tells how she guards her flawless skin—



LADY MARGUERITE BLIGH is an exquisite brunette. Tall and graceful, with eyes like dark amber, and masses of leaf-brown hair. She has a creamy skin and clear, fresh colouring.

Her favourite amusement is sailing. Yet the roughest wind never coarsens her complexion. Lady Marguerite laughed when I asked her why.

"My secret is called 'Pond's,'" she said—"I want every girl to share it with me.

"Every night and morning a wise girl cleanses her face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream," said Lady Marguerite. "One can feel the pores of one's skin saying 'Thank you' as the cream is gently rubbed in. Then remove with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues—they're *most* friendly things.

"And before powdering, Pond's Vanishing Cream is marvellous. It's so velvety and becoming, and it has a wonderful attraction for powder. The windiest day has no terrors then and a shiny nose is simply impossible.

"Oh! by the way"—Lady Marguerite added. "A part of the Pond's secret is always to use a little Pond's Skin Freshener after the cleansing cream.

"It's a tonic and a beautifier too. A girl can dance all night and look quite fresh in the morning, if she's a regular disciple of Pond's.

"I am. Mind you tell them just what I've said."

This is the simple Pond's method that keeps Lady Marguerite's skin exquisite:

TO CLEANSE the skin thoroughly, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck every night and always after exposure to wind, rain or fog. Let the gentle oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface. Wipe off with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, super-absorbent—and then dab on Pond's Skin Freshener to tone up the skin and close the pores.

TO PROTECT the skin and give it a velvety finish, smooth on a thin film of fragrant Pond's Vanishing Cream. It keeps the skin from coarsening and is the perfect powder base. You can buy Pond's preparations at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

* * *

For sample tubes of both creams, send 2d. in stamps, in a sealed envelope, to:

Dept. BB5, POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1



Name.....

Address.....

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES AT TREASURE COT

Mothers and Expectant Mothers will find everything they require at Treasure Cot—smart maternity wear, everything for the birth of baby, nursery furniture and children's clothes at moderate prices. The following illustrations are typical of the many charming styles in children's clothes to be found in our showrooms.

FROCK AND KNICKERS

No. 7972 in figured Durofleur trimmed plain colour. In many pretty shades. 12/6
18 ins. 12/6
Rising 1/6 a size.



FROCK AND KNICKERS

No. 1702 in cotton frisca finished white pique collar. Green, Blue, Rose. 24/6
18 ins. 24/6
20 ins. 25/9; 22 ins. 27/6

All goods may be ordered by post with confidence.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS AND MOTHERS WRITE FOR THESE CATALOGUES

- Choose those you require. Sent free in Plain Envelope.
- M.—MATERNITY WEAR (Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.)
 - A.—EVERYTHING FOR THE EVENT (Layette, Cots, Baths, Baskets, Accouchement Requisites and Baby Clothes up to 12 mths.)
 - O.—CHILDREN'S CLOTHING (from 12 mths. upwards) (Coats, Frocks, Hats, Suits, Shoes, Underwear, etc.)
 - F.—NURSERY FURNITURE (All Nursery Furniture and Furnishings including Cribs, High Chairs, Play Pans, Beds, Bedding, Rugs, etc.)
 - P.—BABY CARRIAGES (Pram Rugs, Pram Bags, Sun Canopies, etc.)
 - X.—CHILPROOF FOR CHILDREN.

Agents for Harringtons Squares.

TREASURE COT CO. LTD.
(Dept. S.V.29), 103 Oxford St., London, W.1
(Flynn's)

Café Girls (Continued from page 19)

evidence. Miss Delmonte, with the aid of an interpreter, informed the court that the Arab was a dirty pig. The words *sale cochon* so upset the hotel proprietor that he rose and screamed at the girl, but Miss Delmonte remained undaunted. She replied to his screams with assertions in English. "You are! You are!"

The magistrate cut the discussion short by sentencing Dick Farrand to seven days' imprisonment for assault and battery.

I spoke with the two girls in the shadow of the court. Miss Somerville informed me that the British consul had arranged that very morning for their transportation by motor bus to Casablanca, where a ship of the Bland Line would take them up to Gibraltar. The military governor of Gib would forward them to London.

I started to congratulate the two girls, but my remarks were interrupted by Miss Delmonte.

"I'm not going! I'm going to stay here!" Miss Somerville looked at her companion with much amazement registered by the big eyes and the pert, upturned nose. "You're dotty!" she snapped. "Plain dotty!"

Miss Jennie Somerville and I tried to make Miss Delmonte see how foolish it would be for her to stay around and wait for Farrand when the consul was good enough to provide transportation to England, but the young lady was obstinate.

I rather admired Miss Emily Delmonte at that moment. It required courage to refuse the trip offered at the expense of the British taxpayer, and remain in Fez.

I wondered about that commandment of the Canterbury mother. The old lady might have been wrong. Here was a girl that Dick Farrand had met in a café, and she seemed to be the possessor of a fine brand of loyalty!

That afternoon I saw the steel-king's widow on Farrand's behalf. The old girl was furious. I was to tell him that he was sacked. I went to the gaol to inform Farrand, but it was not the moment for visitors, so I gave the message to the gaoler.

Later I went to the *Place du Commerce* where the big autobuses load up for Rabat and Casablanca. Miss Jennie Somerville was already on board. Miss Delmonte, a little forlorn and tearful, stood on the sidewalk. Together we waved to Jennie Somerville as the bus rolled off on its long run to Casablanca and the sea.

I questioned Miss Delmonte as to what she would do while awaiting Farrand. She told me that the consul had recommended her as a helper to a French family in the *ville nouvelle*.

I shook hands with her and wished her luck. I didn't see her during the three succeeding days that I spent in Fez.

Pounding through the desert country in the direction of Rabat I thought of Emily Delmonte. The thundering autobus had heard of the advice of that Canterbury mother. As I dozed the engine gabbled of it. "Never make friends—never make friends—never make friends with girls that you meet—with girls that you meet—with girls that you meet—with girls that you meet in cafés! With girls that you meet in cafés!"

TWENTY-TWO months after my stay in Fez I was at Nice. On a cold evening I was crossing the Avenue Félix-Faure when a man touched my arm.

"Know me?" he said. "*Place du Commerce*, Fez. Seven days for pasting a doss-house chap. Dick Farrand."

Changed quite a lot. He looked ten years older. His face was peaked and drawn. The old-time gaiety had departed.

We had a drink at Monnot's. Farrand was barking for a tourist agency whose cars did the *Gorges du Loup*. He was discontented.

For fifteen minutes I restrained myself, then I said: "Did you see Miss Delmonte after—after I left?"

Farrand sucked at his Martel. He grinned. Now that grin disturbed me. I hate

sordid confessions. It is hard to listen bravely to them.

I was so engrossed building up what I felt sure would be Farrand's story that I failed to understand his words when he answered. That is, their meaning did not get to me.

"What?" I cried. "What did you say?"

"I said we got married," answered Farrand. "We got married in Casablanca. Em is here with me now. We live just across the Boulevard MacMahon in the Old Town."

I was astounded. Farrand glanced at me slyly. Presently he spoke. "Come over and see her," he said. "She often speaks of you."

We crossed the Boulevard MacMahon and descended the ramp into the Old Town. Farrand was rather silent. I was thinking about Miss Delmonte. Now if I had bought her coffee and croissants! I shuddered. Farrand said that it was a cold night.

We stopped before a house in the *rue de la Préfecture*. We dived into a dark doorway. I stumbled against the stairs.

Farrand reached the landing and struck a match. I followed him along a narrow passage. We came to a plain green door. He turned the knob and pushed me gently into the lighted room.

"Em, I've brought a friend," he said. "Remember the chap that wouldn't buy coffee at Fez?"

Mrs. Farrand rose from a chair and came towards me. She, too, had aged. Her golden hair had lost a little of its sheen.

"Oh!" she said, and then: "Oh, yes! I remember him. 'Ee said good-bye to me on the *Plage* when Jennie went off in the bus."

I was invited to sit down. Farrand found a bottle of Izarra, that yellowy liqueur brewed in the Basque country. The three glasses were of different patterns. We sipped the stuff and pretended that we were enjoying each other's company. Farrand, so I thought, had brought me to the room in an effort to put off a scene with his wife. Mrs. Farrand was aware of his strategy and her conversation was lacking in snap through her efforts to think out biting things to say to him after I left.

There was no trace of the gallantry with which he had answered her appeal for refreshments on the *Place du Commerce* at Fez.

The verbal battle tired me. I tried to change the trend of the conversation. "And Miss Jennie?" I demanded. "Has she become a star?"

"Better 'n that," answered Mrs. Farrand. "Jennie is a lydy! I thought the whole world knew about it. She's a reg'lar lydy! I mean she has a title, y'know. She's married to a baronet. Sir Algernon Sinnoby! She's at Monte Carlo right now, she is!"

"Do you ever see her?" I asked.

"Me!" gasped Mrs. Farrand. "Why, where would I see 'er?"

I cut in on a sneering remark of Farrand's with another query. "And the manager who bolted in Oudjda?" I demanded. "I forget his name."

"You mean Mr. Percy Carlton?" said the lady, and her voice was a little chilly.

"Yes," I answered. "Ever hear of him?"

I thought she hesitated a moment before answering. I might have been wrong, but I thought so. "I believe he's still in the profess," she said, with what I thought was assumed carelessness. "I 'erd 'e was still managin' troupes an' all that."

"Taking girls out into the desert and leaving them in thirsty patches," jeered Farrand.

The lady flared. "Mr. Carlton is a gempmen!" she cried. "If 'e 'ad the backin' that some managers 'as 'e'd make a fortune!"

"Sure, sure," said Farrand. "Little Percy is a wonder. You should have chased him the day he ran away with the cash box in Morocco."

"Pity I didn't!" cried his wife. "Why—why I can't look a cupperawfee in the face thinkin' that it was jest Java that brought you inter me life!"

I reached for my hat. The atmosphere was a little too hectic.

Farrand said he would see me up to the Place Massena.

Farrand didn't speak till we were climbing the ramp to the boulevard. "I've often wondered why you didn't offer to buy that coffee?" he said, and there was a slight peevishness in his voice. "It wasn't meanness?"

"No," I said, "it wasn't meanness."

"Then why didn't you?"

I laughed the query aside. I couldn't tell him about the commandments that the Canterbury mother had written down for her son.

THREE days later I saw Mrs. Farrand. She was sitting before the *Café de Paris* at Monte Carlo, and at her side was a man whose clothing suggested a close connection with the theatrical profession.

I was intrigued. As I walked leisurely on the *terrasse* I wondered if Mrs. Farrand was trying to get back into the game. Whatever the fellow in the outside hat was telling her seemed to interest her greatly.

My daydreams nearly brought about my undoing. A big car swung on to the *Place du Casino*, and the driver tried hard to make me a hospital case. I avoided a collision by a wild leap to the sidewalk.

The machine stopped before the array of tables in front of the café, and a very smart lady alighted. Angry with her, I stood and watched as she made her way through the little crowd. Suddenly I recognised the pert, upturned nose! Jennie Somerville, now Lady Sinnoby, was walking towards the table occupied by Mrs. Farrand and the fellow in spats!

There was some mystery about the meeting. Mrs. Farrand had told me that she never met Lady Sinnoby. Yet here she was with the lucky Jennie sitting in the sunshine before the *Café de Paris*!

And the man? Who was the patently managerial person? Who but Percy Carlton who had done the pyjama-folding stunt at Oudjda? My subconscious mind flung the answer at me with a jeer at my stupidity. It was very plain to me now. Lady Sinnoby was going to be the "angel" behind Mr. Percy Carlton, and Mrs. Farrand had dreams of going back to the boards!

An hour later my guess was confirmed. I met Mrs. Farrand on the platform of the station, and we rode back to Nice in the same compartment.

"You wuz nearly run down on the Plice?" she observed.

"That's a fact," I answered.

"Jennie—that is, Lydy Sinnoby—told me," she continued. "She reekernized yer right away. She said, 'I nearly run down the stingy tyke that wouldn't buy us a copper-cawlee at Fez!' That's what she said. She's full o' humour."

"How nice!" I said. "It's great to be full of humour when you're running people down with big cars."

"Now don't be narsty," said Mrs. Farrand. "I don't 'arf like narsty people. Dick gets like that. Sarcawstic like. An' speakin' o' Dick, I wouldn't like you to mention seein' me here today wiv a gempmen."

Mrs. Farrand was silent for a moment, then she spoke. "The man you saw me wiv was Mr. Percy Carlton."

"Really," I murmured.

"Yes, that was Mr. Carlton. Jennie—that is, Lady Sinnoby—is goin' to back Mr. Carlton for a tour. He's goin' to take a big troupe of dancin' girls out to Injer, the Malay Archiepellegger an' Australia. He'll be away a year! A whole year!"

"Great Scott!" I murmured.

"An' do you know what?" asked Mrs. Farrand. "Do you know what?"

"I don't," I said. "Tell me!"

"We're goin' to Java!" she cried, and she laughed loudly as she told the news. "To Java!" she repeated. "Don't you see the joke?"

"No, I don't," I muttered.

"Percy—that is, Mr. Carlton—made it," she explained, (Continued on page 120)

THE 'DIPLOMA' EDITION OF 'THE PICKWICK PAPERS'

(A long-way-after Charles Dickens)



Chapter 11

INTRODUCES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE AND INCIDENTALLY A FAVOURITE OLD ONE

The coach, stopping at the Bull Inn, in the High Street, the travellers alighted and Mr. Pickwick addressed the stranger.

"You rendered us a very important service this morning, Sir," said he; "will you allow us to offer a slight mark of our gratitude by begging the favour of your company at dinner?"

"Great pleasure—not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing! What time?"

"Let me see," replied Mr. Pickwick, referring to his watch, "it is now nearly three. Shall we say five?"

"Suit me excellently," said the stranger, "five precisely—till then—care of yourselves."

Punctual to five o'clock came the stranger, and shortly afterwards the dinner.

"Ah," said he, lifting a cover,

"mushrooms—capital! But nothing like those I have had in Wiltshire."

"Do you know Wiltshire?" asked Mr. Tupman.

"Lived there—ages. Everybody in Wilts knows Alfred Jingle, Esquire. Wonderful county—cheese, cream, bacon and women—nothing finer—Diploma cheese, Sir,—crustless and priceless—a poem in silver foil—every portion a canto—every box an epic—bang the cymbals! Twang the lyre!" And, so saying, he helped himself to two more portions.

The Pickwickians followed his example, and soon the supply was exhausted. Mr. Pickwick's face glowed with satisfaction, whilst his companions reflected his expression of universal content.

'Diploma' guaranteed English Cheddar or Cheshire Cheese is sold in boxes of 6 or 12 portions, at 1/4½.

DIPLOMA

THE ENGLISH



CRUSTLESS CHEESE

D. 216



TOILET COMMONSENSE The New Lady's TOILET GUIDE

(of 96 pages)

By PHILIP H. MASON, Ph.C.
Author of "Face Massage," "The Hair," etc.

—explains every phase of the Modern Toilet in practical terms and shows with photographic plates how successful results are to be obtained.

A COPY

will be sent upon application
GRATIS and POST FREE

More than 50 Home Methods
with BRITISH preparations:—

How to use Manicure preparations.

- to obtain a Clear Smooth Skin.
- to protect the Complexion out of doors.
- to whiten the Hands and Arms.
- to take Shininess from the Skin.
- to produce a Natural Sun Tan.
- to remove Moles, Stains, etc.
- to bleach out Freckles.
- to take away Superfluous Hair.
- to bleach Hair and Down.
- to reclose large Pores.
- to remove Crowsfeet, Lines, etc.
- to fatten the Face and Neck.
- to restore Sagging Cheeks.
- to colour Eyelashes permanently.
- to increase Lashes and Brows.
- to reduce the weight safely.
- to build Flesh quickly.
- to improve the Figure.
- to banish Perspiration odour.
- to keep away Gnats and Midges.
- to make a Toilet for Tennis.
- to hide Grey Hair without dye.
- to cure Hair Fall and Scurf.
- to cure Foot Tenderness.
- to treat Red Surface Veins.

and practically every toilet need is dealt with in the new Lady's Toilet Guide.

Send for a Free Copy to

PHILIP H. MASON & SON
Pharmaceutical Chemists and Toilet Specialists
3 Cathedral Laboratories, NORWICH

Café Girls

wiping the laughter tears from her eyes. "E made Jennie laugh when 'e said it. 'E's a case. You see, Java is where the cawfee comes from an' Percy said if 'e run away from us at Java there'd be no need to ask anyone to buy us a cuppercawfee an' then marry them because they bought it, because cawfee is so plentiful they give you a bag of it jest to carry it away."

I pretended amusement, then I asked the question that was screaming for an answer. "But are you going?" I asked. "You said 'If he run away from us' and that means—"

"That means I'm goin'!" interrupted the lady. "But don't you open your mouth. Four days after riding back from Monte Carlo to Nice in the company of Mrs. Farrand I visited the shabby tenement house in the rue de la Préfecture. I wished to find out how Farrand was taking the news concerning his wife's return to the stage."

It was dusk when I reached the gloomy entrance. I had put one foot over the doorstep when a great clamour that came from above made me draw back hastily. Something was coming down the dark stairs. Something that gurgled and gasped and cursed and swore and made unbelievable noises!

I sprang back to the sidewalk. The descending mystery hit the floor of the entrance hall. It broke in two. In the dim light I saw that each section had two legs and two arms. And from each came a voice. A voice that poured forth blasphemies.

The two parts clashed again. A small shelf in the hall crashed as the mass sprawled against it. I heard the thump of fists on flesh. A woman ran down the stairs and rushed between the two parts as they broke from each other. The woman was Emily Farrand!

She saw me at the doorway. "Help!" she screamed. "Dick is trying to kill Mr. Carlton!"

I rushed forward and clutched Farrand's arm. At the same moment Percy delivered to my ear a blow that he had intended for his would-be murderer. Not a bad blow for the manager of a dancing troupe. My ear ached for hours after the fray.

Farrand fought with me. "Let me get at the hound!" he screamed. "Let me get at him! I'll kill him! She asked me if she could go away with his troupe and—when I refused to let her go this runaway manager came here to help her pack! I caught him carrying her things away!"

The landlord of the tenement house rushed from the basement and helped me to hold Farrand. From windows high above us women screamed for the police. A crowd had gathered at the door.

Clinging to Farrand, I looked around for his wife and Mr. Percy Carlton. They had disappeared.

A rat-faced youth whispered in my ear: "Better get your friend away. Cops are coming!"

Farrand kicked and protested, but we dragged him down the stairs and out through the back door into the yard-wide lane. I thrust his hat on his head and pushed him before me into the night. I owed something to Dick Farrand. It was my caution in refusing the invitation to buy two cups of coffee that had brought trouble upon him.

Hours later we sat together in front of Monnot's Café and stared across the *Jardin Albert-Ier*. It was a glorious night. Little warm winds from Africa touched our faces.

It may have been the winds that prompted Farrand to speak of his projects. "Well it doesn't matter much," he said, after we had sat for a long time in silence. "I was offered a position the other day, but I turned it down. It's still open. To-morrow I'll go and see the chap and sign an agreement."

"What's the job?" I asked.

"Managing an estate in Ceylon."

"What kind of an estate?"

"Tea," said Farrand. "Five thousand acres of it. I think I'll like the job. Awful glad it's not coffee!"



The Poor Little Chap was "Down and Out"

—thoroughly out of condition, couldn't eat, dull coat, restless and so irritable. In a few days he was as fit as a fiddle—"SALCA" Dog Food Supplement put him right and KEPT HIM RIGHT.

The trouble was—and it is the same with nearly every doggie—his food lacked an element that is as necessary to his health as vitamins are to yours. That missing element is made good by mixing a small quantity of "SALCA" Dog Food Supplement into your doggie's food every day. If he is run down, or if he has skin trouble, or if worms are bothering him, "SALCA" will cure him. Give "SALCA" Dog Food Supplement a trial. A 2s. tin lasts, on an average, ten weeks, so it is cheap enough in all conscience.

TRY A 6d. TIN

If you find difficulty in getting supplied, send 6d. for a 6d. tin. We ourselves will pay postage on a 2/- or 6/- trial tin, or promptly arrange local supplies. Kindly forward name and address of your local Chemist or Corn-dealer.

SALCA
FOOD SUPPLEMENT FOR DOGS

6d., 2s. and 6s. (the bigger the tin, the greater the saving) from chemists, corn-merchants, and stores, including Harrods, Booth, Taylors, Timothy White, Gammans, etc.

Sole Manufacturers:

ASSOCIATED LONDON FLOUR MILLERS LTD.
(Dept. B.E.), Haddon House, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3.



Fashion's Whim the HAWICO Pullover

Created for women to whom dressing is an art and price a consideration. Woven from pure silk and wool by skilled Scottish craftsmen, withstands repeated laundering.

Trade: 168 Regent Street London W.1.
or Trinity Mills Hawick N.B.

Britannia & Eve for June, 1932

After comparison ... I had to choose a Pye



Several of my friends have got Pye "Q's". But frankly, when it came to performance, I wasn't going to take their word for it. So I arranged for a demonstration at home. After that demonstration I bought a "Q". Not on performance alone, although that's wonderful enough. Not on price alone, although that's reasonable enough. Not on reliability, although I had proof enough. But because for

sheer value for money, I've never come across anything like it in radio.

The Pye "Q" Portable is radio's greatest value. Never before has Pye quality been offered at such a low price. The Pye "Q" Portable is completely self-contained, completely portable, needing no external aerial and earth; giving three times the volume previously obtainable in battery-operated receivers; with excellent selectivity, sensitivity and fidelity. For battery operation. The Pye "Q" Portable costs only 14 gns. or 26/6 as a first payment. Judge it for yourself. Any Pye Service Agent (there's one in every town) will be glad to give you a demonstration, without obligation, in your home. Ask him to arrange it!



FOR ONLY 14 GNS. OR 26/6 FIRST PAYMENT

Pye Radio, Ltd., Sales Organisation, Paris House, Oxford Circus, London, W.1. E.W.G.

Major Bilbrow Takes Over

(Continued from page 29)

"You may sleep on that bed in the corner if you wish. Two guards will remain with you. If you make trouble you will be shot. You will probably be shot in any case to-morrow."

He and another went out and the remaining two sat against the door nursing their automatics. Major Bilbrow, with a soldier's philosophy, lay down on the bed and went to sleep.

In the morning they gave him breakfast and his guard was reduced by half. At midday came another meal and a fresh guard.

Night fell and the swinging lamp shed its dim rays on Major Bilbrow's prison. Either from over-confidence or shortage of personnel only one guard remained on duty. He came on at eight o'clock by the major's wrist-watch. At nine the major turned in. At ten he sighed heavily, sat up and groaned. The guard woke out of a doze and walked over to him, pistol in hand. Major Bilbrow began to make dreadful choking noises. The guard bent to peer into his face, and, with all his soul in his muscular system, Major Bilbrow straightened up and drove his right fist into the guard's solar plexus. The guard gurgled and collapsed, and Major Bilbrow knelt on his chest and took his pistol away, but the blow had gone true and the victim remained completely unconscious.

Working methodically, the major gagged him, removed his coat, trousers and boots, and bound his hands and feet with the boot-laces. "Fortunately, though shorter than me, you're a devilish sight fatter," Major Bilbrow soliloquised, put on the coat and trousers over his own, added, not without reluctance, a very greasy cap, picked up the automatic, examined it, saw the safety catch was at safety, and opened the door.

There was no sound to be heard. He went softly up the stairs, which, being stone, could not creak. He reached the entrance hall and saw the front door not twenty feet away. Then noiselessly the door of a room opened, and a man stepped out into the passage, closing the door behind him.

Their eyes met, the man's mouth half opened, and Major Bilbrow brought the automatic down on his head. He crumpled into a heap without a sound. Major Bilbrow stepped over him, unlatched the front door, shut it noiselessly and disappeared into the darkness.

"God knows where I am," he thought, "but the coast lies east, so east it is." Taking his bearings by the stars, he moved off quickly and cautiously, found himself on the road and ran like a hare for five minutes or so. Then, his hand on the pistol in his pocket, he settled down to a sober pace and presently found himself on the outskirts of Mariestadt.

Mariestadt at 7.30 a.m. struck him as absurdly normal, but revolutions are as much a habit as anything else. Major Bilbrow in his borrowed clothes, with two days' beard, looked very like many another hard-up citizen. He breakfasted in a cheap café, using his few words of Transpontan sparingly, bought a packet of cigarettes and smoked them without joy. At ten a.m. he reconnoitred the town hall. The Royalist flag floated over it and the sentry outside wore the red lily badge of the Royalists in his head-dress. Major Bilbrow stalked up to him and rapped out: "Mr. Rankin to see the Mayor about fire-engines."

The sentry shrugged his shoulders and jerked a thumb towards the entrance. Major Bilbrow ascended the steps and repeated his question in French to a young lieutenant smoking a cigarette at a writing table. Before the lieutenant could reply, from the inner recesses of the town hall strode Captain Baron Romnik, in full uniform.

The Baron stamped and saluted. "Thank God you're safe, Sir! We went round to your place and you'd disappeared, so your landlord turned out to be a traitor we shot him and were about to send out search parties. Where have you been, if I may ask?"

"Staying with Melek, and I don't care how soon I put salt on his tail."

IN a great room of the grey stone castle that dominates Mariestadt, Major Bilbrow sat writing. His grey-green uniform with a general's badges on the stand collar fitted him like a glove. His Albemarle Street riding boots glowed with mirror-like polish. His moustache displayed once more a military terseness.

Laying down the pen he passed a document to a slender, boyish figure in grey-green tunic and breeches, booted and spurred, crowned with a dark shingle, sitting on his right, and said:

"To-morrow's orders. Can you translate them, please?"

The Princess Marie glanced half shyly at the stern, good-looking profile beside her. Major Bilbrow went on:

"And now I think we'd better have a council of war. It's time things got going."

"Very well, general."

Major Bilbrow rang. Baron Romnik appeared and saluted.

"Shut the door half a mo', please," said the G.O.C. "Have all the circus arrived, including that dreadful bit of work General Karony?"

"Yes, Sir—General Karony, the Colonel of Artillery and Lieutenant of the Air Corps, Count Pesta."

"Right ho. Bring 'em in, please."

They filed in, General Karony leading. That stout, dark, middle-aged officer eyed Major Bilbrow with a certain polite scorn. The princess requested them to be seated, and they occupied chairs in a row on the opposite side of the table. Major Bilbrow glanced at her and she nodded.

"With your permission, ma'am," he began in French.

"Well, gentlemen, our cavalry patrols are across the River Konau, without meeting opposition. Has the air reconnaissance discovered anything, Lieutenant Pesta?"

"Everything is normal, Sir."

"Any hostile aircraft?"

Lieutenant Pesta smiled.

"No, Sir. You see the Transpontan Air Service is small, and as all the other four pilots are personal friends of mine, and members of noble families, they naturally crossed over to the service of Her Royal Highness."

"Good. You have chosen gun-positions, Colonel, commanding the Konau bridge-heads?"

"Yes, Sir. Unfortunately I only dispose of two batteries."

"And now," went on Major Bilbrow, consulting a map, "there is that place called Britz on the northern frontier at the mouth of the Konau. We have got to take Britz, and then advance along the railway to the capital. We've also got to take Tarna, on the southern frontier and advance simultaneously along the other line of railway to the capital. They and the river form the base of a triangle and the capital is the apex."

"Excuse me, Sir," suggested Baron Romnik, "but perhaps you would do well to leave Tarna to me. Only one battalion is stationed there, and I know the commanding officer very well. We were in the Guard Cadet School together. As you may suppose, he hates the Melek regime. I will, if you permit, ring him up on the telephone and arrange for the surrender, though it would look better if I were to ride over with a troop of cavalry as a matter of form."

"Carry on then," Major Bilbrow answered without the ghost of a smile. He turned to General Karony. "I should be glad, General, if you would take charge of operations on the line of the river."

When they had saluted and clattered from the room, Major Bilbrow endeavoured to solve a problem which had been worrying him.

"The army appears to be sound, ma'am. How did Melek's revolution come to be successful?"

"It's only sound in Tarna and Mariestadt, among the crack regiments officered by the nobility. They still exist because Melek didn't want to tackle them, and as the rest of the country went over to him these regiments acquiesced to save bloodshed."

"So Britz is likely to be a tough job?"

"Britz is. Let's hear what the chief of the secret service has to say. Summon Professor Kratz, baron."

Baron Romnik returned accompanied by a little man in civilian dress.

"Be seated, professor," directed the princess. "Tell us the latest news of the situation in Britz."

The professor spread out his hands and began to tick off his points as he made them with a cigarette-stained forefinger.

"They are all like flies round a carcass, ma'am. Melek intrigues and is intrigued against. Some of those who set him up would like to pull him down, but they are in a minority because the many have much to lose. He holds Britz through bombs and gun-men."

"I am going to take Britz, professor," Major Bilbrow told him. "What I want from you, please, is the enemy's local strength in bayonets and guns."

The professor studied him, with small, baffling eyes.

"In guns not much, general. It is chiefly fortress artillery at Britz, commanding the sea. Probably about a thousand men all told."

Major Bilbrow nodded, and stared thoughtfully at the map in front of him. At last he turned to the princess.

"You see, ma'am, the trouble is we've no lateral railway communication with Britz. The railways run inland. On the other hand, it would take days to march on the place—it's over a hundred miles away—and we've nothing like enough transport to supply an expeditionary force. We've no fleet to attack with from the sea. But the river's only a forced march from Mariestadt, and Britz lies at its mouth. Five hundred picked men in river steamers combined with armoured cars and what aeroplanes we have ought to give us Britz without much trouble. Are there any river steamers available?"

"They could be collected if the troops occupying the bridges hold up all river traffic."

Major Bilbrow reflected for a moment.

"Captain Baron Romnik," he said at last, "please work out details for the armoured cars and river steamers and let me have them by four o'clock this afternoon. I want the Air Corps operation scheme by the same time, Lieutenant Count Pesta."

"Thank you, gentlemen," the princess added crisply. "The Council is ended."

BY means of careful staff work the taking of Britz proceeded exactly according to plan, the element of surprise being achieved.

The troops in two detachments, each led by an armoured car with a second acting as rearguard, advanced on the barracks by different routes, rolling up any opposition on their way. In an hour it was all over. Britz had surrendered, and Major Bilbrow, one wrist bandaged where a bullet had grazed it, stood in the main square giving his final instructions to Captain Baron Romnik.

"I'll leave you in command. You understand the inhabitants better than I do. Good-bye and good luck."

He stepped into his car and two demon chauffeurs proceeded to break all records over the appalling Mariestadt road. Major Bilbrow jammed himself into the seat beside his driver and his thoughts were pleasant.

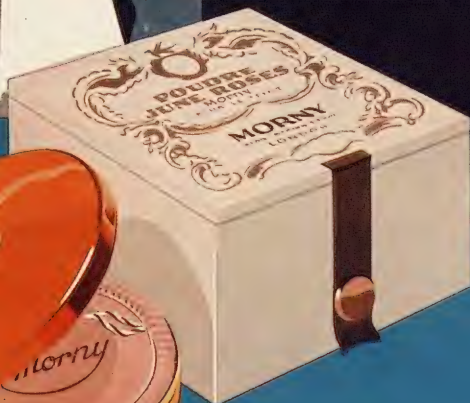
Marie's eyes ought to stick out when I tell her to-day's news. She'll be sitting on her throne in a fortnight, and I shall be going back to the Hotel de la Tour Vert, I s'pose."

Then the roughness of the road drove all thoughts out of his head till the car, with the G.O.C.'s flag flying from its bonnet, brought the guard of Mariestadt Castle to the "present."

Major Bilbrow got out, returned the guard commander's (Continued on page 125)

EXQUISITE

Perfumes that linger in the memory like a haunting refrain Perfumes that capture the magic of flowers, the mystery of incense . . . Perfumes that breathe the sophistication of Mayfair, the freshness of an English countryside While Morny still make perfumes, it will be no sacrifice to Buy British.



'Chaminade' 'June Roses'
'Gardenia-Morny'
AND OTHER DELIGHTFUL FRAGRANCES
from 3/6
COMPLEXION POWDER - LOOSE
from 1/9
COMPLEXION POWDER - COMPACTS
from 1/3

ALL-BRITISH PRODUCTS

Morny

REGENT STREET • LONDON

AND FROM ALL RETAILERS OF HIGH-CLASS TOILET PRODUCTS

KESTOS

BRASSIÈRE & ZOMA BELT



KESTOS CREATES AND REVEALS BEAUTY

Pour le sport . . . for dancing . . . for all occasions where comfort and freedom must be considered, yet smartness is essential, the Kestos Brassière, with its scientific crossway pull, which provides uplift without the least restriction and delicately accentuates feminine contours, is indispensable. In the subtleties of its design can be found "perfect beauty," yet it is simplicity

itself to adjust, and light and comfortable to wear. With the Zoma Belt, a masterpiece of practical efficiency, ingeniously designed to maintain an even tension on the stockings and remain firmly in position under all circumstances, the most ardent sportswoman can indulge in her favourite pastimes unhampered by any discomfort or restriction of movement.

Kestos Zoma Belt, prices 4/11, 9/11. Kestos Brassière, 30 ins. to 42 ins., prices from 3/11 to 22/6. Sold everywhere. Catalogue on request. Kestos Ltd., Maddox House, Regent Street, London, W.1. (Wholesale only.)

Major Bilbrow Takes Over

salute, clinked musically to the big room that constituted his headquarters and sent his compliments to Her Royal Highness, and could she receive him to make his report?

The message came back that Her Royal Highness was not in Mariestadt. She had left in a car to visit General Karony's headquarters.

The G.O.C. looked at the young officer in silence till he trembled in his boots. Then he said:

"*Merci, mon lieutenant,*" because French is the lingua franca of Transpontian society. "Get me that fella in the button boots in charge of Intelligence—Professor Kratz."

The lieutenant went out and Major Bilbrow communed with himself.

"You're mixed up in a queer sort of show, my dear George. Blood will tell, and I dare say a native smells sweeter to Marie than you do. You've done half the job for her and she may think Karony can do the rest."

Eventually the door opened and Professor Kratz shuffled in.

"Good evening, professor," Major Bilbrow said. "Sorry to bother you, but I want a little information. What exactly is known of General Karony?"

Professor Kratz sat down and leaned his arms on the table.

"I respect you, general," he said in his squeaky voice. "You are courteous to me at all times, although my appearance must distress you. General Karony is in Melek's pay."

"Then why the hell didn't you tell me?"

"Because it would have done no good. At present the time for action is not ripe. When the time comes I will ask you to deal with Karony."

"Are you aware," snapped Major Bilbrow in his orderly room voice, "that the princess has left in a car to visit Karony's headquarters?"

"What of it, General? I see no cause for alarm."

"Well, I'm a polo player and I do."

The telephone bell shrilled. Major Bilbrow picked up the receiver. An officer of signals reported:

"Colonel Kirilhoff at General Karony's headquarters wishes to speak to you, sir."

"Put him through."

Professor Kratz, watching with his little pig's eyes, saw absolutely no change in Major Bilbrow's expression as he listened. At last he answered: "Very good, Colonel. Send out patrols, and report to me instantly any information, good or bad."

The receiver clicked back, and he went on to Professor Kratz:

"Her Royal Highness and General Karony, after inspecting his outposts, disappeared in a car three hours ago, in the direction of the capital. A message has just come in under a flag of truce to say that the princess has been captured and is now Melek's prisoner."

"Good God!" Professor Kratz exclaimed.

"You are under close arrest," proceeded Major Bilbrow. "If the princess is not back here in three days you will be shot. In the meantime the news is suppressed. You'd better ginger up your secret service."

The unfortunate Intelligence Officer had no need to get busy. At 7 p.m. Melek sent out a message from the broadcasting station at Transpontopolis:

"The so-called Princess Marie of Transpontia who is at the head of a royalist rising against the Government was captured by our cavalry this afternoon while visiting royalist outposts. She was slightly wounded owing to an accident, and received medical attention. At noon on the day after to-morrow she will appear under escort at a ceremonial parade of our faithful troops in the City Park."

Major Bilbrow, closeted with Lieutenant Count Pesta of the Air Corps, smiled grimly when he heard the news.

"So Her Royal Highness put up a scrap before they got her! Just as I'd have expected. Well, Pesta, how many machines can you put into the air by the day after to-morrow, and who has a map of the City Park? If Melek thinks he's going to get away with this he'd better think again."

Lieutenant Pesta answered:

"It will be a mere joy-ride for us, Sir. This is what I propose to do, with your approval."

At the window of a room in the royal palace of Transpontopolis, where she had played as a child, Princess Marie stood polishing the nails of her left hand. They had taken away her neat uniform and substituted a very unbecoming ready-made frock from a local drapery. The wife of the Chief of Police, a severe woman, surveyed her malevolently.

"The car has arrived. You would not keep the President waiting?" she said austere.

"Let him wait. What do I care whether he waits or not?" she answered, but in her soul she was crying: "What is happening all this time? What will he do?" and he did not refer to Melek, but Major Bilbrow.

They descended and entered a closed car with two police officers. They were driven rapidly to the City Park, where a small platform had been erected at the saluting point beside a flagstaff flying the revolutionary flag. On this platform stood Melek and his chief satellites. The princess, by instructions, took her place disdainfully beside them. Princess Marie sighed and turned her eyes to the heavens as one who sought help.

She saw five little specks appear in the sky travelling west towards her.

Five specks in the sky grew infinitely larger and more terrible, now roaring earthwards as though bent on smashing themselves to fragments. To Melek's troops, drawn up in line, they seemed the very embodiment of flaming death.

At the very last moment they flattened out. One soared again and remained circling above, alert for the first sign of hostile movement. Three, flying very low, roared up and down the front rank of troops, creating a moving barrier between them and the group on the platform. Lieutenant Count Pesta made a perfect landing and brought his aeroplane to a standstill at the very edge of the platform, its air-screw ticking over, and aimed his machine gun point blank at the distinguished gathering which adorned it.

Then the tall figure of Major Bilbrow climbed out of the fuselage and advanced on the group, an automatic in either hand.

"Come on, princess. Jump for it like hell," he barked. "I'll look after these blighters while you get in."

Princess Marie picked up her unfashionable skirt and ran like a hare, made a leap for the rim of the fuselage and flung herself over with a scramble of waving legs. Major Bilbrow paused a second to give Melek one glance of contempt, turned his back and followed the princess without undue haste. Lieutenant Count Pesta opened the throttle, and took off most elegantly. As he climbed, the rest of the flight conformed and took station in rear of him.

Three hours later Marie was back in her castle of Mariestadt, changing her prison frock for something with the stamp of Paris on it. Major Bilbrow found himself alone with her in the great bleak drawing room.

"Glad to see you looking none the worse for your stay with Melek, ma'am. Kind of you to ask me to dine, but I'm off to what were Karony's headquarters. I've ordered a general advance along the whole front. You ought to be in the capital within a week if all goes well."

She seemed scarcely to listen. Her dark and passionate eyes looked straight into his.

"I knew," she was saying, "you'd never let go. I knew you'd get me out of their hands somehow. And yet there's nothing I can do for you in return, nothing at all, except this."

In her hands something glittered, a beautifully wrought gold star with a scarlet ribbon, the Star of Valour of Transpontia. Drawing near she pinned it carefully to the breast of his tunic. Her dark head bent over the task came just heart high. When she had finished she raised her face to his.

"That is all I can do," she whispered, and her eyes were full of tears.

The next moment she was in his arms. She felt the sweet agony of being crushed against a pistol holster and military buttons till she could have cried out in pain, and then her mouth lay against his. Hours afterwards, as it seemed, she found herself still in his arms.

"You're the most adorable darling," he was saying. "I'll get you not only Transpontia but the sun and moon and the eleven stars if you want them."

OUT into the palace courtyard rode a slender, boyish figure in uniform, the forage cap that crowned her dark shingle raked slightly to the left. From the officer commanding a cavalry escort came the sharp command: "Carry swords!" Major Bilbrow, sitting his horse like a statue, brought his right hand to the peak of his cap. Her Royal Highness Princess Marie of Transpontia, no longer a princess without a country, but a reigning princess in her own capital, gravely returned the salute.

Thus the princess began her triumphal procession through Transpontopolis.

Major Bilbrow sighed.

"I wish," he thought, "the rear rank of the escort wouldn't buckle up every time it wheels at a street corner. And I've got to get out of Transpontia at once or sooner if possible. If I don't there'll be trouble. That girl's too damned attractive, especially in breeches and boots. I'd better put it up to Romnik. He's a decent little fella."

Therefore, after the ceremonial parade, back at his temporary headquarters at the Golden Eagle Hotel, he sent for that very efficient young officer.

"Romnik," he began, "we met for the first time over a drink. Have one with me now."

Champagne bubbled into their glasses and they clinked them solemnly. Major Bilbrow went on:

"And I want you to do one thing for me. I am—called home on urgent private affairs. The princess is firmly established. There's nothing more for me to do. Having been so closely associated with Her Royal Highness and—er—the Army, it will be a bit of a wrench, and I'd like to slip away quietly. The *Heathermoor* anchored in the harbour last night. I can easily fix up a passage with the skipper."

Captain Baron Romnik refilled the glasses and spoke with deliberation.

"Being in the confidential service of Her Royal Highness, I'm inclined to agree with you, Sir. A sudden parting is always best. I will, if you wish, as I am sure you do, convey your farewell messages."

"Well—put a case of whisky in the car if you don't mind," said Major Bilbrow with the least dryness in his tone. "The skipper of the *Heathermoor* likes it. Whom are you getting to drive me to Mariestadt?"

"One of my subalterns. Will you be ready in half an hour—and you'd better perhaps make out your own military pass!"

Half an hour later, in the tweed suit of the one-time Mr. Rankin, Major Bilbrow sat in a powerful touring car beside a slim young man almost breathless with respect, who hurled his car over the roads as if determined to break the record from Transpontopolis to Mariestadt or die.

THE skipper of the *Heathermoor*, smoking a final pipe on deck before turning in, welcomed Major Bilbrow, whom he knew as Mr. Rankin, with delighted oaths.

"Never expected to see you again," he declared. "There's been bloody murder going on by all accounts ever since you landed."

"Just a shade of excitement," agreed Major Bilbrow, "but nothing to what it might have been. What about a drink, skipper? I managed to bring away some very fair whisky."

As he spoke he sighed, because his hand, in the side pocket of his jacket, closed on a flat leather case. It contained the Star of Valour, which Someone had once pinned on the breast of his tunic, and now there was no tunic on which to wear it; nothing but the tweed jacket of Mr. Rankin.

END



SUPERB IN QUALITY & DESIGN

Shillacraft Handbags are of British material and manufacture, and clearly demonstrate the superiority of British bags over all others.

"HENDON" A particularly smart, useful pochette in best Morocco Leather. This bag, made with strong British Frame, is art silk lined throughout, with divided centre division. Fitted with large mirror in pocket and expanding handle at back. Size 10" x 6 1/2".

Price 10/-

"WARWICK" Large top opening handbag, best quality Morocco, strong frame with smart imitation onyx and polished brass catch. Suede lined throughout, triple centre division lined suede and white kid, fitted large mirror and purse. Size 11" x 8 1/2".

Price 35/6

"GOODWOOD" An attractively designed pochette in best Morocco. British Lightning Zip Fastener, art silk lining throughout. This model is made with two useful outside pockets and is fitted with a framed purse and large mirror. The "GOODWOOD" has a thumb strap on front and a neat yoke decoration. Size 10" x 6 1/2".

Price 10/-

"Shillacraft" handbags are obtainable in all latest fashion shades.

Stocked Everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining we will send you name of nearest stockist of Shillacraft bags. Write—

SHILLACRAFT
"HANDBAGS OF
DISTINCTION"

FOR THOSE WHO LOVE NICE THINGS



This Seal is your Guarantee.

W. SHILLAKER & CO., LTD., 8-10 Half Moon Passage, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

Big Business

(Continued from page 65)

the chemicals they may require, but invites inquiry, through the local sales offices, on any problem connected with the use of the company's products, and places at the disposal of manufacturers the experience of the company's technical experts.

With the rapid growth of the company's overseas trade the sale of chemicals abroad had been organised on equally thorough and efficient lines.

A policy of decentralisation has been inaugurated and separate companies have been formed in the more important markets, with control vested in local boards of directors. The head office of each of these overseas companies controls a network of branch offices and depots in the outlying districts; thus direct contact is established between Imperial Chemical Industries and native consumers of its products.

New companies are operating in Australasia, S. Africa and Canada, as well as in China, Japan, India and South America.

The opportunities for developing the sale of British goods afforded by these organisations have resulted in many industrial undertakings in the United Kingdom entrusting the sale of their products to I.C.I. in those markets where separate companies have been established.

One of the original companies of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. was, as I have said, British Dyestuffs Corporation Ltd., itself an amalgamation of the leading British dyestuffs manufacturers. A short time before the merger in 1926, this company obtained a substantial interest in Scottish Dyes Ltd., its chief competitor. Last year the British Alizarine Company was bought, so that the range of dyes manufactured by I.C.I. is now complete.

The I.C.I. dyestuffs industry turn out enormous quantities of dyes for the large colour-using industries of the country—that is, the textile, leather, paper and lake making industries. And during 1931 no fewer than 200 new products were registered by the dyestuffs group.

The history of the British dyestuffs industry since then is eloquent testimony to the value of its incorporation into Imperial Chemical Industries.

Almost alone among British industries in 1931, exports of dyestuffs recorded an increase.

Out of five major dyestuffs discoveries since the war, three have been all British—two of them (Caledon Jade Green and Duratol Green G) having been recorded within the last two years.

The next great department is that of the metals, of which I.C.I. is the largest manufacturer of non-ferrous metal materials in the United Kingdom.

At Birmingham two of their companies turn out the lighter forms of metal products, such as copper in strip, sheet and wire, cartridge cases, etc., while other companies, more recently acquired, produce heavy things like copper firebox plates for locomotives, and tubes for all the great ocean liners, including the *Bremen* and *Europa*.

Fertilizers have little enough in common with cartridges and copper plates, yet they, too, form an important branch of I.C.I. manufactures. The company is one of the chief producers of fertilizers in the British Isles, and within a year or two will be able to provide all the fertilizers required to meet the great and growing needs of the Empire.

From making things grow we turn to the process of blowing things up.

Somehow explosives are rather unpleasantly associated in one's mind with wars and bombardments.

One forgets that their chief use is in peacetime, for blasting and mining operations. Their destructive properties, may have constructive purpose in connection with the building of roads, railways, waterworks and so on. The factories owned entirely by Imperial Chemical Industries make practically every kind of commercial explosive, from coal mining in England to gold mining in S. Africa.

(Continued on page 128)



Don't rub dirt in —
polish it off with Shell Floor Polish

IT REALLY CLEANS AS WELL!

TECHNICAL PRODUCTS LTD., 31, GREAT ST. HELEN'S, LONDON, E.C.3

M-C 304 H

SOFT, silky, caressing—a belt designed for you by Roussel woos your figure into beauty of line with unobtrusive tact. You will have the perfect comfort and absolute freedom of movement combined with adequate support which only a Belt by Roussel can give you.

These cool light belts are woven with consummate artistry in seamless elastic tricot.

M. Roussel undertakes to give you a free adjustment service and a six months' guarantee that your belt retains its exquisite shape whilst your figure is moulded to the correct line.

To ensure this personal attention and perfect fitting, sales are confined to Roussel Salons.

Prices: Hip-belts from 30/- to 4 gns.
Long-belts from 4½ to 9 gns.

On sale only at

J. Roussel
(of Paris)

93, Oxford Street
(Dept. AC) LONDON, W.1



A beautifully Illustrated Catalogue will be sent free on request

BIRMINGHAM 6, Midland Arcade

MANCHESTER: 6, King Street

PARIS: 166, Boulevard Haussmann



APPROXIMATELY
800
SHEETS

A so-called "cheap" toilet-roll gives you about 300 sheets. On the other hand, a BRONCO roll gives you not only a finer, softer paper with a much more attractive appearance, but approximately 800 sheets. Therefore, if you want paper that is healthy to use, good to look upon and extremely good value for the price, ask for BRONCO.



You can get BRONCO from Stores, Stationers, Grocers, Chemists, etc.

Manufactured by

The British Patent Perforated Paper Co.,
Hackney Wick, LONDON, E.9

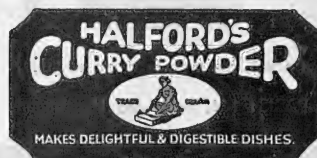


Mrs. SHACKLETON

has a great demand for any kind of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies waited on.

ONLY ADDRESS

122, Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
Tel.: 0707 Kingston. Banker's reference.



Big Business

Sir Harry McGowan to-day controls all these vast undertakings with a full sense of its mighty possibilities for development. He employs a permanent staff of over 200 research chemists constantly at work; they are the brains of the enterprise, constantly probing Nature that Nature may be harnessed.

Research in the dyestuffs laboratories has also been applied to rubber accelerators, anti-oxidants, softeners; while the laboratories have successfully co-operated with other concerns in the search for a British-made celluloid for safety glass.

Rapid progress is also taking place in Dulux "new process" paints and varnishes, which can be used when nitro-cellulose is not suitable.

"The future sometimes staggers me," says Sir Harry. "For instance, do people realise that the present normal food of humanity may one day be replaced by some synthetic product?"

There are indeed, within the white walls of the Imperial Chemical laboratories, processes being worked out which will replace staple natural products, and even change the nature of our clothing.

Tens of thousands of pounds are spent every year in the ceaseless work of research in these laboratories.

It is the price that must be paid for maintaining the company's position in the world markets.

END

This Crazy Stuff Called Gold

(Continued from page 23)

appreciate leisure, and know how to use it. They are never bored, never have to run away from themselves. They lead regular lives. They are all in a sense Nature worshippers, some unconsciously so. They are not restless; they savour life profoundly. And most of them live for the day, make each day a sort of adventure, as if it might be their last one on earth.

Earl Grey represents a cross-section of such happy people. When he was Foreign Secretary, and a very busy and important personage, he would often, on his way to Whitehall—he walked—step in at a public picture gallery and sit for a meditative half-hour before a picture whose beauty and significance profoundly moved him. A cultivated habit, this, which the elder Pierpont Morgan, most predatory of picture-buying millionaires, never understood or developed, but which Andrew Mellon, an older and sager millionaire, began to practise young and still finds one of the greatest pleasures in life.

Grey also has a bird sanctuary on his estate, and that, too, is a deep joy. The time comes when some little duck is due to return to build his nest by the verge of the pool. The elder statesman goes down there day after day and looks out for the duck. At last the squat bird, like an old friend returning from far places and mysterious adventures, comes down out of the sky and ranges round for this remembered, sheltered spot provided by a friendly human. And the watching man experiences one of those warm, profound sensations which come so rarely, but when they do come, seem to bring one very near to God and make life and living more than ever worth while.

The Kreugers, the Kennedy Joneses, the Solly Joels, the Jimmy Whites, all these chasers of fairy gold, go from birth to death and never know such magical hours. The door in the wall is there. For a moment, bored and disillusioned, they may pause, hesitate, wonder if it is worth unlatching. But usually, with their false standard of values, they disdain its modest aspect; or, as most often happens, they resume the endless and futile chase without stopping to explore what lies beyond that quiet façade.

END

NOISELESS CHILDREN!



WHEN you've only got six or seven candles on your birthday cake it's difficult to understand why people always want to keep you quiet and hush you off to bed. But we know how our nerves get on edge by the tireless romping and stomping of kiddies. You can deaden this noise tremendously by laying down Linovent under all your floor coverings. Its soft springy surface kills noise and quietsens down the whole house as well as giving protection from dry rot and draughts. It's only **10¹⁰ 10¹⁰** Per Sq. Yd.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

N.B. The name is stamped on every yard UNDER THE LINO - PUT

LINOVENT

AND WALK ON SPRINGS

ENGERT & ROLFE, LTD. (DEPT. 31,
Poplar, London, E. 14 Phone: East 1932.
(M.C.9)

CORNS

QUICKLY
GONE
FOR
GOOD!



Medicated DISK loosens corn.

Rim of PAD removes cause - Shoe pressure.

Inner part mildly medicated to end pain.

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! No extra cost!

Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes: from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

When Lumber was King

(Continued from page 59)

the shore, or sometimes in a "pointer," a flat-bottomed boat built very heavy so as to run the rapids in safety and pointed at both ends. Where possible the drive was followed along a shore road by the "wanigan," a cooking outfit on wheels.

The greatest danger of the drive was the "jam."

The jam was usually occasioned by a log becoming up-ended against a rock or some other obstacle in the river bed. Against this log another would roll broadside; and against this one another and another—in a few minutes the whole drive would pile up, sometimes twenty or thirty feet high. The pressure on the "key-log," holding back all this weight was enormous. Most frequently a jam of this kind occurred in a swift, narrow stream of the canyon type, with precipitous, rocky sides.

To break this jam—to find the key-log and cut it loose, as was the way in the early days—was a death-defying performance.

One daring, experienced volunteer was detailed for the work. A rope tied about his middle, he was lowered from the bank into the gorge, in front of the jam. Down there, axe in hand, he attacked the log which was the source of the trouble; his purpose being to cut it not quite through, but so nearly through that while he was being jerked back up into safety the increasing pressure of the logs would complete his work—snap off the log and let the jam go free. An error in judgment upon his part—if he cut too deeply, overstayed his time by one second—or if his mates failed him, was certain, horrible death.

Many a good man perished in this manner before the Government stepped in and stopped the practice. In later years dynamite was used to break a jam.

ON the Ottawa river are cataracts of such magnitude that squared timber (Ottawa Valley timber was mostly pine and for export was usually squared) was not allowed to run them, because of the damage it sustained on the rocks. Around these cataracts were constructed "slides"—artificial channels, with sides and bottoms of smooth timber, and with gates at the upper end through which the water was admitted as required, to convey timber from the upper to the lower level of the river.

To go through these slides the timber was assembled above them and made into "cribs," of a regulation width of twenty-four feet. Each crib consisted of twenty "sticks" (a stick was a squared pine log) in the form of a raft, bound together by cross-pieces—"traverses"—and weighted with four extra heavy squared timbers. Often there was a mast and sail and a house for the raftsmen.

"Shooting the slides" was a favourite pastime of tourists on the Ottawa. The slide at the Falls of the Calumet was a favourite for this.

Rafting on the St. Lawrence, taken as a whole, was a quite different business from that on the Ottawa. Here it was a distinct trade in itself. At Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario, were collected the logs from a thousand streams—from all the camps of Western Ontario. The rafts which were assembled and made up here were much larger and of far sturdier construction than those of the Ottawa.

In the St. Lawrence raft the unit (corresponding to the "crib" was the "drum"—a huge affair from 225 to 300 feet long and sixty feet wide, and three tiers deep. It contained some 600 pieces. Six or eight of these drums banded together made a raft, a truly immense one containing several hundred thousand feet of lumber, a veritable floating island.

The basis of the drum was the frame; a huge rectangular skeleton—three heavy longitudinal timbers, hinged every forty feet, extending the whole length of the drum, crossed every ten feet by "traverses." Into this frame were (Continued on page 130)

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work —Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish, and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this

improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

What Mysterious Power Does This Man Possess?

Simple Method that Anyone Can Use to Develop the Powers of Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and to correct Undesirable Habits through the wonder-science of Suggestion. 80 page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method and a Psycho-Analysis Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.

The "Time Test" is the supreme Test, because only Quality can survive so drastic an ordeal; and only the Highest Quality can come through with full and increased Honours.

Twenty-five years is a protracted and exacting Test, but it has completely vindicated Prof. Knowles' early claims, and has proved the essential soundness and efficiency of the System of Practical Psychology which he then introduced.

To-day, Applied Psychology is considered one of the most important subjects in the world, and practically every University has its Chair of Psychology, occupied by scholars of the highest distinction.

The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yoghis and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power, and the correction of

undesirable habits through the wonder-power of Suggestion.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt writes: "My own success with the Knowles System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method."

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed.

The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles.

If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character."

And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 537-E), No. 18 rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium 24d.



Mr. Martin Goldhardt

INSECTS!

"It is a far-far better thing—"



DIE BRITISH!

They will if you use.

SHELLTOX
THE BRITISH INSECTICIDE

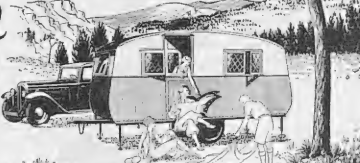
Outfit including Sprayer & Tin 5/- Junior Outfit 2/3. Shelltox in tins from 2/-

TECHNICAL PRODUCTS LTD. 31, GREAT ST. HELENS, LONDON, E.C. 3.

M.C. 401.

ECCLLES CARAVANS

The Ideal Holiday



New Lightweight Two-Roomed Caravan
solid panelled for warmth, £165. Comprehensive
Equipment. Write for Literature, Dept. N.
Eccles Motor Caravans Ltd., Stirchley, Birmingham.



Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

TAKEN at meal-time, and at any other period of the day Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and proved corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders.

Obtainable everywhere.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world renowned NATURAL Mineral Water

CAUTION—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.
Bancroft Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road
London, S.E.1



When Lumber was King

stored the longer pieces and those of smaller girth, which comprised the bottom layer of the dram.

The next operation was that of "withing." Each of these bottom timbers was tied to all the traverses which crossed it, by means of withes, white-birch saplings which had been softened between power rollers. Each of these bindings was twisted tight by means of a long lever, or "toggle." There would be perhaps 700 toggle bindings in a bottom. From the tough, elastic nature of the withes, a really extraordinary strength was developed in the whole fabric of the bottom.

The cross tier and the top tier, of the larger timbers, were put on by steam power. A cabin for the foreman was erected on the leading dram and another for the men on the second one.

Hardwood timber such as oak could only be rafted one tier deep, and it had to have with it a proportion of pine to keep it reasonably afloat; even then it rode awash; a safety platform had to be built on each end for the rowers to stand upon. In the rapids a dram of hardwood timber went literally through the water!

At the Calops and at Rapide Plat, rapids, the whole raft went down intact, the steamer towing; but at Long Sault and at Coteau and yet again at Lachine, where the rapids are long and very rough, the raft was separated into its units; the drams being dropped off one at a time in a long line for the descent. A local pilot and some fifty extra men—French-Canadians, half-breeds and Indians, and some Scotch-Canadians from Glangarry County—were taken on to run the rapids at these points.

There is a big drop in the Lachine; when the steamer goes ahead of the raft—when she rounds-to at the bottom—those on the raft can see only her smoke; and the channel is narrow. In the swift, eddying water above the rapid it took expert use of the 30-foot oars (rowing frequently opposite ways bow and stern) to make the clumsy big drum take the turns.

The typical raftsman of the St. Lawrence was a picturesque fellow. He wore high leather boots with short caulks in the soles, trousers held by a rope-yarn for belt, coloured neckerchief, toque, and—even in the hottest weather—heavy woollen shirt.

The descent of the Lachine was sharp and swift. The water is rough and fast. Rock upon either hand, the dram, its great timbers thudding underfoot, its huge fabric bending to the swell, dashed through the main pitch in a few seconds. There was here the sense of being in the grip of elemental forces. It was an unforgettable experience.

Having reached Montreal, the trip to Quebec was completed in from two to four days, usually without incident; and the great raft swung safely in on the tail of the ebb tide to the timber piers at Sillery Point.

Here in the old days was a memorable sight—miles of timber booms—millions of feet of lumber—scores of ships loading; from Cap Rouge all the way down to Indian Cove, opposite Ile d'Orleans.

In the "coves" the rafts were finally broken up; and from the acres of timber thus accumulated the ocean-going ships were loaded. Near each vessel men with pike-poles ran to and fro on the floating timbers selecting the cargo, each stick or spar being hoisted by winch to the level of the ship's receiving port and there drawn aboard and stowed away. When the steadily increasing load sank the vessel to her lower ports these were closed, and the loading resumed at those above. About one-half the timber went to England, and about the same amount to United States ports.

But by and by the rafts of lumber coming down the noble St. Lawrence began to decrease in number. In the Quebec coves tramp steamers took the place of the lumber ships. In time these too disappeared. And now the whole trade, excepting for small shipments which go by rail direct to the ship's side, has become a memory.

END



A perfect gear-change every time...

"LET'S take both cars and run the whole party down to the tennis courts," proposed Anne. "And bags I the Cadet."

"You always do," grumbled Jimmy.

"Well, I like *that*! Who keeps telling me I can't change gear decently on anything except a Cadet? D'you want me to go clattering along like a young tank?"

"All right, Anne," grinned her brother. "You have it. Even *you* drive like a veteran with the Cadet's gears. They're Synchro-Mesh, you know," he added professionally.

"Are they really? How interesting!" Anne's voice sounded a trifle sarcastic. "All I know is that I never do any of that double-declutching business—I just move the lever over. And I've never made a bad change yet!"

"More credit to the car than to *you*," muttered Jimmy grimly.



FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGE

No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise—you never need make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

4-DOOR
SALOON **£285**

(Ex Works, Hendon)

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £10 extra.

Fixed-head Coupé . . . £295

Tickford Saloon and Drop-head Coupé . . . £325

Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.

VAUXHALL CADET

(17 H.P. — SIX CYLINDERS)

It's British



COMPLETE RANGE OF
MODELS ON VIEW AT
174-182 GREAT PORT-
LAND ST., LONDON, W.1



STOP SCRATCHING!

But he can't help it. It's 100-1 it's Fleas or Lice.

It's your fault not his. He can only scratch, whereas you can get

PULVEX VERMIN POWDER

which REALLY KILLS Fleas, Lice, Nits and all parasites and prevents fresh attacks. Harmless even to puppies and free from any objectionable odour.

On sale everywhere

9d. ... 2/6 ... 12/6



**COOPER
DOG
PRODUCTS**

Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd.,
Berkhamsstead.

Puffy, Swollen Legs and Ankles

are quickly relieved and restored to slimmness and gracefulness by the appropriate style of Dr. Scholl's Surgical Hosiery. Our qualified Dr. Scholl's Expert will advise you, free of charge or obligation.

Perfect comfort costs little—Dr. Scholl's Superfine Rubberless Stockings, for example, are only 7/6d. each.



**Dr. Scholl's SURGICAL
HOSIERY**
FITTED BY EXPERTS IN PRIVATE CUBICLES

**Dr. Scholl's
Foot Comfort Service**

DEPOTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY
For full details of Dr. Scholl's Surgical Hosiery and address of your nearest Depot, write Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, 93, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Mr. Penny and the Rhine-Maiden

(Continued from page 57)

know, after all. Then he stole a glance at Hilda, standing there, tranquil and untroubled, and his doubts disappeared. It was all so perfectly natural.

"Won't you take off your coat?" he said.

"Thank you," said Hilda, with one of her rare smiles, "And, if you don't mind, my hat," she added unexpectedly. "It is tight. It hurts."

She spoke with the simplicity of a child, and with the same simplicity removed the offending headgear.

"Ah," she said, "That is better." She suddenly became practical.

"You have a mirror?" she said.

"In the—in my bedroom," said Mr. Penny, blushing, "I'll turn on the lights."

"Do not mind, I will go," said Hilda, and went.

Left alone for a moment, Mr. Penny regarded the living room with new eyes. It was a perfectly good apartment. He was used to it—so used that he hadn't really looked at it for years. Now, suddenly, with Hilda absent, everything in it seemed dry and dusty. "Am I like that, too?" thought Mr. Penny, and shivered.

Hilda returned—and immediately the room was comfortable, and full of light and warmth. Strange, it could make such a difference.

"Now," said Mr. Penny, "You'll find that the most comfortable chair—and if you'll just tell me what you'd like to hear—" He gestured at the victrola. "I don't know whether I have much popular music, but—"

"But you must have something you like very much to hear," said Hilda, opening her eyes very wide, "Play that."

"Oh well, if you're sure you don't mind," said Mr. Penny, eagerly, "You know—silly of me—but the 'Rheingold'—I told you and your sisters reminded me—"

He scrambled among records, adjusted the needle carefully.

"There," he said. "It's just near the end—where the gods are crossing to Valhalla."

The music began. Wotan and the other gods' strides toward the rainbow bridge, toward the hall that pride and craft had built to be immortal. Only Loge, the doubter, lingered a moment to say in warning tones: "They are hastening to their end, though they deem themselves strong and enduring." But the bridge of music was built with such firm beauty that one could hardly believe. Now, from the sunken depths, the three Rhine-maidens bewailed their ravished gold.

"Rhein-gold! Reines Gold!"—and then again, and nobly, the music built up Valhalla.

It was over, Mr. Penny sighed and stared at his companion.

"Did you like it at all?" he said, timidly. Hilda stirred a little from her repose.

"It is always very beautiful," she said.

"But sad, too. If the Father-God had kept his promises better and not thought just for himself. Then he might have had his palace for ever and not so much trouble for the humans and everything. But then there would have been no 'Ring.'"

Mr. Penny stared at her with bulging eyes.

"But you know it?" he said "Know the 'Ring'?"

"Oh, yes," said Hilda. "I hear it when I am young. At Stockholm. My father sing Wotan one year. Then he die and we have hard times. 'Rheingold, Reines Gold,'" she hummed. "Once I think—when I grow up, I will sing Brunnhilde. But I have not the voice. So." She looked at her strong hands.

"Oh dear," moaned Mr. Penny, "Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Why, what is the matter, Mr. Penny?" "How long have I been coming to Madam Frieda's Method?" (Continued on page 134)

"ALL BRITISH"

**Look
at your
Nails!**

Here is the only way to bring out the NATURAL beauty of your nails. In one minute a single leaf from this dainty little book will give your nails a brilliant and lasting polish.

Do not injure and disfigure your nails with coarse powder. This wonderful polish, used as directed in the book itself, alone can make your nails the perfect finish to your hands. No buffer is required, and it can be used anywhere and at any time.

Sold by **BOOTS**—the **CHEMISTS** at all branches, and by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores everywhere.



PAPIER POUDRÉ NAIL POLISH

Sole Manufacturers:—

PAPIER POUDRÉ, LTD., 48, Baker Street, W.1.

FOR HEALTH and PLEASURE COME TO THE ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLES or to CAITHNESS

	From Leith.	From Aberdeen.
3 Days' Inclusive Cruise.....	£4 10/-	£4 0/-
4 Days' Inclusive Cruise.....	£6 0/-	£5 10/-
5 Days' Inclusive Cruise.....	£7 10/-	£7 0/-
12 Days' Inclusive holiday, with a week's residence at 87, MAGNUS HOTEL, Hillswick, Shetland.....	£12 10/-	£12 0/-

Write for full particulars to **WILLIAM MEYERLIES**, Agent, Dept. 21, 1, Tongue Place, Leith; or to **JAMES McCALLUM**, Manager, Dept. 21, Matthews' Quay, Aberdeen.

GOLF! "THE ARISTOCRAT"
IS BRITAIN'S
FINEST GOLF BALL.
Guaranteed perfect flight, accuracy and durability. Used by leading professionals. Direct from manufacturer at **7/6** per Box of Six Balls, post free. (Usual price 2/- each.) Money back guarantee.
LEONARD SEYMOUR, 58, Cheapside
London, E.C. 2. 'Phone: City 0323.

GREEN PEAS
FARROW'S
SALAD CREAM
TOMATO KETCHUP

WHY pay 2' - ?



*when 1' - will buy you
this special cleansing
tooth paste*

NEVER thought of saving money on tooth paste? — of paying 1/- instead of 1/6 or 2/- — and keeping the difference?

Why not? Do you know of one good reason why you should pay extra money when a shilling will buy you a tooth paste of outstanding quality — scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Listerine Tooth Paste is produced by the makers of Listerine — the wonderful, germ-killing antiseptic — contains the same essential oils which have been proved ideal for keeping the mouth fresh and healthy.

SPECIAL CLEANSING AGENT

Discoloration and tartar disappear like magic after a few brushings with Listerine Tooth Paste. Its non-scratching ingredients clean and polish the teeth, and remove causes of decay.

NOW REDUCED TO 1/-

By modern production methods in a British factory, the price of Listerine Tooth Paste has been reduced to 1/- for a large tube. Think what a saving this means on the yearly budget, against expensive tooth pastes. Buy Listerine Tooth Paste today. When you've three or four in the family to buy for, you're making a real difference in your yearly expenditure. (*There is also a 6d. size.*)

To prevent illness— **LISTERINE BRAND** **ANTISEPTIC**

Nearly every common ailment begins in the throat. There is no surer way of keeping the throat healthy than by gargling (twice daily) with Listerine Brand Antiseptic, which also keeps your mouth and breath pleasant.



The money two people can save in a year will buy one of the following: 18 gallons of petrol, gloves, a dozen tennis balls, a camera, 10 gramophone records, a suit case, a permanent wave.

Write for a free sample of Listerine Brand Antiseptic and Listerine Tooth Paste to Dept. G1, Lambert Pharmacal Company, Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Send 6d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage.

LARGE
TUBE **1' -**

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Made in Great Britain



By Appointment.



By Appointment.

English Perfumes

FREESIA
HONEY SUCKLE
SWEET BRIAR
STEPHANOTIS
RED ROSE

FLORIS
PERFUMER
LONDON

A trial life reading free to readers of this paper.

The well-known Astrologer Prof. Roxroy has once more decided to favour the people of this country with Free Test Readings of their lives.

Prof. Roxroy's fame is so well known in this country that he hardly needs an introduction from us. His power to read the lives of people, no matter at what distance they may be, is described as simply marvellous.

Even Astrologers of various nationalities and reputation all over the world, acknowledge him to be their master and follow in his footsteps. He tells you of what you are capable, how you can be successful and mentions the favourable and unfavourable periods in your life. His descriptions as to past, present and future events will astonish and help you.

Herr Paul Stammann, an experienced astrologer of Ober Neuensieders, Germany, says:—

"The horoscope which Professor Roxroy worked out for me is quite according to the truth. It is a very clever and conscientious piece of work. As an astrologer myself I carefully examined his planetary calculations and indications, and proved that his work in every detail is perfect, and that he is up-to-date in his science."

If you want to take advantage of this special offer and obtain a review of your life, mention the name of this paper and get a trial reading free. Money not necessary. Simply send your full name and address (written by yourself), the date, month, year and place of your birth and state whether you are Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

If you wish you may enclose 1/- postal order to pay postage and clerical work. Do not enclose coins in your letter. Send your letter to ROXROY, Dept. 24A, Rijnmastraet, 42, The Hague, Holland. Postage to Holland 24d.



CORSETS

Corsetry by Overett is true corsetry. Hand-made models for every type of figure and for every occasion. Skilled cutting and craftsmanship, backed by 25 years' experience, combined with the choicest materials in broches, silks and satins. Illustrated Brochure, Measurement Form and Patterns on application.

J. OVERETT (Dept. B),
12, KING STREET, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1
Webcode 9700.

"About two years, Mr. Penny."

"And you never told me?"

Hilda looked mildly surprised. "It was not my place, Mr. Penny."

"Place!" exploded Mr. Penny. "When we might have been going to the Metropolitan—the Philharmonic—everything! If you only knew how I've wanted someone to go with that didn't rattle programmes or try to keep time with their feet!"

"But we are still alive, Mr. Penny," said Hilda, mildly. "And if you want me, sometimes, to go with you to a concert, I go very gladly. Only, mostly, I pay for my own ticket," she added carefully. "That is only right."

"But you don't understand!" said Mr. Penny, violently. "It's too late—I'm leaving New York—I'm going away—I'm—"

"Tell me," said Hilda. So Mr. Penny poured it all out to her.

"But you sell your business? I do not think this a good time to sell a business," said Hilda doubtfully.

"It isn't," said Mr. Penny, with a touch of pride. "But I've managed to—," and he went into explanations.

"But then, what happen to your people?"

"What people?"

"The people who work for you."

"Well, of course," said Mr. Penny, "in any reorganization—they'll naturally try to cut down expense and avoid duplication of salaries. I'm giving them all an extra month's pay, of course—"

"One month's salary not last long, these bad times," said Hilda, practically. "What happen to that girl—your secretary?"

"Well," said Mr. Penny, "Johnson has his own girl, so I suppose—. But I'm giving her the very finest sort of reference—and she's an excellent—"

"Oh," said Hilda. "And this woman—this Estelle—"

"She has no possible claim on me," said Mr. Penny, firmly. "I told you—"

"She is a bad woman," said Hilda. "A woman who do not help her man is a bad woman. She have no claim, but she have sick children and hard times."

"But you don't understand," said Mr. Penny. "I've been slaving for this—dreaming of it—for years. I've denied myself everything for it—everything but that," and he gestured at the victrola. "And now, I can. I can live at Bayreuth where Wagner lived if I want—hear all the great European orchestras—travel—"

"You lose all your money, if you stay in business?"

Mr. Penny flushed, but was honest. "No. We'll break even—make something if things pick up in the fall—"

"You wait so long already—you not able to wait a little longer?"

"No," said Mr. Penny, firmly. "No, I'm sick and tired of it. Not one more day."

Hilda rose—and if Mr. Penny had once thought she looked like a Rhine-maiden, he knew now that she could look like an affronted Valkyrie.

"Then, good-bye, Mr. Penny," she said.

"But, Hilda, listen—you don't—"

"I understand very well. You know what I think of you, when you first come for the treatments? I think—there is one honest little man. I do not say the little to hurt you—a man can be little as a pea, if he is a man inside. And the more I see you, the more I think 'Honest man.'"

"Then, to-night, you tell me a lot about yourself, and I feel sorry for you. You marry young, you marry a fool, she treat you badly, but all through that you are honest. You turn to yourself, that is natural—you save to do what you want, that is right. You have earn your freedom, yes."

"But what you have not earn—is to throw all your people out of work with no notice in these hard times—yes, even this Estelle—so you can sit in Bayreuth. That is too much like Wotan building his Valhalla on broken promises and tricks. Wotan go from bad to worse, trying to fix it up, but he have started wrong, he cannot fix it. You start off this way, Mr. Penny, and you will be like Wotan. I tell you that, now. Good night."

Mr. Penny and the Rhine-Maiden

The broken Mr. Penny lifted his head to reply—when, suddenly, the doorbell of his apartment rang loud and long.

"Good God!" said Mr. Penny, in a terrified whisper.

"It is your friends, perhaps?" said Hilda, with icy calm.

"I haven't any friends," said Mr. Penny. "Oh, Hilda, what shall we do?"

The Valkyrie took pity on him.

"It is very simple," she said. "I will go in the next room. I will take my hat and coat. You will tell the people to go away. When they have gone, I go too."

"Yes—yes—yes—," stammered Mr. Penny. "But—"

He found himself alone. A thunderous rapping began at the door.

"Come in!" called Mr. Penny, weakly, then as the door knob rattled angrily, "Oh—sorry—it is locked, isn't it?" He crossed to the door, opened it.

"Well, Eusty dear, it's about time!" said Estelle.

He stared at her with horror-stricken eyes. It was she, no doubt of it. Though she had changed in ten years. The change, thought Mr. Penny dolefully, was not for the better.

She came in, sat down in Hilda's chair and started peeling off her gloves.

"I've been here three times already," she said. "But that landlady is an idiot. She said you were always home by six. Impudence! But she'll mind her P's and Q's from now on—I'll see to that! Though I don't suppose it matters very much as we'll be moving anyway—you've a comfy little place here, Eusty, but of course, it isn't nearly big enough for the children. Oh, don't goggle at me that way, Eusty—I've come back—that's all!"

"Come back?" said Mr. Penny, dazedly.

"Why, yes, Eusty, I've been thinking things over since I got your last letter. Horrid man," she added roughly, "to write such nasty things to his little wife! Well, and if there's one thing I pride myself on it's a level head and letting bygones be bygones. So I just said to myself, 'It's too absurd, Eustace Penny, living in New York with all that money, and me and the children here in Montclair and the expense and trouble of two establishments, now the children are getting to the age when they need a man in the house.'"

"But you're not my wife," said Mr. Penny, frankly. "We're divorced—we—"

"Now, Eusty, you were always such a fussy!" said Estelle, firmly taking his limp hand. "When all we have to do is just pop down to the Municipal building some morning—the children can be witnesses—they'll like that—and, Eusty, I've even got the ring! All these years," she sighed. "All these years."

Mr. Penny opened and shut his mouth, but no words came forth. He saw himself, in a horrible vision, re-married, the stepfather of Cyril and Louella, living in Montclair. And it was not merely a vision. It would happen. He knew Estelle.

"Nice victrola, you've got there," said Estelle, releasing his hand. "That'll come in handy for the children. Louella just loves jazz."

A strangled cry burst from Mr. Penny's lips—and was choked off. For, just at that moment, Hilda came into the living room.

She had taken off the coat of her suit and the sleeves of her blouse were rolled up, showing her white arms. Also, her hair streamed down her back in a yellow torrent, and on her face was the expression of one just awakened from a refreshing nap.

"I thought I heard the doorbell, Eustace," she said. "Was it anything? Why didn't you wake me up?" Then she turned and seemed to see Estelle for the first time. "Oh—Eustace!" she said, and her hands flew to her hair.

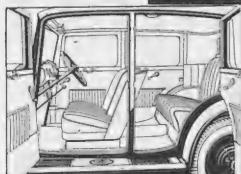
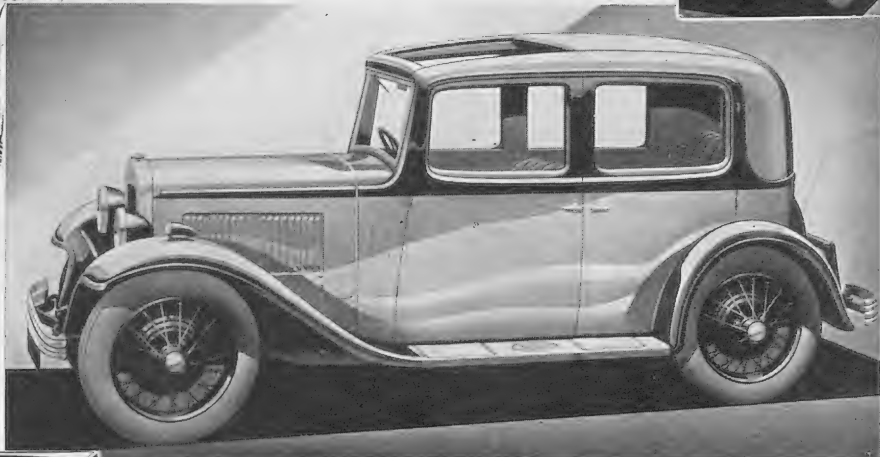
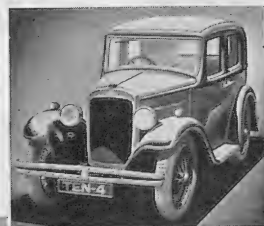
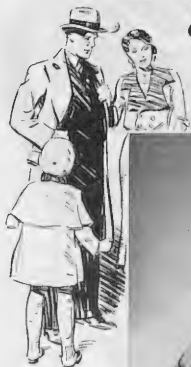
"Eustace indeed!" said Estelle, trembling with fury. "Eusty, who is this woman?"

Mr. Penny made clicks in his throat. Again he saw Hilda become an affronted Valkyrie.

(Continued on page 136)

Every family motorist should see . .

THE NEW AUSTIN 'TEN-FOUR,' £168



Latest and Finest of the 'Ten-Horse' cars

POINTS YOU WANT TO KNOW

Engine: Four-cylinders, bore 2.5 in., stroke 3.5 in., (1125 cc.) Tax £10. Sturdy, stiff crankshaft carried on 3 large bearings. Engine suspended at 3 points on Silentbloc bushes to reduce vibration. Wheelbase 7 ft. 9 ins. Track 3 ft. 9 ins. Overall Length 11 ft. 7 ins. Width 4 ft. 6 ins. Four-speed Twin-Top gearbox. Tyres 4 ins.-19 ins. Tank at rear, capacity 6 gals. (Price at works).

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE:

4d. EVERY MONTH

A 'Ten-Horse' car—but a 'Ten' built by Austin—with Austin's outstanding dependability . . . that is what you have long wanted . . . that is what you now may own. For the new Austin 'Ten-Four' is here—and priced at only £168.

Good-looking, a real four-seater, with a sunshine roof, leather upholstery, a four-speed Twin-Top gearbox, this finely-finished family car is built in the true Austin tradition for long years of dependable service. A special dropped-frame gives a low centre of gravity, great stability in cornering and plenty of leg room without the need for floor-wells.

The weight of the car, with full equipment,

is only 15½ cwt., and this contributes to its unusually lively performance. Gear-changing is made exceptionally easy by the 'Twin-Top' and steering is effortless. A feature that will appeal especially to the owner-driver is its complete simplicity of maintenance, for lubrication points are few and very accessible, while the spring shackles are Silentbloc, needing no greasing. If, then, you need a car larger and more powerful than the ordinary 'small car', yet costing very little more to own and run—if you want, above all, a car that will give unflinching service over the years—first examine the new 'Ten-Four' at your nearest Austin dealer.

EQUIPMENT includes sunshine roof, leather upholstery, bumpers and shock absorbers, Triplex glass throughout, and chromium finish. Instrument board equipped with oil pressure-gauge, petrol gauge, clock, speedometer and ammeter. 6-volt electric lighting with dipping beam device, side lamps, dash light, rear stop and tail light, electric horn, electric windscreen wiper, interior driving mirror, licence holder, wire wheels, five Dunlop tyres and folding luggage carrier.

AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

done in a moment
• • • immaculate
all day!



DUNLOP recommend Meltonian Liquid White for
DUNLOP SPORT'S SHOES

THERE'S never any time, somehow, to spend on tennis shoes — yet they *must* be immaculate. Meltonian Liquid White keeps them so for all the busiest and smartest tennis players. It is the quickest and easiest cleaner to apply, and the result is just right—exquisite but unobtrusive, snowy but not too dazzling. And however strenuous the game may be, the shoes will still stand critical scrutiny at teatime, for Meltonian White obligingly stays 'put' once you've sponged it on.

Meltonian Liquid White is sold, in convenient bottles complete with zinc saucer and sponge, by all shoe shops. Price 6d. Also in two shades of sunburn.



MELTONIAN
WHITE CLEANER



**Paris Academy of
Dressmaking and
Millinery,
24, Old Bond Street,
London, W.1.**

PRINCIPAL: MME. J. TROIS FONTAINES.

The most valuable accomplishment a woman can possess is to be able to create her own clothes. It is profitable and pleasurable all her life, and provides the foundation to LUCRATIVE CAREERS. Under our tuition the art is acquired in a very short time. Day or Postal tuition. Visit the Academy or write for "Prospectus B.E."

Mr. Penny and the Rhine-Maiden

"I do not understand," she said slowly to Estelle. "I am Mrs. Penny. What is your name?"

"Mrs. Penny!" said Estelle. "I don't believe it!"

"You are insulting," said Hilda, with freezing dignity. "Eustace, does this strange woman wish to look at my ring?"

She stretched out her closed hand, and, to Mr. Penny's complete amazement, he saw upon her wedding-finger, a broad band of gold. Then he gave up.

"I beg your pardon, dear," he said to Hilda, mildly. "This lady was also my wife—at one time."

"Oh, yes," said Hilda, indifferently. "The silly little fat girl that ran away. Very well, little fat girl. You may run away some more."

Estelle got to her feet. "I—I—I—" she said, shaking with anger, "I—I—I—"

Hilda suddenly laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Do not worry," she said, "I did not mean to make you angry. But you were insulting. You have no claim on Eustace any more. But he is generous and he will see that you and your children do not suffer, these bad times. We have been talking it over."

"I—I did not mean to be insulting, I'm sure," said the quelled Estelle. "It was just—"

"Yes—yes—it is always hard to give up a man to another—even when you have given him up before," said Hilda. "Now, you will find a taxi at the corner. You will take it to the station and there you will take a train to Montclair." She opened her bag and pressed a bill in the puffy hand. "That is for the taxi and the train," she said. "You must not lose by us. Good-night."

"Good-night, er—uh—Mrs. Penny. Good night, Eusty. It—it's been a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Penny."

The door shut behind her. Hilda turned back to Mr. Penny.

"Well!" she said, and smiled.

"Hilda! How can I ever thank you!"

She was looking at her hands.

"I did not think you would like to be married to her again," she said demurely. "And you are right. She is not bad all through, maybe—but she is a very foolish woman. It take another woman to stop her. So I come in."

"But, Hilda, the—the ring!"

She took it from her finger and dropped it into his palm. Mr. Penny found himself looking at an old seal-ring of his own, that he remembered leaving on the bureau that morning. Only Hilda had worn it with the seal inside.

"Only I have got you into much trouble," she said. "For now I have promised this Estelle that you will make her a little allowance, though she has no claim."

"But Hilda—of course—you're right—I hadn't realised—"

"And if I had been Mrs. Penny a little longer, I would have made you promise that you would keep on those people who work for you a little longer."

"Why, but that's the easiest thing in the world—there may be a little fuss—but I hadn't signed the papers—of course, I—"

"Then it will have done a little good, my being Mrs. Penny for only so shortly—to those people, anyhow?"

Her eyes were downcast. He walked over and gripped her by the arms.

"Hilda—did you do it all for them?"

"It is always hard to give up a man to another," she quoted meekly. "Perhaps a little that."

"Hilda."

"So we may go to a concert sometimes, you and I, before you start again for Bayreuth—"

"Hilda!"

"Ah well," she said. "It is a good feeling—to wear the ring of an honest man."

"Rhein-gold! Rhein-gold!" sang all the Rhine-maidens together in Mr. Penny's head. Then, out of emptiness and nothing, the strong chords began to build up Valhalla.

END



Couldn't be better —
finest Seville Oranges
and Refined Sugar only

**HARTLEY'S
MARMALADE**

7.5.34

AS GOOD AS **HARTLEY'S** JAMS & JELLIES

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES
IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE **2/6** PER COPY

(Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with Remittance to be sent to:—

Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.
346, STRAND, LONDON
W.C.2

fashionable

yes, but more!



*For health and complexion
there's nothing like these
modern salads*

What accounts for the amazing popularity of the fashionable new fruit-with-vegetable salads? Their delightful flavours? Their audacious and exciting combinations? The decorative note they strike? Their value to health—and good complexion? Or is it that women — and men — of to-day find they keep fitter on a light but “balanced” diet than on the solid and heavy meals of their fathers?

Whatever the answer, fruit-with-vegetable salads served with Heinz Salad Cream are definitely the 1932 vogue. For Heinz Salad Cream not only contains the new-laid eggs, the pure olive oil and the rich cream that convert a salad into a scientifically “balanced” food, but it possesses just that subtle suggestion of “tang” that goes so well with fruit-and-vegetable salads. You can buy it at any grocers at 6d., 10d. and 1/1½d. per bottle.

(These prices do not apply to the Irish Free State.)

and experts serve with—

HEINZ

The product, the package and the name ‘Salad Cream’ were all originated by Heinz. Avoid the many inferior imitations.

MADE IN LONDON

Salad Cream

TRY THESE THREE
SALADS IN PLACE OF
USUAL SWEET COURSE

Celery and Pineapple Salad.

INGREDIENTS.—1½ cupfuls tinned pineapple, 1½ cupfuls celery, 1 cupful chopped nuts, endive or lettuce, paprika, green pepper (optional). Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Cut the pineapple in cubes and the celery in pieces. Mix these and the chopped nuts with Heinz Salad Cream and chill. Arrange on endive or crisp lettuce leaves sprinkle with paprika and decorate with slender strips of green pepper. Sliced radishes make a pleasing additional decoration.

Date and Grapefruit Salad.

INGREDIENTS.—¾ cupful of dates, 1½ cupfuls grapefruit sections, ½ cupful chopped nuts, Heinz Salad Cream, lettuce leaves.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Wash, dry and chop the dates. Mix with the grapefruit sections and the chopped nuts. Wash and dry the lettuce. Mix the fruit and nuts with Heinz Salad Cream and arrange on the lettuce leaves in a salad bowl or on little plates.

Melon Salad.

INGREDIENTS.—Melon, 3 tablespoons orange juice, sugar, candied or Maraschino cherries, lettuce (chopped nuts and paprika if the melon is not a Cantaloupe). Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Cut the melon in half, take out the seeds and scoop the flesh into balls with a vegetable cutter. Sprinkle these with orange juice and sugar. Chill thoroughly, mix with Heinz Salad Cream (nut and paprika if necessary), arrange on crisp lettuce (hearts if possible) and sprinkle with the cherries.

Send a P.C. to H. J. HEINZ CO. LTD. (Dept. H), Harlesden, N.W.10, for a FREE copy of our NEW 1932 Booklet of delicious Salad Recipes.

OTHER VARIETIES:
BAKED BEANS, TOMATO KETCHUP, SOUPS

Keep your hair beautifully waved always!

EVEN if you have never before attempted to wave your own hair, you will be surprised how beautifully you can do it with an "ELMA" Hair Waver. It makes natural waves automatically and with delightful ease. It does, and cannot fail to do, all that is claimed.

The illustrations show how exceedingly simple and effective Hairwaving is with this brilliant invention. Just place it with combs extended over the damped hair, then gently press combs together. The latticed combs moving in alternate directions make the desired natural wave formation, and when the hair is dry, beautiful waves will be set all over the head and they will last for many days.

"Sound Advice on Waving at Home," supplied gratis with every "ELMA." Every day brings unsolicited testimonials from delighted users, eloquent testimony to its effectiveness.

The "ELMA" Combs (non-metallic) are pliable, fitting firmly into the hair to the shape of the head. It is feather light, is washable, and will last a life-time. The "ELMA" is absolutely comfortable in use and cannot harm the head or hair in any way. No heat—no electricity—no extras—nothing to go wrong.

You can count 4/- saved every time you use the "ELMA." Just think of the money and time saved in years. The very first test will prove all our claims—no waiting for results, so get yours now! As a home waver "ELMA" is undoubtedly supreme. Its use will train even the most obstinate hair in the way it should go.

"Just damp the hair, place the cap in position, and gently close . . ."



"Now see how the combs have formed the hair into perfect NATURAL waves, backwards and forwards. It's so comfortable, too . . ."



"With this result within an hour. Here are the waves, beautiful and strong. Compare with photo above and see how the combs make it IMPOSSIBLE TO FAIL."



There are four models—right-hand, centre, left-hand parting, or for hair combed straight back.

State which Model you require when ordering.

Price 7/6. (Postage, etc., extra outside U.K.).

The **Elma** HOME HAIR WAYER

waves the hair all over the head and makes waves regular or irregular, deep or shallow as required. Simple instructions enclosed.

Patented and obtainable from

ELMA MANUFACTORY LTD. (Dept. 123), 231, Oxford St., Oxford Circus, London, W.1 or from Boots, Taylors, and most high-class Chemists and Stores.

UAS E26

AN ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL

SITUATED ON A BEAUTIFUL HILL-SIDE NEAR THE SEA

KINMEL SCHOOL

ABERGELE, DENBIGHSHIRE



Here boys receive instruction calculated to fit them for a business career, whilst enjoying the advantage of the Public School tradition.

Chairman of Council:
Rt. Hon. LORD TEYNHAM
Headmaster:
Mr. R. A. GORDON CANE, B.Sc.

Parents are invited to inspect, or to send for Prospectus to the Bursar.

120
GUINEAS
per annum

Kings and Queens of the Underworld

(Continued from page 43)

him in a very tender spot. Seeing, you know, he was only a schoolboy, anyhow, had no "pull," and couldn't help himself.

So far, I have been addressing myself to both sexes. Now I wish to engage the attention of the colder calculating sex. Need I say which? You've guessed.

WOMEN I know to-day are divided in their feeling for the oldest profession in the world (don't misunderstand me—I refer, of course, to marriage); typing; nursery-governessing, with fox-hunting twice a week; merry-widowing—the last-named flighty—but so full of fun, girls!—and the primrose path.

Now, don't hesitate a moment, dearie. The primrose path for mine—and I hope for yours, and every time!

You don't want to be Queen of the May, lovie, to-day. That is stuffy and old-fashioned. What you want, if I may say so, is to be Queen of the Underworld.

Only to be a queen, you must have a king.

I have on my books a series of eligible bachelors and near-widowers. Among them I find: Patsy the Plug; Hirschie the Hi; Punchy the Flop; Little Linxy (a regular little darling); and Kayo Kurt, who is always his own "ref" and from whose decision there is no appeal.

I can nearly recommend Linxy. He is in direct line for the throne of Mr. Murray Humphreys, that exquisite young black-haired athlete. Capone's successor, when that young gentleman is "taken for a ride."

And to any Guardian who may suspect a "racket," may I say that gangsters' wives are often good and lovely.

I RECENTLY met Mrs. Jack Diamond, whose distinguished husband, now extinguished, not so long ago tried to enter England, and I found her a very decent red-haired young woman. She had a subdued look, a full bosom, and a fuller heart—and she was draped in black. You couldn't help liking her, especially when she did her "stunt" on Broadway, to a bunch of bald-headed eager criminologists.

I have also recently met the chorus girl wife of another gent. known as the Chicken Chaser (himself, by the way, a victim of foul play), who is also one of those Early Widows.

An open-minded girl, hiding nothing, she was a most captivating creature, with a tendency in her more frolicsome moments to appearing in *tricot* trunks, which it is only fair to say also concealed very little, and in her more serious, to prayers in any old church.

As she herself put it feelingly: "I can flop on 'em as often as you say so, and then some. Such a comfort!"

When she was doing her last "stretch," she quite captivated her chaplain, who spent long hours with her in earnest wrestling. I understand that his wife has been continuing the wrestling ever since.

And if any Doubting Thomas of a Nosey Parker of a Guardian asks me what are women, anyhow? I may say that I don't know and they don't tell.

I HAVE been investigating the private lives and emotions of six queens of the underworld. "Butterfly Bum-bum." "Wee-wee the Wolf-woman," with teeth of her own. "Sledgehammer Susie." "Angel Strutsky." "Madonna May." And "Biddy the Wow."

Now of these six, I am prepared to swear that four would pose as stone angels for any tombstone you like. As for May, her purity and beauty covers a cross between a lynx, a vampire, and a stick of dynamite. That is why I can't answer the above question.

When a male man is bad, he usually looks bad. When a woman is bad—and as Lefty says: "Is she ever good?"—she can look like Saint Veronica, Florence Nightingale, and the Belle of New York all in one.

The popular idea of a Queen of the Underworld is a lady with a fag between encrimsoned lips; devil in her eye; and an Apache handkerchief around her neck.

Those I have known mostly looked like Salvation Army lassies or Plymouth Sisters. "Chicago May"—the other May—for instance, who had that "When Irish eyes are smiling" look, and who came out of Connemara. She was hell on parsons.

What I like about Bum-bum and commend to any honest young girl who is thinking of coming out to Chicago, is her calmness under stress.

"You know what I mean," she said to a friend between two mouthfuls of sausage and hot potato as she lay in jail—"when you have had as many sweethearts as I you can't love any one of them enough to shoot him."

How true!

Her little trouble was that a young auto salesman had been found curled up over the steering wheel of her auto without poor little Bum-bum being able to say exactly how he had got there. It wasn't his being there that mattered. It was only that he had a hole in his head which had let all the steam out. You know what I mean.

When I was in the Chinese theatre in the Bowery the other day, I met another delightful young thing, popularly known as a "frail," who was pretty far advanced amongst the primroses.

She said about a young gentleman who had been with her amongst the blooms and who had been found in an equivocal position with her—that is with his head in his stomach and his stomach in an awful mess: "Willy was a wonderful boy. But accidents will happen even to people who stay at home and tattoo the baby every morning with talcum . . . and look at the fun they miss!"

Again, true, how true!

Of the other ladies, who all have had a good time, and plenty of sensation, even in the electric chair, dear little Wee-wee had a habit of biting her admirers in the neck; Sledgehammer Susie had a natty little touch with the instrument from which she got her name; the "Angel" never wore anything next her lovely skin except real silk and biddy hymns in the dock; and Biddy the Wow was indeed a "wow." Need I say more?

These indeed are the people to emulate, girls, if you want to get on in the world and to have that good time which we all desire.

And even if, lovelies, you do get let in bad, you can always say what my friend, Mrs. Lutosloski, said to the judges who for six months had vainly been trying to convict her of a murder or two: "You guys are going to have the time of your sweet life convicting me. Why, I don't remember nothing. I've lost my memory. And about the colour of Frankie's coat when you found him stuck in the drain—why, I am colour-blind from birth. Also, I'm fast going deaf and I won't soon be able to hear no more of your questions."

Dear Mrs. Lutosloski!

And if you do get "lagged" for a lifer, you can always do what Clara Phillips, the Los Angeles "Tiger Girl," did. You can start a Follies Chorus as she did at Saint Quentin and fascinate the warders and the missionaries, who, I hear, are very susceptible, and charge your own price for the front stalls.

However, these are but a few poor hints.

And don't forget that Al Capone is not only righteously indignant about the Lindbergh baby but is also very strong on morals and the home. Has he not recently issued an appeal to the American people in which he says that he doesn't hold with all this modern racket of men leaving home and girls forgetting their sex and refusing to have more than three or four kids?

He is strong for Prohibition; for hooch; and for love, is our Al. (Please don't confuse him with Al. Smith, the ex-governor of New York. Capone doesn't like it.)

Copyright throughout the world. All rights reserved.



"Look how white Odol has made them"

"Now you'll be proud to show your teeth—see how white and sparkling Odol has made them. That's the way to keep your mouth clean and healthy—use Odol Tooth Paste twice a day and it will gently remove all stains and discoloration." The powerful antiseptic qualities of Odol Tooth Paste are unique in their ability to check harmful dental bacteria, prevent decay and provide all that is necessary for complete dental hygiene.



CRANBUX LIMITED OF NORWICH

Garland B.E.2



★ Pictures, also, can be artistically and skilfully copied in unfadeable silks.

Expert EMBROIDERY HEMSTITCHING and DARNING . .

If you require a dress or other garment Embroidered, a Crest, Monogram, or Initials worked on a School or Club Badge, or any household article Marked, Hemstitched or Darned by experts at a very moderate price

take it to your local
SINGER SHOP
or to:-

Singer Sewing Machine Co. Ltd., Tennyson House,
159-161 Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1

ORIGINAL
DESIGNS
submitted
and free
Estimates
given . . .



Advice and treatment can be given by Madame Sœur herself by appointment.



Superfluous Hair

"I am absolutely delighted with the result, which is, to my mind, perfectly wonderful. After having tried other things which were of no use whatever to me and only made me completely fed up. I think this treatment of yours a perfect revelation and I am even so pleased with it." This is an extract from a letter which, with many others, may be seen at my office.

is COMPLETELY EFFACED by the use of GYPSIA, a carefully prepared formula which is easy to use, non-injurious, and PERMANENTLY EFFECTIVE.

On NO account to be confused with any other preparation GYPSIA is the indispensable aid to all who desire to observe the formalities of fashion. The complete treatment box costs only 25/6 (for the face), or 28/6 (for the body) (abroad 2/6 extra for postage), and will be forwarded by return of post upon receipt of remittance. Order at once, stating exact particulars: Madame Sœur (Dept. M), 35, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

GYPSIA

Competition Rules

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.
2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.
3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.
4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.
5. Prizes must be applied for.
6. Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.



Jessie Wilkes, G.C.S. 4291, with her baby son John. Mrs. Wilkes is a regular entrant in our Literary Competitions

NEWS OF THE MONTH

THE Quarterly Prize of £5 for November, December and January has been awarded to Zenobia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 2738, and next in order of marks gained are Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3189, Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422, Florence McCoy, G.C.S. 5845, Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126, and Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 4291.

I am constantly asked by newly joined Saloners to explain what this prize is. So here, once again, are the particulars. This £5 prize is awarded every three months to the Saloner who shows the most regularity and progress in the competitions. It is not necessary to enter for more than one subject, i.e., Art or Literature, etc., but, equally, there is no harm in doing so. The present quarter closes with the last set of July competitions, and a new one begins with the first of those set for August.

Oh, bashful Saloners! We like to put pictures of our members in this page, but although I have said so more than once, very few send along the necessary photographs. Perhaps this will produce a few! They should be nice, shiny ones, for preference.

LEVANA.

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, March 15

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4543. Hon. Mention: Betty Metchin, G.C.S. 5507; Grace Blayton, G.C.S. 5902.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Florence McCoy, G.C.S. 5845. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Griffiths, G.C.S. 5884; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Pleasance Warren, G.C.S. 4949. Hon. Mention: Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242; G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Cretone. Prize 10s. Divided between Stella Wyndham, M.C.S. 3247, and Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080. Hon. Mention: Kathleen Halsall, M.C.S. 2917; Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3295.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Dorothea Veale, M.C.S. 3324. Hon. Mention: Norman F. Bunker, M.C.S. 2083.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Tumbler and Jug in Pencil. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517.

Hon. Mention: B. Barker, A.C.S. 1470; Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 5s. Awarded to Dinah Ginsburg, A.C.S. 1515.

Award of Prizes, April 4

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to I. McClure, G.C.S. 5875. Hon. Mention: M. Naylor, G.C.S. 5335; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843; Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905.

Literature Competition.—Review a recent Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to C. S. Stamper, G.C.S. 5881. Hon. Mention: G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784.

Needlework Competition.—Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Divided between M. Champion, G.C.S. 4772, and Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Zenobia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 2738. Hon. Mention: Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816; V. Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 3258.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Patricia Appleby, M.C.S. 3152, and Helen Lillie, M.C.S. 3175. Hon. Mention: Joan Hutton, M.C.S. 2930; Jean Fletcher, M.C.S. 3319.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Barbara Barker, A.C.S. 1470. Hon. Mention: Gillian Walker, A.C.S. 1525.

Literature Competition.—Planning a Holiday. Prize 5s. Awarded to Peter Recalain, A.C.S. 1227.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize, 10s.—Marjorie Griffiths, G.C.S. 5884. Second Prize, 5s.—Javier Roche, G.C.S. 4567. Hon. Mention.—Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(June—July)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. A Landscape Study. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A poster for a Horticultural Show. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. A design for a Book Jacket.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. An Article Appreciating some great writer of to-day. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. A Short Story or a Lyric.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. Anything Embroidered. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. Anything in Wool. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. Anything White.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. A Poster Advertising a Play. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. A Paper on any Topical Subject. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. A Brief Synopsis of a Novel entitled "Hilary's House."

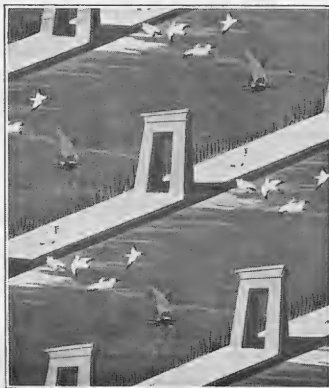
Associates' Circle

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. A Landscape Study or Street Scene. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. Flowers in a Vase.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. A Letter to a Friend Describing Your Plans for the Holidays. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. My Favourite House and Why. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. A Lyric.

Open to All: Age Specially taken into Account

Snapshot Competitions.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, July 15th. Subject left to competitor.



This smart design for a cretone submitted by Ursula Moss, M.C.S. 3080, captured a share of the Art prize (Members' Circle) for March 15

The Children's SALON

Patrons:

H.R.H. The Princess Royal,
H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE

(March 15)

Ursula Scott Morris.—That "I did" at the end of the second verse must be eliminated. It just spoils a pretty effort.

Kathleen V. Halsall.—A charming pattern, and the colouring very distinctive and pleasing. The design, however, has an elegance better suited for silk than cotton. Bear such a point in mind.

Marie C. Hutchinson.—Avoid such a hackneyed line as the third in the last verse. Genuine feeling is a characteristic of your work, but there is a tendency to let a "cheap" phrase stand, sometimes.

Pleasance Warren.—Beautifully made. How expert you are becoming! I do hope you are much better now. Thank you so much for the very kind donation.

Rena Recalain.—A very clever and original scheme, rather too cold in colour and better suited for tiles than a cretone, but admirably designed.

Oliver Dwyer.—Very interesting, but over-drawn. Curb your enthusiasm a little. "Kissed" is too extravagant in the line before the last, and lines three and four in the same verse need more careful consideration.

Mabel Sanders.—Charmingly designed and worked I can find nothing to criticise!

Sheila MacLeod.—Attempt to get more style into your writing. This is a bit careless, although the natural character of the dialogue is good. For a short story better plot construction is essential.

Dorothea Veale.—There are two fine lines at the end of the first and third verses; the rest isn't at this level, in spite of charming moments. Interesting work.

Dorothy Guillaume.—The dark outline to the upright "ribbons" is a bit too thick and clumsy. Otherwise this is a clever design, very well adapted for its purpose in all respects.

Barbara Heaven.—A very jolly little poem. I should substitute "thousands" for "millions." The latter is a bit too extravagant and yet casual, as an expression, and thus is better avoided.

Oliver Lawton.—Interesting certainly, but one or two slips in the syntax mar the good effect. "I" should end the first line, and "were" would be better than "was" in line ten. The little frock is very dainty and stylish, but generally speaking, no machine work should be submitted.

Peter Recalain.—Your regular efforts have produced steady improvement, and this drawing clearly marks your progress. Don't press so heavily on your pencil, and trim the edges of your paper more neatly.

Marjorie Webb.—Delightfully worked, although the complicated background somewhat mars the delicacy of the stitches.



A charming study of spring buds by V. Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 3258. Awarded an Hon. Mention in the April 4 Art Competition for Members

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in
Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

and Competition Circles

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

Conducted by
"LEVANA"

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

and CRITICISMS

(April 4)

Molly Roberts.—Avoid that second "deep" in line eleven. It is too near the earlier one. Also the line before the last should read "from me." A charming idea.

Ann Hannay.—A curious little story, with the germ of a good idea in it. A rather different treatment would make it very effective. The end is a bit too casually considered.

G. M. Kaye.—Very good indeed. I appreciate all the care and trouble you have taken.

Jan Crawford.—As usual, most attractive and neat in every way. My many thanks.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—The last verse is a bit ambiguous, but this is interestingly done all through. The third verse has the most distinction.

Daphne R. Barber.—Very neat and dainty; rather more contrast in scale of the different motifs would have given added interest; but it is a promising piece of design.

Lorna Tudsbury.—The last two verses must conform to the metre of the rest. At present they disturb the merit of the poem as a whole. It is a little long, and would be better if cut down.

Dinah Ginsburg.—An impressive effort, not so well expressed in the second verse as in the first. You ought to do very well, presently.

Rosa Vine.—The striking episode at the end is too casually treated. It would be better, really, if this were the substance of the story. Otherwise very well done, particularly the opening.

Amy G. Haydon.—Exquisitely worked, even if a little old-fashioned in style. Your hand loses nothing of its cunning!

Evangeline Weir.—This is graphic, but covers rather well-worn ground. In treating such a subject some newer aspect should be emphasised.

Muriel Warren-Prowse.—That's a charming thought in the last two lines, although "born" in this connection doesn't quite satisfy. On the whole, very good.

C. Stamper.—This isn't the equal of the other work you have submitted. Possibly it is some earlier effort? A short story should not attempt to cover so much ground. A single episode is safer material.

Arnold Parkin.—This is much better than former efforts of a similar character. The third verse is distinctly good; but metrical accuracy is still wanting.

Una Waggott.—It is better practice to try to record some experience of your own. This runs easily, but these things have been said before in much the same words. Strike out for yourself at the risk of mistakes.

Norman F. Bunker.—Avoid the present suggestion that the second line is intended to rhyme with the first. This is the stuff of poetry and the metaphorical idea excellent, but I should strike out the opal, and mirror needs "latent" in front of it to give the correct parallel.

Stephanie Weir.—Set objects as nearly as possible on a level or above the eye. This is rather an uncomfortable angle of vision, but very accurate in drawing.

Sybil Stallbrass.—Very dainty and attractive, and workmanship good, if not quite impeccable.

Stella Bull.—An ambitious little effort. If it doesn't quite come off it is nevertheless worth the attempt! Avoid such words as "gladdest." The betray a weakness.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—Snappy and bright, but rather thin in plot. You could improve it by making rather more of the accidental plunge. Get every ounce you can out of this, since so much hangs on it.

Penelope Burra.—Soundly modelled and well drawn. The glass is rather too opaque looking, but this is an advance on previous work, decidedly.

Kitty Earp.—Nicely suggested, but probably on a larger scale these spots might be a little worrying. All right for curtains where folds would break monotony, but less suitable for a smooth surface.

V. Price-Harris.—Rather a flat jug, but nice accents, and the chief difficulties accurately studied and met.

Pamela Searight.—A stylish bit of penwork and good action. Rather a small head for this type of horse and a bit heavy in subsidiary modelling. The clouds are in a different method, which does not go well with the strenuous sketchiness of the rest.

Patricia Appleyard.—Remember the charm of something implied. You slightly overdo direct statement, but this is a very interesting and promising piece of work, notwithstanding.

Heather Strudwick.—This has been parodied so often, it should now be avoided at all costs! Otherwise quite well handled.

Jan Weir.—If the number of your chalks was not confined to these colours more variety might have been attempted. The drawing, however, is advanced for your years.

Barbara Barker.—Fundamentals have been well grasped and rendered, but Nature is much more subtle than this. With your skill you should soon be able to carry things further and attempt more.

Michaela Danckwerts.—Too much insistence on a pencilled outline has upset artistic balance, but good feeling for form is shown. Sketch lightly, and rely on your brush for all further drawing.

Peter Recaludin.—A very good subject for chalks, and the lamp is distinctly clever in handling, but the book should not have been left in pencil. Subtle colour was present here and should have been recorded. The paper is vividly written, but the form of it too much in the tabloid manner.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—Since accuracy in such a matter is very important, the reference to the following book being a sequel must be verified. I am almost sure it is not.

May W. Harrison.—Good colour and the design well balanced. My own feeling is that for an item of this size a smaller pattern is more appropriate. This verges on clumsiness in the matter of scale.

Alison Ackroyd.—The second scene is immeasurably the better. The other, of course, is extremely difficult to do convincingly. Philomen sees and understands everything far too easily. I was delighted to note your success elsewhere.

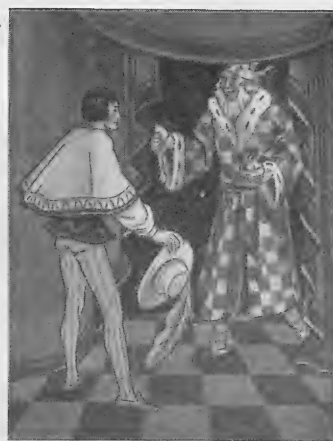
Irene McCoy.—Well analysed, but the style of the review is below your usual level. The quotations, however, are quite the right ones to have selected.

Norman F. Bunker.—Very nearly excellent—but not quite! Revision would do it. To avoid that second use of "sun" "beneficent light" would do.

Stephanie Weir.—These flowers are much brighter in tone as compared with their leaves. They have a star-like quality both in form and gleam. Very pleasant as a group.

Doris Seth-Smith.—The quotations illustrate your chief point well, but there is a suggestion conveyed that when you introduce them you have not completed your résumé of the plot.

Stella Bull.—The construction is a bit confused, but the little story is certainly very prettily written. Such a theme is, of course, one of the most difficult to deal with successfully.



An interesting illustration to a book of Fairy Tales by Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4350, who has two pieces of sculpture in this year's Academy

The Children's Salon
COUPON

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Helen M. Little.—An amusing idea, with a useful flavour of the original in places. But the last line makes a rather poor finish. I think the great Geoffrey would agree with this, even if he approved the rest.

Barbara Heaver.—As a rule I do not think stories of this type a very good exercise, but the way in which you avoid the usual fate for your character is quite good and the adventures are related with admirable spirit.

G. M. Kaye.—A vivid appreciation, but rather difficult to decipher! A clearer idea of the underlying construction would have been an assistance to this paper. The effect is a bit scattered. The design of the little frock is charming, stitching not quite so good.

Marjorie Griffiths.—A good bit of tonality, but suffering from the use of made grey or black. Dark touches vary in warmth, coldness and atmosphere, and should be very carefully considered. Your work will greatly improve if you bear this in mind. It would be much better practice to paint direct from Nature. You do very well, but your work would improve rapidly by studies made on the spot.

Marjorie Naylor.—An interesting subject, but it's a pity that so good a colourist should render it in rather sooty monotone. There are a few lapses in perspective due to unsure horizon; the stool and its cast shadow need attention. Many excellent points, but a bit heavy handed.

Joan Hutton.—A lot of good, over-nerve work, with the background focused too keenly. The high-lights would put this into tone. Keep highest lights and darkest shade in view, and the relative values of edges. You draw very well. The opening lines are delightful. Alas! you don't quite live up to them later. Stick rather more closely to the original, in form, all through.

Amy G. Haydon.—Excellent as needlework, but colouring not perhaps quite so happy as usual.

Iris G. Minshall.—The pot is good, but too much dissected in light and shade; the rectangular form is out because you forgot its nearest point. All retiring parallels converge.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Excellent work, not carried quite far enough, but capital in drawing, colour and tonality. The cast shadow of handle is too hard and, surely, too high. Very artistic in feeling. The literature entry is very fitting for such treatment, but it is a mistake to indulge in quotation in an effort of this type.

M. Champier.—A lovely in every way, and the tucks a most charming innovation in an item of this type. My many thanks.

L. W. Shaw.—Very artistic in effect and astonishingly broad in style for this medium. Architectural details might be a bit more accurate.

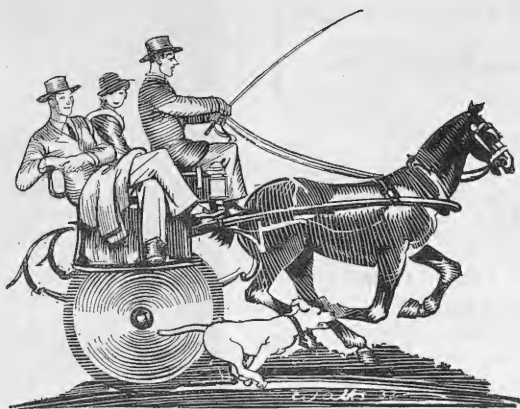
Theodora Fuller.—I have nothing but praise for such a finely executed piece of work. What nimble fingers you have.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Big drawing is desirable, but it is also desirable to get all the subject in. Very neat and dainty colour, rather a 'sticky' background, and very little dark relief or varied edge. A very exacting subject, strong in light relief.

L. McClure.—A very dainty and charming group, with excellent feeling for light. The stems and foliage would bear rather more accentuation. Good 'n' effect and directness of method.



These dainty items, in crochet, for a doll, are the work of Peggy Deusbury, A.C.S. 1283



Sure! She'd keep it up for iver!

An Irish jaunting-car makes you wish taxis had never been invented. The friendly horse that makes you feel the slope of every hill, the all too human driver going over your assets like a balance sheet make a most refreshing change from the inhuman dial of the taximeter and the indifference of a taxi driver's back.

But all Ireland is like that. Everybody is so friendly, so human, so real, that you feel you were half a robot till you set foot in Ireland. That's why an Irish holiday is such a change.

Can you imagine a greater change than from London or Manchester to Connemara, or Birmingham to Killarney? Yet you can leave to-night and be there to-morrow by lunch time. It is the most amazing change to be found in these islands. And in the wildest parts of Ireland you'll find an hotel, and a good hotel and a reasonable hotel to stay at. The Railway Company has seen to that.

Take a holiday in Ireland and learn what change really means.

Obtain a copy of "IRELAND FOR HOLIDAYS" Guide—post free 3d., from LMS Stations, Offices and Bookstalls.

HOLIDAY TICKETS. This year Holiday Return Tickets, offering very generous concessions, will again be issued. Get a copy of "LMS Cheap Fares," and Illustrated Folder (free) at any LMS Station, Town Office or Agency.

L
M
S

Tourist Tickets—May to October. Cheap Week-End Tickets throughout the Year.

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

Our Literary Competition Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post, June 15th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best six quotations from Shakespeare showing an inferiority complex.

Literary Competition Circle COUPON—June 15

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post, June 29th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyrical description, ironical or otherwise, of one of our seaside resorts.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best original remark of a child.

Literary Competition Circle COUPON—June 29

Results of 126th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Dorothy Swift.

Hon. mention: D. Avril, "J. A. B.," M. A. Jones, May W. Harrison, Diana Cutbill, Julia Binfield, May Belben, Madeleine de Camera, M. Scott Morris, A. M. Waters, Evelyn Heaver, D. Dunn, M. Daniels, Rosa Vine, Gertrude Pitt, E. Jones, F. A. Edinborough, "Hannah May," "Queenie."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best description in not more than 300 words of the moment when an ardent Baconian is supposed suddenly to discover a MS. of one of the plays in a script similar to the Shakesperian signature.

Awarded to F. A. Edinborough.

Hon. mention: J. H. G. Gibbs, H. M. Hancock, Frances Jowett, Diana Cutbill, "G. G."

Results of 127th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to D. Avril.

Hon. mention: R. A. Webster, Lisa Guisburg, "Queenie," Gertrude Yitt, N. Pollak, "J. A. B.," Blanche Jones, Constance A. May, B. Gibbs, May Belben, J. Roche, Marjorie Daniels, M. W. Harrison, E. Jones, "E. E.," J. H. G. Gibbs, F. A. Edinborough, "Caroline," Evelyn Heaver, D. Lawes.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best verse in four lines describing an aeroplane overhead gleaming in the sun.

Awarded to M. Scott Morris.

Hon. mention: D. Dunn, Diana Cutbill, "J. A. B.," May Belben, Julia Binfield, Madeleine de Camera, Constance A. May, G. M. Hudson, "C. A. P.," "E. E."

COMPARISON NEVER FAILS TO SHOW that Hamptons Carpets are the BEST VALUE OBTAINABLE ANYWHERE

Prospective Purchasers are, consequently, assured that their inspection of the Carpets now on view at Pall Mall East, will convince them that, at Hamptons they can secure values which are absolutely supreme.

**For example: SUPER GRADE INDIAN
Carpets as illustrated herewith**

ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.		
9	0	×	6	11	6	12	0	12	3	×	9	4	12	2	0
9	1	×	6	3	6	1	0	12	9	×	9	0	12	3	6
9	2	×	9	1	8	16	0	13	2	×	10	2	14	3	6
9	3	×	7	9	7	12	6	14	1	×	10	1	15	0	0
10	3	×	9	3	10	0	0	14	2	×	11	4	17	0	0
10	8	×	9	1	10	5	6	14	9	×	12	3	19	2	0
11	2	×	8	6	10	1	6	15	1	×	12	7	20	1	6
11	11	×	9	2	11	11	0	15	10	×	12	0	20	1	6

The above are a few typical sizes. There are hundreds of others on view in the Department.



Please write for Hamptons new, post free, Book C. 505, illustrating in colour the latest productions in tasteful Home Furnishings of every description.

CABINET WORKS
and all Factories:

**QUEEN'S ROAD,
BATTERSEA, S.W.8**

Telegraphic Address
"HAMITIC, LONDON."

HAMPTONS

Decorators · Furnishers

Showrooms and Head Offices:

**PALL MALL EAST,
LONDON, S.W.1**

Phones: WHITEHALL 1020

*Hamptons pay carriage to any
Railway Station in Great Britain*

SUNSHINE, SPORT, BEAUTY



HAVAS

Olympic swimming pool, beach, solarium, luxurious restaurant. The Country Club for Tennis (21 courts). Summer "Sporting" Club, with its "roof" garden, its night clubs, and the "Ile enchantée."

MONTE CARLO BEACH HOTEL

& NOUVEL HOTEL DU BEACH

on the sea front.

**HOTEL DE PARIS
& 80 HOTELS**

Information from the *Site des Bains de Mer*, Service V.E., Monte Carlo

MONTE CARLO BEACH

Catalogues
on
Application.

Phone :
Regent 0189.



AGENTS FOR DEXTER COATS

Woodrow's Heavy
Silk Scarves, in
lovely mixed
colours, from **12/6**

Ladies' own Hats re-
blocked or remade
and trimmed at
moderate charges.

A selection of Hats by
Post on receipt of
London Trade reference
or an amount on deposit.



836E.

"The Isobel"
becoming shady
garden and country Hat
for Matron, in natural
cream rustic straw, with
underlining of brown and
beige straw, finished with
narrow brown and beige ruched
ribbon, 29/6

This Hat can be supplied in all
sizes, in natural cream or black,
ribbon and underlining in any
shade.

849E.

"The 'Hermione'"
beautiful model Hat,
in finest black Baku
straw and cream guipure
lace, suitable for garden
party and formal wear.
63/-

This Hat is featherweight
and can be supplied in
any size and a variety of
colours.

BEETHAM'S *Larola* is the Best Skin Tonic for all Seasons

Before every open-air activity, protect
your complexion with Larola . . . used
and proved by society women all over
the world. Larola protects the skin
from the ill-effects of scorching suns
. . . guards you unfailingly against the
annoyance of insect bites . . . and can
be relied upon to form the perfect
powder base.

Keep your complexion clear and your
arms and hands soft and white with
Larola. Fragrant and refreshing, it is
the ideal emollient. Ask your
chemist for a bottle to-day.

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM
ROUGE, the Natural Tint.
Sifter Boxes with Puff, 1/-
and 2/6 each.

From all
Chemists
and Stores,
or Post Free
in U.K.
direct
from:—

M. BEETHAM & SON
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND



WE SIMPLY MUST HAVE MONEY !

LOTS OF IT — SHILLINGS, HALF-CROWNS,
TREASURY NOTES, FIVERS, TENNERS,
BANKERS' ORDERS, CHEQUES.

Why? Because we're terribly hard up.

Why? Because we've a very large family to support—
over 600 Blind persons are in our care.

We are the London Society for Teaching and Training the
Blind, who for nearly a century have been providing
accommodation, education, technical training and employ-
ment for sightless men, women and children from all parts
of the British Isles.

Our youngest pupil is five; our oldest active worker is
eighty-two.

Would you like to know more about this large Blind
family—how they are educated, taught a trade and usefully
employed so that they become self-reliant, happy and
industrious citizens instead of remaining life-long burdens
on the community?

From the year's beginning to its end there is no break in our
work: consequently there is no break in our expenditure.
At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases
for whom training and employment must be provided.

Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a
little more than you can really afford. Our
blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman,
SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND
SWISS COTTAGE, LONDON, N.W.3



Wherever an Englishman Travels — whatever his pursuits — there you will find Craven "A"

If you could watch the manufacture of Craven "A" from start to finish — from tobacco leaf to the sealed-fresh packing you would realise, beyond doubt, why Craven "A" have won and held public favour through the past 17 years.

Craven "A" are made pridefully and with scrupulous care, from pure Virginia leaf selected for its flavour, smoothness and coolness, under manufacturing conditions which earn the praise of all who visit Arcadia Works. As a result of their Hygienic and scientific making Craven "A" give constant smoking pleasure. Craven "A" never vary — they are always FRESH wherever you buy them.

The perfect condition of Craven "A" at packing time is protected against all variations of climate by the "Tru-Vac" hermetically sealed circular Tin and by the dry-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof "CELLOPHANE" wrapping around every Packet and flat Tin. Try Craven "A" and mark well the tone and flavour of these unfailingly FRESH cigarettes.



Arcadia Works (London). set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.



Twenty 1/-
Fifty 2/6
Hundred 5/-

*There are also
Craven Navy Cut Cigarettes:*

— for smokers who want the equivalent of Craven "A" value and character but who prefer a "plain" cigarette to a cork-tipped one. Sold in green packings of the same type and at the same price as the red packings of Craven "A"

CRAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats



In Convalescence

When the digestive powers are weak or impaired the 'Allenburys' Diet is pre-eminently suitable as a basis of feeding. It replaces with advantage milk and milk dishes commonly employed in sickness and convalescence. Made from selected whole wheat and fresh creamy milk with added Vitamin D, it is just what you require.

In tins at
2/1, 4/- and 7/6
of all Chemists

The Allenburys' DIET

EASY TO MAKE PLEASANT TO TAKE

Send 3d. in stamps for 1 lb. trial sample
of the 'Allenburys' Diet.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.,
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

BELGIUM

via

HARWICH

Antwerp

Nightly except Sundays

Zeebrugge

Nightly except Sundays
(17th June—20th Sept.)

Particulars from any L.N.E.R. Office or Tourist Agency

THE ALL-BRITISH ROUTES

Beauty is Priceless

but young and old can obtain it
by using Dr. Dys's preparations.

Dr. DYS'S TRIAL COFFRET

Dr. Dys has collected in this coffret samples of the various products which form his marvelous skin treatment:

SACHETS DE TOILETTE

ROSÉE DE BEAUTÉ

CRÈME AND POUDRE

Special for dry or greasy skins

These samples contain his current products in a reduced size and directions for use are given with each treatment.

They are sufficient for a trial treatment and will enable you to appreciate its wonderful results.

Price 30/- The Coffret

FOR over 50 years smart Parisiennes have used Dr. Dys's wonderful products to retain their youthful appearance. DR. DYS'S SACHETS and CREAMS form the basis of a simple but effective beauty treatment which can be carried out in your own home with great success.

Send for Price List and Brochure "Plus que Belle," which will be sent post free on application to the sole agent

ROBERT SERVENTI, 23/25 MADDOX ST., W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 5854

Obtainable from all leading Hairdressers and Stores or direct from the Sole Agent

ST. CAST near DINARD

(Motor Bus)

The most charming resort on the Emerald Coast.
Golf (18 holes). Tennis. Fishing. Fine Water Toboggan.

THE ROYAL BELLEVUE

Right on the Beach—50 Baths—Dancing. The favourite hotel of English Society. From 10s. in June, July and September. From 13s. in August.

ANTWERP—HOTEL DE LONDRES

THE MOST MODERN AND THE BEST CLIENTELE.

KNOCKE ZOUTE—PALACE HOTEL

On sea front. From 10s. a day.

Tel. Address: PALACE, KNOCKE.

Please Help

The New
Wing of

The Cancer
Hospital

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (FREE) is the first Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free. A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

Help is urgently needed to meet the cost of the New Wing, which comprises a Radiological Department and accommodation—now provided for the first time—for "middle-income" patients who can contribute towards their cost.

Please send a donation or subscription to the Secretary.



The Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD,

LONDON, S.W.3.

Bankers: Coutts & Co.

Secretary: J. Courtney Buchanan, O.B.E.



No. 70.—Inexpensive Slip, made in English Crêpe de Chine, finished Scalloping and Lace. Colours: Pink, Peach, Beige, Ivory, and Black with Black Lace.

Prices Women's 21/9 ; O.S. 26/9

No. 71.—Knickers to match Slip.

Prices Women's 16/9 ; O.S. 19/9

No. 72.—Effective Three-piece Pyjamas, made in Artificial Crêpe Suède, bound with self colour, easily laundered. Colours: Yellow, Blue, Peach, and Green, with floral design.

Price, Three Pieces 49/6

No. 73.—Charming Nightie, copy of French Model, made in soft Washing Satin, shaped with stitchery and trimmed Tinted Lace. Colours: Peach, Pink, and Sky.

Price 69/6

No. 74.—Practical Pyjamas of Satin Rayon, trimmed reverse of material: and self-coloured stitching. Colours: Green, Blue, and Peach.

Price 35/9

No. 78.—Sleeping Cap of Tinted Lace, trimmed Satin Ribbon.

Price 8/11

No. 75.—Dainty Vest, shirt shape, made of Washing Satin, trimmed effective Needlerun Lace. Colours: Ivory, Peach, and Pink.

Price 12/9

Knickers to match.

Price 16/9

No. 77.—Becoming Boudoir Cap, made in fine Lace and Net, trimmed ruched Bebe Ribbon and Val. Lace.

Price 25/9

Practical, Charming yet Inexpensive Undies from

Woollands

Exclusive NOT Expensive

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

'PHONE : SLOANE 4545

SLIM SAFELY

in the Beasley Reducing
BELT-SUPPORTER



This excellent general-purpose Belt slips over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, short lacing at back. The ideal British-made Belt for reducing stoutness and ensuring fitness and support. Superior in value and results to the expensive surgical belts offered elsewhere.

10 inches deep, up to 32 inch waist.

STYLE Fine Quality Silk Elastic ... 12/11
No. 588a

O/S in each quality 2/-
extra up to 42 inches.

Dainty Brassiere to match,
2/11

In Super Qualities as follows:—

Depth 11 in. 12 in. 13 in. 14 in.
In knitted mercerised Cotton Elastic (Superior Quality) 21/- 24/6 27/6 30/-

In hand-knitted Silk Elastic 45/- 50/- 52/6 55/-
Beautiful Brassiere to match,
from 4/11

Goods exchanged or money refunded if unsuitable. Illustrated list of Belts, Corsets, etc., free on request. Send your order with p.o. or cheque to:—

BEASLEY BELTS DEPT. 165A.

26 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

DARE YOU FACE THE FACTS?

Your horoscope cast by astrologer of 30 years' world repute. Life's Prospects, Possibilities described. Health, Marriage, Finance, Business Guidance, Events, Changes, etc. Send P.O. 1/-, Birth Date, Stamped Addressed Envelope, for Expert Delineation, the Accuracy of which will Amaze you. Elroy Studios (B.E. 74), 37, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. Innumerable unsolicited testimonials received.

HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Can you look your best with a growth of Hair? Or feel your Best?

Consult Helen Lawrence

AND GET EXPERT ADVICE FOR YOUR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Not a Depilatory. Not Electrolysis.

Call or write for Home Treatment 12/6

'Phone: Personal Treatment - - - - - 10/6

Western 4518. Postage abroad 2/6 Trial size 2/-

HOURS 10 to 6. 81 E.A.R.L.'S COURT ROAD,

Sat.: 10 to 1. Kensington, LONDON, W.8.

THE SUNTRAP ON THE SUSSEX SHORE.

Ideal conditions, Continental liberty. Illuminated Covered Tennis Courts, dancing, billiards, bridge, etc. One hundred bedrooms with private bathrooms; central heating. Terms about half usually charged elsewhere. Apply—MANAGER, THE NEW CITY, BOGNOR REGIS.



Lt.-Col. Richardson's

Pedigree AIRDALES

(For House protection)

WIRE FOX, CAIRNS

REALTY, SCOTT

WEST HIGHLAND

COCKERS black, also red.

For Conspicuous or Exhibition.

Largest selection on view

daily: Clock House, Byfleet,

Surry, or seen London.

Export all parts.

Telephone: Byfleet 274.

Index to Advertisers

JUNE,
1932.

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, Britannia & Eve, 346 Strand, W.C.2.

	A	Page		Page
Abbotts	112	Lawrence, Helen	148	
Adair, Eleanor	112	Leathercraft	113	
Allenburys Diet	146	Leyland Bathing Cap	11	
Aquasutum, Ltd.	9	Linovent	128	
Arden, Elizabeth	99	Lister & Co., Ltd.	12	
Aristot Stockings	107	Listerine Tooth Paste	133	
Associated London Flour Millers, Ltd.	120	L.M.S. Rly.	142	
Austin Motor Co., Ltd.	135	L.N.E. Rly.	146	
		Lux Toilet Soap	Cover iii	
Beasley Surgical Belts	148			
Benbow's	148	Mappin & Webb, Ltd.	98	
Berlei (U.K.), Ltd.	2	Marshall & Snelgrove	7	
Bird's Custard	Cover iv	Mason & Son, Philip	120	
Britannic Watch	102	Meltonian Shoe Cream	136	
Bronco	128	Morris England Canned English Fruits	114	
		Monte Carlo	143	
Cancer Hospital	146	Morny	123	
Carr's Biscuits	10			
Cerebos	114	New City, Bognor Regis	148	
Certo	90			
Charnaux	4			
Ciro Pearls	109	Odol Tooth Paste	139	
Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd.	132	Orkney and Shetland Cruises	132	
Corot	1, 5	Ovaltine	14	
Cranbrux, Ltd.	139	Overett, J.	134	
Craven A	145			
Cyclax	103			
		P. & O. Cruises	116	
Diploma Cheese	119	Papier Poudre	132	
Dunlop	89	Paris Academy	136	
Durward, Kenneth, Ltd.	6	Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes	11	
		Pond's Extract Co.	117	
Eccles Caravans	130	Post Office Telephone Service	97	
Elma Home Hair Waver, The	138	Psychology Foundation	129	
Elroy Studios	148	Pye Radio, Ltd.	121	
Farrow's Peas, etc.	132	Richardson, Lt.-Col.	148	
Floris	134	Roussel of Paris	127	
		Roxroy	134	
Gelty Distributing Co.	104			
Genasprin	10	Salca	120	
Goddard's Plate Powder	114	Sands, Richard	10	
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., The	92	Scholl's, Dr.	128, 132	
Gorringes	6	Selfridges	4	
Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd.	90	Serventi	146	
Gypsia	139	Seymour Golf Ball	132	
		Shackleton, Mrs.	128	
Haig, John, & Co., Ltd.	115	Shell Oil	8	
Halford's Curry Powder	128	Shell Petrol	93	
Hamptons	143	Shillcraft	126	
Hartley's Marmalade	136	Singer Sewing Machine Co., Ltd.	139	
Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd.	2	Spriggs, Wm., & Co., Ltd.	114	
Hawico	120	Studd & Millington, Ltd.	13	
Heinz Salads	Cover ii, 137	Suntrap, The	148	
Hitchings Prams	13	Swedish Travel Bureau	96	
Hotel de Londres, Antwerp	146			
Hotel Royal, Bellevue, St. Cast	146	Tangee	108	
Houbigant	95	Technical Products, Ltd.	120, 130	
Huntley & Palmer's Biscuits	102	Tengol	13	
		Thierry	13	
Icilmia	11	Treasure Cot Co., Ltd.	118	
Kestos, Ltd.	124	Vapex	114	
Kimmel School	138	Vasco, T., Ltd.	10	
Knocke Zoute-Palace Hotel	146	Vauxhall Cadet	131	
Kotex	116	Vichy-Celestins	130	
Kutnow	129	Vita-Weat	105	
Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet	104	W-5 Brand Tablets	104	
Larola	144	Woodrow	144	
		Woollands	147	
		Wright's Coal Tar Soap	108	
		Zambrene, Ltd.	96	

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE,
346, Strand, London,
W.C.2

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE
Monthly for.....months com-
mencing with the.....issue,
for which I enclose

Name

Address

Date.....1932

Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National News-
papers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the
rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole
Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United
States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

"I am over

35"

SAYS

IRIS
HOEY



Lovely IRIS HOEY who scored such a success both in London and New York in the well-remembered plays, "Oh! Oh! Delphine"—"The Pearl Girl" and "To-night's the Night"—confesses frankly that she's over 35. This recent photograph shows how radiantly youthful she is today.

This fascinating stage star tells you how you, too, may keep radiant youth—despite hurrying years

"No hushed whispers about it!" said Iris Hoey with her irresistible, quick smile. "I don't mind admitting it—I'm over 35!"

"A stage star doesn't worry about birthdays. *If she doesn't look her age* she actually gains in charm through the years.

"And to hold youth fast—there's just one rule. Keep your complexion smooth and soft... *young!* I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly—it leaves skin so smooth. Any woman who wants to keep her skin youthfully smooth and fresh should use it too."

How stage and film stars guard their beauty

Practically every stage and film star uses Lux Toilet Soap—at home and in the theatre or studio. It is the official soap in all the great studios today, both in Hollywood and England.

Your skin should have the gentle care of this lovely British soap. Use it always for complexion beauty... in your bath, to keep your shoulders smooth. Grocers, chemists and stores sell Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX Toilet SOAP * * * * 4^D A TABLET

TL 294-5-85

A LEVER PRODUCT



BIRD'S CUSTARD is best with Rhubarb — and best in "Swallow" time

Every Spring more and more Bird's Custard and
Rhubarb is eaten, because more and more people
learn how good it is for them.

Make Bird's Custard overnight. — It's so much creamier!

